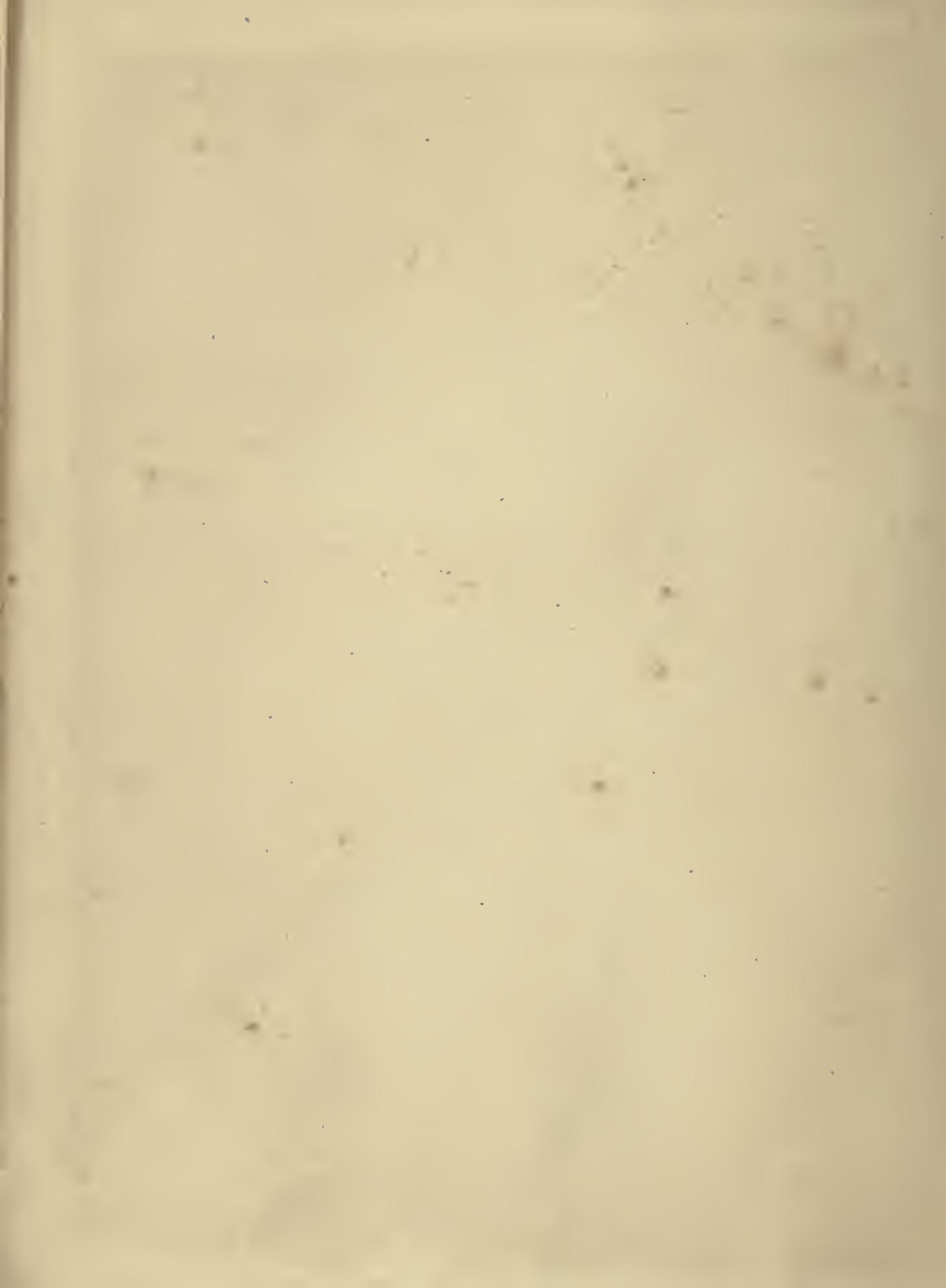


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LE PELERINAGE DE L'HOMME COMPARED WITH
THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS OF
JOHN BUNYAN



The Christian Pilgrimage is no phantasy, any more than the Gospel Promises. The one is contingent upon the other: the Promise makes the Pilgrim. A city to come has been held up to the affections and emulation of the world; a city that hath no need of sun, nor yet of moon to shine in it—whose walls are of *Jasper*, and foundations of precious stones laid by God; whose gates are pearls, and streets of shining gold. In the midst of it is a pure river of the water of Life, clear as crystal, and on either side the tree of Life, whose fruit is yielded every month. This is *the City* set in contrast to the *Camp* of this world, and this it is which makes the Pilgrim.

The Tongue of Time, by the Rev. Wm. Harrison.

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THE ANCIENT POEM OF
GUILLAUME DE GUILEVILLE
ENTITLED LE PELERINAGE
DE L'HOMME
COMPARED WITH THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS OF
JOHN BUNYAN

EDITED FROM NOTES COLLECTED BY THE LATE MR. NATHANIEL HILL
OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS AND AN APPENDIX



LONDON
BASIL MONTAGU PICKERING
196 PICCADILLY
1858

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TO

John-William-Spencer-Brownlow Egerton,

EARL BROWNLOW,

THESE PAGES ARE DEDICATED

BY THE EDITORS.



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NOTICE TO THE READER.

HE English quotations given in the following pages are taken from two different translations of De Guileville which are not known to exist in print, but of which two MSS. are found in the British Museum. Curiously enough, one of these is imperfect at the end, while the other, which is imperfect at the beginning, supplies the portion required. The former, Vitellius, C. xiii. is supposed to be translated by Lydgate—no account of the Tiberius, A. vii. has been discovered. Both have suffered by fire in various places; and some of the asterisks occurring in the following quotations denote the passages which have either been destroyed or rendered illegible. In some places, again, asterisks have been inserted where the great diffuseness of the English version rendered it advisable to omit some of the less striking descriptions and insert the substance of them in a prose summary.

The woodcut on the cover of the Pilgrim, with staff and cockle-shell and a clasped volume in his left hand, is taken from a rare book in the library of Queen's College, Oxford, entitled "*The Booke of the Pylgrymage of Man.*"



INTRODUCTION.



HE late Mr. Nathaniel Hill intended to have made the following Papers the groundwork of a larger publication on the “ PILGRIM’S PROGRESS” of BUNYAN, in which he proposed showing that Bunyan had been indebted, for many portions of his story, to some of the early Mediæval Romances.

The rough notes of Mr. Hill contain frequent allusions to the opinions put forth by Southey and Montgomery in their respective editions of that popular writer. When, however, these materials came into the hands of the present Editors, they could not but feel that the question of Bunyan’s presumed plagiarism was one not likely to possess much interest for the public at large. They have not therefore deemed it advisable to print these references at any length; at the same time, they have judged the curious manuscripts, to which Mr. Hill’s researches had directed their attention, well worthy of being brought before the public, on their own merits, apart from any influence they may perhaps have exercised on the composition of Bunyan’s Work.

With this view, while noticing the “ Pilgrim’s Progres” only in a subordinate manner, they have devoted a considerable space to the Poem of *De Guileville*, the more readily as it is on this that Mr. Hill’s views were principally grounded. So little is, indeed, known of our ancestors’ daily life during the fourteenth century, and so welcome is any glimpse of their mental occupations or of their means of literary recreation at that remote period, that a work which enjoyed in its own day no little popularity may not, perhaps,

Introduction.

prove wholly unacceptable to readers of the present generation ; reflecting, as it does, considerable light on the ways of thought and the occupations of by-gone times.

Yet, though apparently so well known about the period in which he lived, the Editors have failed to discover anything that can be called a biography of this once popular writer.

The following brief sketch, preserved in the “ Biographie Universelle,” is all that they have been able to meet with.

It is as follows, (vol. xix. p. 168) :—

“ Guillaume de Guileville né à Paris vers 1295, prit l’habit de St. Bernard à l’abbaye royale de Chalis, en devient prieur, et y mourut vers 1360.

“ On a de lui : *Le Romaunt des trois pélerinages*, le premier est de l’homme durant qu’est en vie, le second de l’ame séparée du corps, et le troisième de *Notre Sauveur Jésus Christ*. Il avoue, dans le prologue, que c’est la lecture du *Roman de la Rose* qui lui a suggéré l’idée de son ouvrage. L’auteur suppose qu’ayant vu en songe la représentation de la Jerusalem Céleste il a conçu un vif desir de contempler en réalité une ville si remplie de merveilles.”

But though they have not found any fuller description of De Guileville, they have met with some notices of those who translated or profited by his work, which may not be uninteresting to their readers.

And first, of “ Dan John Lydgate,” (whose translation of the first “ Pele-
rinage ” of De Guileville will be found in the Appendix to this volume,) there
is a curious record in the Harl. MSS. 4826. 1. to which allusion is made
below, (see fol. 9.) This the Editors have thought it worth while to print
in extenso as follows :—

“ John Lidgat, borne at Lidgat in Suffolke, was a Monk of ye order of St. Benet in ye famous Abbey of St. Edmundes Bury, so yt showeth Joseph Pamphilus was mistaken in his Cronicke, reckoning him among ye Augustin fryers. After hee had for a tyme frequented the Scooles of England and made a fayre Progresse in Learning, beeing desirous to acquaynt himself with ye manners and Language of strangers, he visited ye famous Universty of Paris in France, and Padua in Italy, where he learned ye language of both nations, and studyed diligently in either Academy ; thus having well furnished himselfe with experience of ye worlde, umility, and learned discipline, he

returned into his Country, and opened a Schoole of Humanity for Noblemannes Children: and although he were most expert in neare all the sciences yet in the favour of youth and to instruct them in good artes, manners, and virtues hee spent his tyme wholly in those inferiour studyes. Hee was not only an excellent Poet and eloquent Rhetorician, but an expert Mathematician and subtil Philosopher, and a good Divine. Hee was a great ornament of ye English toun, imitating therein our Chaucer. To this end hee used to reade Dante ye Italian, Alan ye French Poet, and such like, which hee diligently translated into English—gleaning heer and there ye elegancys of other touns and enriching these with his owne. He wrote both in English and Latin, as well Prose as Verse, fundry treatises, many in number, excellent for learning, and among them these present—hee dyed about ye 60 yeare of his age, Anno Dm. 1440, (for Pamphilus is decieved in prolonging his lyfe to the yeare 1482,) Henry the Sixt, then raigning king of England and France, unto whom hee dedicateth his books—hee was interred in ye church of ye monastery of Bury, (now defaced,) where it is reported this Epitaph to have been engraven on his monument:—

Mortuus feclo, superis superstes
Hâc jacet Lidgat tumulatus urnâ
Qui fecit quondam celebris Britannæ
Fama Poësis.

Dead to ye worlde yet living in ye skyes
The learned Lidgate heere entombed lyes
Who whylom was assumed for to bee
The honour of our Englishe Poesye.”

With regard to the life and writings of John Bunyan, they are so well known as to require little explanation here—yet the Editors cannot refrain from quoting the following eloquent passages from Cheever's Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress, which have, naturally, attracted much attention in the New World. They seem to echo back the sentiments of gratitude felt in America for the benefits of that Christian Liberty, the planting of which was in so great a measure due to the Pilgrim Fathers, one of whom expresses

Introduction.

himself in the following words :—" As we cannot but account it an extraordinary blessing of God in directing our course for these parts, after we came out of our native country, for that we had the happiness to be possessed of the comforts we receive by the benefit of one of the most pleasant, most healthful, and most fruitful parts of the world."

" The education of Bunyan," says Dr. Cheever, " was an education for eternity, under the power of the Bible and the schooling of the Holy Spirit. This is all that the pilgrims in this world really need to make them good, great, powerful ; he has given an account of his own conversion, and life—especially of the workings of the grace of God, and the guidance of his Providence—in a little work entitled ' Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners.' It is powerfully written, though with extreme and studied plainness ; and almost all the material obtained and worked into various shapes by his various biographers was gained in that book. In it you see at every step the work of the Divine Artist on one of the most precious living stones that ever His wisdom and mercy selected in this world to shine in the glory of His living temple. Nay, to lay aside every figure but that employed by the Holy Spirit, you see the refiner's fire, and the crucible, and the gold in it ; and the Heavenly Refiner Himself fitting by it, and bending over it, and carefully removing the dross, and tempering the heat, and watching and waiting for His own perfect image. How beautiful, how sacred, how solemn, how interesting, how thrilling the process !

" You follow with intense interest the movements of Bunyan's soul. You seem to see a lonely bark driving across the ocean in a hurricane. By the flashes of the lightning you can just discern her through the darkness, plunging and labouring fearfully in the midnight tempest, and you think that all is lost ; but then again you behold her in the quiet sunshine ; or the moon and the stars look down upon her, as the wind breathes softly ; or in a fresh or favourable gale she flies across the fleeing waters. Now it is clouds, and rain, and hail, and rattling thunder-storms, coming down as sudden almost as the lightning ; and now again her white sails glitter in heaven's light, like an albatross in the spotless horizon. The last glimpse you catch of her, she is gloriously entering the harbour, the haven of eternal rest ; yea, you see her like a star that in the morning of eternity dies into the light of heaven. Can

there be anything more interesting than thus to follow the perilous course of an immortal soul from danger to safety, from conflict to victory, from temptation to triumph, from suffering to blessedness, from the City of Destruction to the City of God?"—CHEEVER's *Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress*.

In conclusion, the Editors beg to express their sense of the kindness they have received from many friends during the preparation of the present work. Among these, they wish to name especially, Edward Levien, Esq. M.A., F.S.A., of the British Museum, through whose valuable assistance the following selection and arrangement of Mr. Hill's MSS. have been made, and at whose suggestion some old English translations of De Guileville's Pelerinage have been added to this volume: they wish, likewise, to mention the names of W. R. Hamilton, Esq. F.S.A., J. M. Atkinson, Esq., H. Foss, Esq. and W. S. W. Vaux, Esq. M.A., F.S.A., Hon. Sec. of the Royal Society of Literature—and to offer their best thanks to many other friends who have kindly supplied them with drawings and copies of woodcuts from old and rare works.

In laying Mr. Hill's collection of papers before their readers, the Editors would fain believe that the result of his many years' assiduous labour will not be wholly thrown away, but that some few ears of corn may be gleaned from them, according to the saying of Chaucer:—

" For out of the olde feldis as men faieth
Cometh all this new corne fro yere to yere
And out of olde bokis in gode faieth
Comith all this newe science that men lere."



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Le Pelerinage de l'Homme and the Pilgrim's Progress.



OR the better understanding why Bunyan was led to choose the allegorical mode of writing, we should bear in mind that a taste for this kind of composition had prevailed for more than three centuries before he wrote, and that the most favourite literature of his own time appeared in the form of emblems and allegory. Early in the thirteenth century, before the time of Dante, the Norman “trouvères” had produced their Epics on “La Voie de Paradis”—“La Voie d'Humilité”—“Le Pelerinage de l'Homme”—“Le Songe d'Enfer,” (from which Dante's “Inferno” was evidently derived,) all written under the similitude of a dream; and in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries their admirers and imitators in this country made them familiar to the English reader through the medium of translations. This species of composition had its origin in the monasteries, and became the religious literature of the common people, in opposition to the chivalresque compositions of the troubadours, and was popular beyond conception.

De Guileville and Bunyan both drew and embellished their compositions from the same sources.

i. From the Scriptures, as appears from their numerous marginal references to them.

The primary source of all the Dreams and Pilgrimages to the Celestial Jerusalem is to be found in the Vision of St. John in the Apocalypse:—

“ And there came unto me one of the seven Angels. And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of

Le Pelerinage de l'Homme

God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it."—*Rev. xxi. 10, 11, 23, 24.*

Of this origin Guillaume de Guileville furnishes us with sufficient evidence by quoting this very chapter in his description of the holy city, calling the "jasper" a "carbuncle;" and in the succeeding passage he places a precious carbuncle at the top of the pilgrim's staff, to enlighten him on his way, and says, "Le hault pommel est Jesu Christ."—*Pel. de l'Homme*, f. xxvii.

Philip, in his Life of Bunyan, mentions that "one Sabbath, whilst in prison, it was Bunyan's turn to expound the Scriptures, and he found himself empty, spiritless, and barren."

"Providentially, it so fell out at last," says he, "that I cast my eye upon the 11th verse of the 21st chapter of the Revelations; upon which, when I had considered a while, methought I perceived something of the jasper¹ in whose light you there find that this Holy City is said to come and descend."

2. From chivalrous literature;—witness the numerous adventures and combats with giants, dragons, goblins, sieges of castles, &c. De Guileville acknowledges that he founded his plan on the (dream) of the "Romance of the Rose;" and Bunyan knew, like his predecessors, the still lingering taste of the people for romantic history and adventure, and built his allegory on the plan of the Gothic romance,—a form so pleasing to our forefathers,—and thus introduced giants, lions, monsters, demons, and enchantments, into his edifice, which were familiar to him in the old chap-books. *Great-heart* was a perfect knight for the defence of the weak and feeble-minded.

3. From the traditional literature of the people. De Guileville intersperses his poem with popular expressions, to suit it to the taste of the public, such as "harengor," &c.; and Bunyan's description of *Great-heart's* combat with the giants, *Despair*, *Grin*, *Maul*, and *Slaygood*, may evidently be traced to the chap-books,² the Gestes of Guy of Warwick, &c.

In his treatise on the Parable of Dives and Lazarus, Bunyan represents Dives as replying thus to Abraham:—"They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them.' This is the thing (to be short), My brethren are unbelievers, and do not regard the word of God. I knew it by myself, for when I was in the world it was so with me. The Scriptures, thought I then, what are they? A dead letter, a little ink and paper, of three or four shillings price. Alack! what is Scripture? Give me a ballad, a news book, *George on horseback*, or *Bevis of Southampton*. Give me some book that teaches curious Arts, that tells old Fables."—*BUNYAN'S Genius and Writings*, by the REV. ROBERT PHILIP.

The very mention of these ballads and chap-books of *George on horseback*, and

¹ Hampole, in his Poem entitled "The Prick of Conscience," describing the Holy City, calls it a beryl.

² These were short story-books which were hawked about the country; the word "chap" being used in our modern word "chapman," and derived from the German *kaufen*, "to purchase."

Bevis of Southampton, and the habits of Bunyan's early life, prove how familiar this class of old literature was to him as well as to his readers.

But with regard to the originality of such works, it may be stated, as a general principle, that the faculty of *invention* is necessary to all who by means of their productions in art, science, or literature, would wish not only to inform, but to amuse those who come in contact with their works. *In what that faculty consists*, however, is a matter which is not perhaps so universally known as it should be.

"Invention has ever been esteemed the highest and most distinguishing attribute of man, as that in which 'human power shows likest to divine:' though not creative, but founded on previous acquisitions, it is originative, and seems to consist in the faculty of discovering and developing novel combinations, extending the boundaries of knowledge, and opening fresh sources of intellectual enjoyment. This is the true promise of Genius—the great privilege and characteristic of Bacon, Shakespeare, Newton, &c. (Milton, Bunyan, &c.) The painter must be indebted to the poet or the historian for his theme; but the invention of the picture, as a whole, must be as much his own as if it had altogether proceeded from his own conception."—*Lectures on Painting, (Royal Academy.)* Vide *Athenæum*, Feb. 25, 1843.

Mr. Eastlake, in speaking of those who imagine that the excellence of art or of writing in former ages depended for their excellence or originality on some technical advantages which have been lost, says, "Such persons forget that materials and processes are to the painter's art what notes are to the musician, or letters to the author. The secret lies in their combination; and it was that combination which made Handel, and Hayden, and Beethoven, and Mozart—as it made Shakespeare, or Milton, or Raphael, or Titian, or Rembrant—superior to all others in their respective departments."

EASTLAKE on Oil Painting. *Athenæum*, Jan. 15, 1848.

"There n'is no newe guise that it n'as old."

The Knight's Tale, CHAUCER.

"For vnder a coloure, a truth may arise,
As was the guise, in olde antiquytye,
Of the poetes olde, a tale to surmise
To cloke the trouthe, of their infirmitye,
Or yet on ioye to haue morallitye."

Pastime of Pleasure, HAWES.

"Les abeilles pillulent de ça, et de là, les fleurs;
Mais elles en font après le miel, qui est tout leur."

MONTAIGNE.

Dryden, in the preface to his Fables, says, "Milton was the poetical son of Spenser, and Waller of Fairfax; for we have our lineal descents and clans as well as other families." In like manner, Bunyan's pedigree may be traced, in numerous instances, to the olden religious poets of England, such as Hampole, Piers Plowman, Lydgate, and

Le Peierinage de l'Homme

* "A dream or vision."

all the authors of Dreams and "Swevens,"^a from the translations of De Guileville to Chaucer.

"Few things appear at first sight more easy, or upon trial are found more difficult, than the clear and orderly arrangement of many and varied particulars. To class them according to their several relations, so that they may follow each other in due subordination, would seem rather an exercise of patience than of intellect; to require industry, rather than a depth of thought, or an enlarged comprehension of the subject. But we soon learn how much easier it is to collect materials than to form them into a consistent whole."—GUEST's *English Rhythms*, vol. ii. p. 1.

"L'étude littéraire donne un résultat donc bien des gens s'étonneront: c'est que le génie n'invente pas. Collier, muni de toutes ses preuves erudites, vous attestera que Shakespeare n'est qu'un sublime et délicat metteur en œuvre. Comme Molière et Corneille, il ne s'est jamais fait scrupule de prendre ses sujets et ses personages partout, dans un roman, un conte, un drame, une ballade, une mauvaise comédie, une chronique rimée ou une chronique sans rimes. Les admirateurs de Shakespeare n'estiment en lui que les qualités qu'il n'a pas: c'est, disent-ils, le créateur de Lear, le créateur de Hamlet, le créateur d'Othello;—il n'a rien créé de tout cela.

"L'invention, vous dit-on de toutes parts, c'est la grande qualité, c'est le génie! Voyons donc. Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, Bacon, Molière, Corneille, le Tasse, l'Arioste, Cervantes;—parmi les anciens Eschyle, Sophocle, Homère; ces noms semblent-ils assez grands? Et s'ils ne sont pas inventeurs, qui osera l'être? Qui marchera le front plus haut que ces hommes, proclamés par la voix populaire, par le cri des siècles et la vénération de tous, maîtres de la pensée, guides du troupeau humain, qu'ils éclairent en marchant sur les hauteurs?

"Qu'ont-ils créé? Commençons par Dante. De son temps, une tradition vulgaire a cours, moule commun, formule épique, aussi triviale que l'est aujourd'hui un vaudeville à tiroir; c'est une vision chrétienne, vue générale et mystique du triple royaume: —ici les damnés; là les bienheureux; plus loin les âmes qui expient leurs crimes dans le Purgatoire. Tout le monde s'est servi de cette forme. Le peuple ne connaît qu'elle, tant elle est usée et rebattue. Un moine, après bien d'autres moines, a décrit à son tour l'Enfer, le Paradis, et le Purgatoire. Un frère Alberic du Mont-Cassin a rimé sa vision qu'il a disposée en triple entonnoir, et traitée grossièrement, lourdement et sans génie. Toute la charpente de la *Comedia divina*, est littéralement dans l'œuvre du frère Alberic. Dante n'a fait qu'une seule dépense, celle du génie; dans la pierre brute il a trouvé l'or.

"Ainsi des autres créateurs; Eschyle et Sophocle sont dans Homère, qui lui-même est accusé d'avoir recoufus des chants plus anciens. L'ouvrage capital de Cervantes n'est qu'une parodie, par conséquent une imitation. Milton traduit de longs fragments de la *Sarcothèque de Massenius*. (This assertion is taken from Lauder, R. H.) Molière doit ses meilleures scènes, non seulement à Plaute et aux Italiens, mais à Cyrana de Bergerac.

"Qu'estimez-vous dans Shakespeare? Est ce le *Roi Lear*? Shakespeare a emprunté le roi Lear à une vieille tragédie publiée en 1594, jouée sur plusieurs théâtres: The Pitiful Chronicle of King Lear. Le fou, le roi, les deux filles, l'abdication du monarque, tout

se trouve dans ce vieux drame. Ce grand homme retravaillant de mauvais drames surannés, les a rajeunis de sa verve et ranimés de sa touche puissante.

“ Les faits constitutifs du roman et du drame sont un fond *matériel* et commun dans lequel tout le monde va puiser. Le génie arrange et imite, étudie et approfondit, *il n'invente JAMAIS.*”

“ Le génie consiste à mieux *comprendre*, à mieux pénétrer, à environner de plus de lumière ce que chacun fait superficiellement ou comprend à demi. Un des singuliers caractères de Shakespeare, c'est sa souveraine indifférence quant au sujet qu'il doit traiter. *Il n'y regarde pas*: l'excellent ouvrier fait tirer parti de tout. Il prend au hasard une pierre, un morceau de bois, un bloc de granit, un bloc de marbre. *Peu lui importe que son prédecesseur ait fait agir et parler sur la scène un vieux roi déshérité par ses filles*; c'est un fait comme un autre, qui ne vaut ni plus ni moins. Shakespeare va trouver tout ce qu'il y a de larmes et de puissance dans l'âme de ce viellard.

“ On court après l'*invention* aujourd’hui que l'originalité intime manque ; elle réside dans l'*artiste*, non dans les matériaux qu'il emploie. A tous les grands hommes c'est la tradition, c'est le peuple, c'est l'héritage commun des idées et des usages qui ont légué les matériaux. Ils les ont reçus tels quels ; puis ils les ont *fondus, transformés, immortalisés*.

“ Si ce que l'on nomme *invention*, n'était pas une qualité illusoire, il faudrait estimer à bien plus haut prix que *Dante le premier* moine oisif qui écrivit en style de carrefour la vision de Paradis et de l'Enfer ; les grossiers auteurs des canevas Italiens l'emporteraient sur Molière ; les écrivains inconnus de quelques chroniques, divisées en actes, eclipseraient Shakespeare.

“ Dans les *décadences littéraires* on prend pour *inventeurs* ceux qui, poussés par un certain ardeur de sang et une certaine fougue de *paroles* déplacent les mots et les images, et croient avoir fait voyager les idées. Ces gens se proclament *créateurs*. Montaigne, Shakespeare et Molière ne s'attribuaient d'autre mérite que celui d'étudier la nature, l'homme et le monde.

“ Le propre du génie, c'est de féconder.”—*Etudes sur W. Shakespeare, &c. par Philarète Chasles, 1851*, p. 88.

Evidences of the popularity of de Guileville's Dream in England.

1. *The use made of it by Chaucer.* Chaucer's “ *A, B, C*,” also entitled, “ *La Priere de nostre Dame* ;” made, as some say, “ at the request of Blanch, Duchess of Lancaster, as a praier for her private use, being a woman in her religion very devout,”¹—has usually been considered his own composition. It is, however, a translation from De Guileville's *Prayer to the Virgin*, published in 1330, of which the first three stanzas are given as a specimen. Each stanza, it will be observed, begins with a letter of the alphabet, and this alphabetical order is preserved throughout.

¹ Brit. Mus. MS.

Le Pelerinage de l'Homme

De Guileville.



TOY du monde le refuy
Vierge glorieuse men fuy
Tout confus car ne puis mieulx
faire

A toy me tiens a toy mapuy
Relieu moy abatu fuy
Et vaincu par mon aduersaire
Et puis qua toy ont tous repaire
Bien ie me doy vers toy retraire
Auant que plus seuffre dennuy
La luite nest pas necessaire
A moy se tu tresdebonnaire
Ne me secours comme autruy



B IEN croy que par toy conforte
Sera mon cuer desconforte
Car tu es de salut la porte
Si ie me suis tres mal porte
Par sept larrons pechez morte
Et foruoye par la voye torte
Esperance me reconforte
Qui a toy ennuyt me raporte
A ce que ie foye deporte
Ma dolente ame a toy iaporte
Sauue la ne vault plus que morte
En tuy tout bien est avorte



C ONTRE moy font grant action
Ma vergoigne et confusion
Que deuant toy ne doy venir
Pour ma trop grant transgression
Raison de desperation
Contre moy veulent maintenir
Mais pource que veulx plait finir
Deuant toy les faiz conuenir
En faisant replication
Cest que ie dis appartenir
A toy du tout et conuenir
Pitie et miseration

Chaucer.



LMIGHTIE and all-merciful
quene
To whom all this world fleith
for succour

To have relese of sinne of so'row oftene
Glorious Virgine of all flouris flour
To the I fle confoundid in errour
Help and releve almighty debonaire
Have mercy of mine perillous languor
Venquist me hath my cruill aduersaire



B OUNTIE so fixe hath in my
hert his tent
That well I wote thou will my
succour be

Thou canst not warnin that with gode
entent
Axith thine helpe thine hert is aye so fre
Thou art largesse of plaine felicite
Having and refute of quiete and rest
So how that Thevis sevin chasing me
Helpe ladie bright or that mine ship to
brest



C OMFORT is none but in you,
Lady dere!
For lo! mine finne and mine
confusioun,
Which ought not in thin presence for to'
apere,
Han taken on me a grievous actioun,
Of veray right and desperatioun,
And as by right they mighten well sustene
That I were worthy mine damnacioun,
Ne were it of thy mercy, blisfull Quene!

Lyd at present ing his booke called y^r Pilgrime, unto y^r Earle
of Calisburie.



Thomas Montacute Earle of Calisburye

2. Chaucer's evident imitation, at the end of his dream called "The Book of the Duchefs," of De Guileville's description of being awoke by the convent-bell.

De Guileville.

Ce me sembla en ce moment
Si que de lesouement
Esueille et desdormy fu
Et me trouuay si esperdu
Quauiser ie ne me pouoie
Si ia mort ou en vie iestuoie
Jusqua tant que iouy sonner
Lorloge de nuyt pour leuer
Et aussi lors chantoient les cocqs
Pour quoy leuer me cuidoy lors
Mais ne peu car fuy retenu
De la grant pensee ou ie fu
Pour le myen adventureux songe
Ou quel se quelque vne mensonge
Estoit meslee ou contenue
Ou qui fust de peu de value

Chaucer.

Right thus me mett, as I you tell,
That in the castle there was a bell,
As it had smitten houres twelve,
And therewith I awoke my felve,
And found me lying in my bed,
And the book which I had read
Of Alcyone and Ceyx the King,
And of the goddes of Sleeping,
I found it in my hand full even ;
Thought I, this is so quaint a sweven,
That I would, by proces of time,
Fond (strive) to put this sweven in rhyme
As I can best, and that anon :
This was my sweven, now it's done.

3. To these may be added the different English translations of De Guileville, both in prose and verse, which are still existing, printed and in manuscript.

The most important of the metrical translations is that by the "venerable monk Dan John Lydgate," mentioned above as being now in the British Museum Collection of MSS., and numbered Vitellius, C. xiii. It is, however, but little known ; and, curiously enough, not even a single passage of it has been quoted by Warton. Stowe, the only writer who has alluded to it, casually mentions it, and has stated correctly the date of its translation. It was made, as Lydgate himself informs us, in 1426, by the command of [Thomas de Montacute] the Earl of Salisbury, "being bound," as he says, "to be his man."

I mene the book, "Pilgrymage de Monde,"
Morall of vertu, of materys ful profonde,
Maad and compyled in the Frenche tonge,
Full notable to be rad and songe.
To every pylgreme vertuous of lyff,
The mater ys so contemplatyff
In all the book ys not lost a word,
Thys confydred full wylly of my lord
Of Salysbury, the noble manly knyght
Wych in fraunce, for the kynges ryght
In the werre hath many day contunyd.

And of the tyme playnly, and of the date,
 When I began thys book to translate,
 Yt was a thousand by computacion
 After Cryste's incarnacion
 Ffour hundryd and nouther far nor nere,
 The surplis over fyxe and twenty yere ;
 My lord that tyme being in Parys,
 Wych gaff me charge by his dyscrete avys,
 As I seyd erst to settle myn entent
 Upon thys booke to be dillygent, &c.

The following passage is curious, in a literary point of view, for the conclusive evidence it contains of the poem, quoted above, entitled “A, B, C, or a Prayer to the Virgin,” having been previously translated by “hys mayster, Chaucer,” which Lydgate says “he will ympen after hys translacion (as he is bounde of dette), in order that it may enlumine :”—

“ Thys lytyl book, rude of making
 With some clause of hys wryting.”

He then proceeds as follows :—

And touchyng the translacion
 Off thys noble oryson,
 Whylom, yff I shal nat feyne^a
 The noble poete of Breteyne,
 My mayster Chaucer in hys tyme,
 Affter the ffrenche he dyde yt tyme,
 Word by word, as in substance,
 Ryght as yt ys ymad in France,
 Ffull devoutly in sentence,
 In worschepe and in reverence
 Off that noble heavenly quene,
 Bothe moder and a mayde clene,
 And sythe he dyde yt undertake
 Ffor to translate it ffor hyr sake
 I pray this, that ys the beste
 Ffor to bring hys soule at rest
 That he may through hyr¹ — prayer
 Above the starrys bright —
 Of hyr mercy and hyr grace,
 Apere afory hyr sonys face

^a “Not flatter.”

¹ The missing words are quite illegible, from the MS. having been partially destroyed by fire.

With feyntys ever for a memorie,
Eternally to regene in glorye,
And ffor memorye of that poete,
Wyth al hys rethorykes swete,
That was the ffyrste in any age
That amendede our langage ;
Therefore, as I am bounde off dette
In thys book I wyl hym sette,
And ympen thys oryson
After hys translacion,
My purpose to determyne
That yt shal enlumyne
Thys lytyl book rud off makynge
Wyth some clause off hys wryting,
And as he made this oryson,
Off ffull devout entencion,
And by maner of a prayere
Ryght so I wyl yt setten here,
That men may know and pleynly se
Off our ladye the A, B, C.

In the MS. Vitellius, C. xiii., there is a blank left for the insertion of the above-mentioned "A, B, C," or oraifon to the Virgin; but it is bound up with a volume of Lydgate's Poems, which belonged to Humphrey Wanley, and now in the Grammar School of Coventry, under the title of "A Preiour to our Ladye, made by Geffreie Chaucer, after the order of the 'A, B, C.'"—*Vide* Bernard's Cat. Tom. ii. p. 23.

In the official catalogue of the Cotton MS., in folio, this MS. of "The Pilgrim," translated from De Guileville by Lydgate, is described as "A Poem in old English verse, containing Directions for a Pilgrimage to Jerusalem. It appears to have been written in French, by a monk of Calais (for Chaliz), and translated into English about the year 1426." Thus the compiler of the catalogue leaves others in the same ignorance of the names of both author and translator as that in which he himself was, although the introduction to the translation contains three distinct proofs of its being the production of Lydgate. 1. The mention of his mayster Chaucer as the "poete of Bretayne;" giving him the same title he had already used in the thirty-fourth chapter of his "Life of the Virgin Mary," where he calls him "poete of Bretayne, who used to amende and correcete the wronge traces of my rude penne." 2. His testimony that Chaucer translated the "Hymn to the Virgin." And 3. That he was commanded to translate "The Pilgrim" by the Earl of Salisbury, which is confirmed by an ancient illuminated drawing—probably coeval—of Lydgate presenting this poem, called "The Pilgrim," to the Earl. See Harl. MS. 4826.

Notwithstanding all this, and though Warton quotes Stowe's words, where he

speaks of “Lydgate’s ‘Pilgrimage of the World’” (the very title given to it by Lydgate), written “by the commaundement of the Earle of Salisburie, 1426,” it is surprising that both he and Sharon Turner should have been so utterly unconscious of its existence as never to have quoted a line! At the head of it are the following verses:—

“ Qui peregrinaris hunc per librum docearis,
Quæ bona vel dubia sit fugienda via.”

“ O worldly folk avyse yow be tymes,
Wych in thys lyff ben but a pylgrymage,
Lyk straungerys far fro yowr contre,
Unfranchyfed and voyde of libertie.”

The popularity of De Guileville’s works is further proved by the numerous English translations, both in verse and prose, still contained in our public libraries, which it has cost great pains to discover, as the catalogues are almost universally mute upon the subject. These translations influenced our literature down to the time of the Great Rebellion, which formed, as it were, a chasm between our ancient and modern literature.

A list of these, both in print and MS., is herewith given, in the hope that it may prove interesting to those who are disposed to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with De Guileville and his works.

MSS.

Among the Cecil MSS. at Hatfield is “*Ye Dreme of the ‘Pilgrimage of ye Soule,’* translated out of Frensch into Englisch, with some addicions, ye yere of our Lord M^o iiii. ‘and prittene.’ (1413). This is a folio MS. on vellum, adorned with many humorously designed illuminations.”—W. READER, *Gent. Mag.* Nov. 1843. p. 488.

Cod. MSS. of Samuel Pepys.—*The Pilgrim, Moral Discourse*, illustrated with drawings, and written originally about the year 1330, fol.—*Vide* Bernard’s Cat. Lib. MSS. Angliae et Hiberniae. Folio, Oxford, 1697, V. 2. p 209, No. 6797, Art. 78.

Cod. MSS. penes R. P. Joannem Morum, Ep. Norvicensem.—“*The Pilgrim,* or the Pilgrimage of Man in this World;” wherein the author sets forth the wretchedness of Man’s Life without Grace. Written 1331.—*Vide* ibid. p. 390, Art 64.

In the British Museum.—“*Grace Dieu,* or a dreme of the pilgrimage of the Soule.” On vellum. Written in 1413. Egerton, No. 615.—“*The Pilgrimage to Jerusalem,*” on vellum, *imperfect* at the beginning; xv. Cent. Cotton Coll. Vitellius, C. xiii.—“*The Pilgrim,*” on vellum, *imperfect*; xiv. Cent. Cotton Coll. Tiberius, A. vii.

At Oxford.—“*The Pilgrimage of the Sowle,*” in the library of University Coll.—“*The Dream of the pylgrymage of the soul,* translated out of French into English,” in the library of Corpus Christi Coll.

At Cambridge.—At Caius College, “*The Dreame of the Pilgrymage of the Soul,* translated out of French, 1414.”

In the Public Library.—“*The romaunce of the monk of Chailis, of the pilgrimage*

of the lyfe of the manhode, which ys maad for good pylgryme that in this world swich way wole holde that he go to good havene, and that he have of hevene the joye; taken upon the 'Romaunce of the Rose,' wherinne the art of love is al enclosed." *Imperfet.* On vellum. xv. Cent. This copy has the following Colophon:—

"Here endeth the Romaunce by the Monk of the Cisteaux, in France; of the pilgrymage of the lyffe of the manhood, which is made for good pilgrymes yt^a in this world such waye wol holde that w^d goo to good haven, and that they have hevens Ioye, ymaged after the manner of the Romans of the Roos,^b which al parte of love doth cloose, translated oute of frenshe in to Englifshe by oon that cleped him *Johan the preeste*, preyeth for the maker, the translatour, the wryter, the reders hereof and thys waye goon or in wille to goo."—*Vide J. O. Halliwell's MS. Rarities of the University of Cambridge, 1841, p. 166.*

^a That.

^b Romance of the Rose.

^c Either go this way or wile to go.

Printed Books.

"The Pylgremage of the Sowle: translated oute of Frenshe in to Englyshe." Printed by W. Caxton, at Westminster, 1483. *An imperfect copy.* This edition is in the library of Lord Spencer, at Althorp Hall, Northamptonshire.—*Vide Dibdin's "Bibliotheca Spenceriana," vol. iv. p. 263.*

A fine copy (but wanting last leaf) was purchased at the sale of White Knight's Library for £152 5s. by Mr. Evans.

According to Herbert, (the Antiquary,) copies were apparently in the libraries of Sir Hans Sloane, Mr. Brandon, and his own.

Vide for specimens, &c., Dibdin's Edition of "*Herbert's Ames' Typographical Antiquities.*" (London, 1810.)

"The Peregrination of Mannes Lyfe," by Guillaume de Guileville, appears from the following lines of Skelton—

"Off mannes lyfe the perigrinacion
He dyde translate, interprete, and disclose"—

to have been translated by him. John Skelton was poet laureate to Henry VIII., but the translation referred to above has not come down to us. Warton, however, mentions it in his History of English Poetry, vol. ii. f. 489, in (Ed. 1844.)

The following French Editions may also be mentioned as existing in the Brit. Mus.:—

Le Romant des trois Pelerinaiges, 4to. Goth. Bartholde et Jehan Petit, Paris. *Sans date.*

Le Pelerinage de l'homme—avec des figures en bois. Fol. Goth. Anthoine Verard. Paris. *Sans date.*

"Le premier de l'homme durant quest en vie."

"Le second de lame separée du corps."

"Le tiers de notre Seigneur Jesus Christ en forme de monotesseron."

The following are examples of the illustrations contained in the Delft and Harlem editions:—



Facsimile of the engraving representing the Pilgrim turning his back on the *City of Destruction*, and looking up towards the *Celestial City*, as reflected in a mirror.

Delft Edition.



Facsimile of the engraving representing the meeting of the Pilgrim with the Celestial Lady.



Facsimile of the engraving representing the passage of the Pilgrim to the castle of the Celestial Lady, through water.

The Royal Library at the Hague contains a manuscript on vellum, of about the end of the XIVth century; it is adorned with twenty-three miniatures. In the Prologue it is entitled, “*die pelgrimage von der menschlicher creaturen*”; and it is said there that it was translated from the *Walschen* in the *vlaemschen tale*; which was composed by a holy monk in a monastery called *Chaaie*.

In the first dialogue of *gracie gods* with the *Pilgrim* it is said that *gracie* founded her house over XIII. en XXX. (1330) iuer; and in that part of the 1st Book where *redene* (reason) reads her commission to *rude verftanneſſe*, this commission has been given in the year M. CCC. en XXXI.

The Dutch Edition is an extract from the MS. translation in prose; it was never printed *in extenso*.

The celestial lady who appears to the *Pilgrim* is, through the whole edition, called *gracie gods*.

In none of the woodcuts is the *Pilgrim* represented in armour or *fighting with drawn sword*; in one only he occurs in armour, which directly after he pulls off, not being able to bear it any longer. In the before-named woodcut the *Pilgrim* has no sword at all, and he is not in presence of any enemy. He is leaning on the *Palster*; ^a only *gracie gods* is with him.

In the Royal Library at the Hague exists another edition of this story. It is in folio size, printed in double columns. Except some very little difference in spelling, the Delft edition has been faithfully copied in the Haerlem edition. One little part only is omitted in the edition of 1498; in the last chapter of the Haerlem edition the *Pilgrim* having breathed his last, *the author awakes from his dream*; this part is left out in the Delft edition. The woodcuts are the same in both editions.

The following attempt to translate a portion, C. I., of the “*Boeck van den Pelgrim*,” printed at Delft, in Holland, in 1498, was made by the *King's Interpreter*; imperfect as it is, it will be sufficient to show that the Dutch translator took it from De Guileville's Poem of the “*Pélerinage de l'homme durant quest en Vie, ou le Pélerinage de la Vie humaine*,” which was afterwards done into prose by S. Gallopez, and printed at Lyons by Math. Husy in 1485.

“Tlien she took a pourpoint or doublet made in a wonderful manner: * * * * * Will you know how it is called? Men call it Patience, which is made to bear pains and to begin great strides without murmurings or Anger, but to be therefore more thankful.

“The king Jesus had this pourpoint on, for thy sake, as he hung on the Cross, and was covered with this Doublet which is Patience, for he suffered all patiently.

“Thus it is well to remark that it is good, since that the great King had it on, thus should ye strive. Then take it, and put it on I advise, for of all arms it behoves first to know how to put it on, whoever will arm himself rightly.”

In order, however, still further to show the concurrence—at least of ideas, if not of diction—between De Guileville and Bunyan, the following passages may be quoted from amongst many others of a similar nature:—

^a A Pilgrim's staff.

DE GUILEVILLE. 1330.

Pour qui a bon sens cōprendre
 Tout ce que ce livre contient
Moralement le fault entendre
 Et *non pas litteralement*
 Car l'acteur la fait cointement
Tenant forme parabolique
 Pour aguifer l'entendement
 A tout chascun scientifique.

*Prologue, Ed. de B. et J. Petit, imp.
 par Berth. Runboldt, s. d.*

une foiz
 Lan mil trois cēs dix p trois foiz
 Ung songe vy bien merveilleux
 Lequel ainsi com sommeilleux
 Jescripz a mon reveillement.

Description of the Holy City.

Il nest nulle cite si belle^a
 Ne qui de rien lui soit pareille
 Masson en fut seulement dieu
 Nul autre ne feroit tel lieu
 Car les chemins et les alees
Dor fin estoient toutes pauees
 En hault assis son fundement^b
 Estoit et son massonnement

BUNYAN. 1678.

I have used similitudes.—*Hof.* xii. 10.
Motto in title-page.

The Prophets used much by Metaphor
 To set forth Truth: Yea, who so considers
 Christ, his Apostles too, shall plainly see
 That Truth to this day in such Mantles be.
 * * * * * Holy Writ

Is every where so full of all these things
 Dark figures, allegories yet there springs
 From that same book, that lustre and those

rays

Of Light, that turns our darkest nights to
 day

BUNYAN'S Apology for his book.

Nay, I have leave,
(Examples too, and that from them who
 have

God better pleased by their words and ways
 Than any man that breatheth now-a-days)
 Thus to express my mind, thus to declare
 Things unto thee that excellentest are.

Ibid.

As I walked through the wilderness of
 this world, I alighted on a certain place
 where was a den, and laid me down in
 that place to sleep: and as I slept, I
 dreamed a dream.

*Christian's description of the Holy City
 to Pliable.*

“ There is an endless kingdom to be
 inhabited, and everlasting life to be given
 us, that we may inhabit that kingdom for
 ever.

“ There are crowns of glory to be given
 us, and garments that will make us shine
 like the sun in the firmament of heaven.

“ There shall be no more crying nor

^a *Heb.* xi. 10.

^b *Rev.* xi. 12,
 18, 19.

Le Pelerinage de l'Homme

DE GUILEVILLE. 1330.

^a John xiv. 2.^b Gen. iii. 24.^c Actes xiv. 22.

De vives pierres fait estoit
 Et hault mur entour la clooit
 Deffus lequelz anges estoient
 Qui tous temps le guet y faisoient
 Et gardoient tresbien que lentre
 Nullement fust abandonnee
 Fors aux pelerins feullement
 Qui y venoient deuotement^a
 Leans auoit moult de mansions
 De lieux et habitacions
 Illec estoit toute lieffe
 Et toute joye sans tristesse

* * * * *

Cherubin portier en estoit^b
 Qui ung glaive forby tenoit
 Bien emolu a deux taillans
 Tout versatile et tournoyans
 Dont il se scauoit bien aider
 Nest aucun tant fe sceust targer
 Qui par la porte passer peult
 Que occis ou naure¹ ne fust
 Mesmement car executeurs^c
 Y auoit et tirans crueulx
 Qui tres durs tourmens pourpensoint
 Et tous les plus griefz quilz pouoient
 Moult y eut grant occision
 De pelerins de grant renom

BUNYAN. 1678.

sorrow, for *He* that is owner of the places
 will wipe away all tears from our eyes.

"There we shall be with *Cherubim* and *Seraphim*, creatures that will dazzle your eyes to look on them. There, also, you shall meet with thousands and tens of thousands that have gone before us to that place. In a word, there we shall see the elders with their golden crowns; there we shall see the *Holy Virgins* with their golden harps; there we shall see men that by the world were *cut in pieces, burned in flames, eaten of beasts, drowned in the seas*, for the love that they bare to the Lord of the place, clothed with immortality as a garment."

¹ *Worldly-wife-man* tempts *Christian* not to go up to the *Wicket-gate*, because of the dangers of the way, assuring him he is like to meet with *wearisomeness, painfulness, hunger, perils, nakedness, sword, lions, dragons, darkness*, and, in a word, *death*, and what not!

Christian arrived at the *Wicket-gate* (which he had left to follow *Worldly-wife-man's* counsel) saw written over it, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you;" he knocked, therefore, more than once or twice. At last there came a grave person to the gate, named *Good-will*, who asked who was there? and whence he came? and what he would have?

Christian "Here is a poor hardened sinner; I come from the *City of Destruction*, but am going to Mount Zion, that I may be delivered from the wrath to come. I would therefore, Sir, since I am informed that by this gate is the way thither, know if you are *willing* to let me in."

"I am *willing* with all my heart," said he; and with that he opened the gate.

So when *Christian* was stepping in, the other gave him a pull. Then said *Christian*, "What means that?" The other told him, "A little distance from this gate there is erected a strong castle, of which *Beelzebub* is the Captain; from thence both he and they that are with him shoot arrows at them that come up to this gate, if haply they may die before they enter in." Then said *Christian*, "I rejoice and tremble."

* * * * *
Puis vne grant merueille vy
De grans maistres et prelaz qui
Aux crenaulx tout en hault estoient
Monstrans semblant quilz enseignoient
Plusieurs des pelerins daul
Qui a grant peine et grant trauail
Selon ce quapris ilz estoient
Aeles pour voler leur faisoient
Par eles de bon exemplaire
Telles comme ilz les deuoient faire
Que ces grans maistres leur monstroient
Monstrant que moult chier les auoient

* * * * *
¶ Puis vy en vng autre coste^a
Dessus les murs de la cite
Vaillans hommes auctorizables
Mais quant a moy peu congoiffables

* * * * *
Entre lesquelz aduis me fu
Que sainct benoist y recongneu

* * * * *
¶ La endroit sainct francoys aussi

* * * * *
Moult dautres ie vy sur les murs

* * * * *
Mais tant dire vueil briefuement
Que nul nentroit en la cite^b
Par quelque part quaye compte
Qui de hors les murs ne laissast
Lescharpe ou bourdon que portast
Acomply lors estoit leur veage
Et fait tout leur pelerinaige

* * * * *
“ Now, upon the bank of the river, on
the other side, they saw the two shining
men again, who there waited for them.

“ Now, you must note that the city
stood *upon a mighty hill*; but the pilgrims
went up that hill with ease, because they
had these two men *to lift them up by the
arms, &c.*

^a Rev. vii. 9.

“ Then I saw in my dream that the
shining men bid me call at the gate, the
which, when they did, some one from
above *looked over the gate*: to wit, *Enoch*,
Moses, and *Elijah*, to whom it was said,
These pilgrims are come from the city of
Destruction for the love that they bare to
the King of this place; and then the pil-
grims gave in unto them each man his
Certificate,¹ which they had received in
the beginning.”

^b Rev. xxii. 14.

Before we proceed to give an analysis of, and to trace a parallel between, the two works of Bunyan and De Guileville, we must premise that the allegory, which becomes in the hands of the former a fascinating narrative, full of vitality and Christian doctrine, is in the work of the latter only a cold and lifeless dialogue between abstract and unem-
bodyed qualities.

¹ “ Lecharpe et le bourdon” represent the Certificate of pilgrimage. The latter is thus explained in the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie Françoise*, “ Sorte de long bâton qui est fait au tour, avec un ornement au haut, en forme de pomme, et que les Pèlerins portent ordinairement dans leurs voyages.”

^a Rev. xxi. 2—
^b Heb. xi. 10, 33
—39.

^b Matt. xi. 12; xix. 24; v. 3.
Ecclef. v. 15.

^c f. 3, b. Appen-
dix, f. iv. “ And
I roos vp.”

^d Eccluf. xlvi. 8.
Baruch v. 2.

The poem of De Guileville opens by informing his readers that, in the year 1330, being then a monk in the monastery of Chaliz, he had a dream, in which he saw afar off, as if reflected in a mirror, similar to the “ shining light ” of *Evangelist*,¹ the celestial city of Jerusalem, and felt himself excited to go thither on a pilgrimage.^a He dwells on the wondrous beauty of its construction, on the elegance of its mansions, on the character of its inhabitants, and their happiness and blessedness after their trials and sufferings (even such a description as *Christian* gives to his unstable friend *Pliable* on their setting out); and particularly points out the little wicket-gate, which he recognizes for the one described by our Lord, as being so strait, that it was easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter in thereat.^b “ *Homme vestu n'y pouvait passer.* ” He then bethinks himself that a *staff* and a *scrip* will be necessary for his journey, like those in the hands of the pilgrims he sees before him on his way. Anxious to supply himself with them, *he rushes out of his house*, weeping and lamenting to know how he shall obtain them in the manner *Christian* is described as doing, when he left home and made as if he would run. “ I dreamed,” says Bunyan, “ and behold I saw a man clothed with rags, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, &c. I looked, and saw him open the book and read therein; and as he read *he wept and trembled*, &c.” His prototype thus introduces his pilgrim:^c

Lors men yssy de ma maison^d

* * * *

Bourdon commanday a querir

Et escharpe qui neceffaire

Meftoit a ce quauoye a faire

¶ Ainsi comment querant aloye

Et en pleurant me guermentoye

Ou ce bourdon peusse trouuer

Et celle escarpe pour porter³

Une dame dc grant beaulte

Et de tresgrant nobilite⁴

Je rencontray droit en ma voye

De qui au cuer me vint grant ioye

Fille sembloit dun empereur

Dun roy ou dun tresgrant seigneur

Vestement auoir dor batu

Et cincte estoit dun verd tissu

Qui tout au long ce me sembloit

¹ In Bunyan.

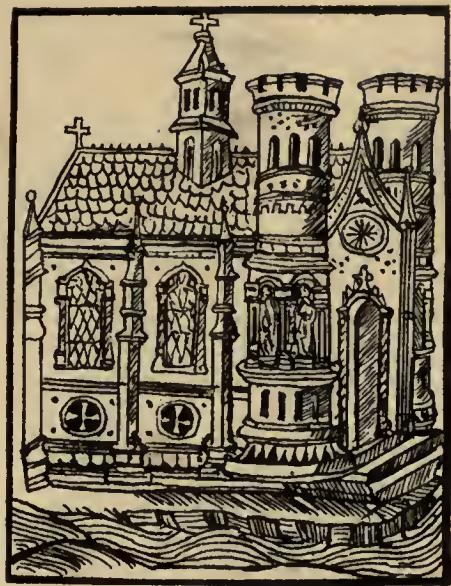
² The texts referred to in the margin are those given by De Guileville in his marginal references. Extracts from the MSS. descriptive of the Holy City, &c. will be found in the Appendix.

³ See Woodcut I.

⁴ *Christian* describes *Evangelist* as “ a man that appeared to me to be a very great and honourable person.”



I



II



Le parrain du pelerin

III



Le iouenel et iouencelle

IV

De charboucles feme estoit
Sur le fein auoit ung fermail
Dor fin et dessus vng esmail
Sur lequel vng estoille auoit
Qui grant clarte par tout rendoit
Ung coulon lui yffoit du fain
Quelle applanioit fur sa main
Son chef dor couronne estoit ^a
Et tout en entour lenuironnoit
Grant foison destoilles luisans
Moult fut certes cil bien puissans
Qui telle lui auoit donnee
Et qui ainsi lauoit paree
Moult courtoise et de doufce chere ^b
Me fut grandement car premiere
Me faulua en demandant
Pourquoy nauoie meilleur semblant¹
Et pour quel caufe ie pleuroye
Et faucune defaulte auoie

Adonc ie fuz comme surpris
Pource que pas nauoye apris
Que dame de fi grant atour
Daignast vers moy faire vng feul tour ^c
Fors et feullement pour autant
Que cil qui a bonte plus grant
Plus a en foy dhumilit
Grant doufceur et benignite
Car plus a le pommier de pommes
Plus bas fencline vers les hommes
Et ne scay signe de bonte
Si grant comme est humilite
Qui ne porte ceste baniere
Na vertu ne bonte entiere

The same gracious salutation is made by *Evangeliſt* to *Chrifitian* whilſt he is weeping. “I looked then,” says Bunyan, “and ſaw a man named *Evangeliſt* coming to him, who asked, ‘Wherfore doſt thou cry?’ ‘Because I fear,’ replies *Chrifitian*, ‘that this burden that is upon my back will ſink me lower than the grave, and I ſhall fall into Tophet.’”

A ſimilar reply is made by De Guileville’s pilgrim (taken by De Guileville from

^a Ezek. xvi. 12.

^b Song of Sol. iv.
3.

^c Eccluf. iii. 18.

¹ Being, like *Chrifitian*, in a bad plignt.

Ephesians iv. 17—24; for he, like Bunyan, built his poem on the Scriptures, and quoted his texts in the margin), who complains to *Gracedieu* when he feels that the burden of his sins and the weight of his body prevent him from rising to the skies:—

^a f. 39, b. Appendix, f. v.
“Certys quoth I.”

^b Eph. iv. 17—
24.

^c f. 4, Appendix,
f. vi. “To pyl-
grymes.”
John i. 9.
² Sam. xxii. 7.
Titus ii. 11.

A larmoyer et a plorer ^a
Commencay et a soupirer
A dire helas
Adonc me dist grace quas tu
Pourquoy te desconfortes tu
Certes dis je pource je pleure
Car de present en moins dune heure
Jay perdu trestoute ma joye

* * * *
Ainsi comme ung cinge acroche
A ung bloqueau et atache
Lequel en hault ne peut monter
Que tost ne faille reualer
Ainsi mest ung bloquel pesant ¹
Le corps et ung retenail grant
Il me rabat quant vueil voler
Et retire quant vueil monter ^b

* * * *
Le corps corrompu et pesant
Griefue lame et opprime tant
Que la tient en chetiuoisson
Et luy fait perdre fa saison
Par quoy merueille ce nest pas
Sen plorant je dy dieux helas
Desconforte moult grandement
Je suis et doy estre dolent

The Pilgrim having said to *Gracedieu* that he is in search of the heavenly city, which he had had a sight of in a glafs, but that his grief was he had no means of getting thither, she replies, if his search be sincere, she will be his guide; having been sent into that country by the Lord of the way to guide halt and lame, but willing pilgrims in the way of salvation, to relieve the fallen, to support the lame, to strengthen the doubtful, and to open the eyes of the blind. *Gracedieu* then proceeds to warn him that he is going to travel through a country beset with difficulties, trials, enemies, and adversities; and, as he will doubtless often be in trouble and stand in need of help, he must always call upon her.

Je suis celle que tu dois querre ^c

¹ This *bloquel pesant* is the burden on the back of *Christian*.

Quant tu vas en estrange terre
Jenlumine les non voyans
Et donne force aux recreans
Je relieue les trebuchiez
Et radrece les foruoyez
Je suis grace dieu appelle
Par le coulon blanc designee

She bids him keep in view the straight and only entrance,¹ that wicket-gate, which none ever entered till they had put off their own clothing²—that is, *mortality*; and then only by her grace and favour.

The Pilgrim humbly thanks her, and prays that she will guide and support him on his journey. *Gracedieu* then kindly leads him towards her house—a magnificent building, which had been founded 1330 years ago.

Lors elle me prist en celle heure ^a
Et tost me mena sans demeure
Vers une maison quelle auoit
Qui sienne estoit comme disoit
Et la me dist que trouueroie
Tout ce de quoy mestier auroie
Laquel maison auoit fundee
Selon son dit et maffonnee
Treize cens et trente ans auoit
Comme bien lui en souuenoit
¶ Ceste maison voulentiers vy
Et a la veoir fuz esbay
Car toute en hault en lair pendoit
Et entre terre et ciel estoit
Tout ainsi que sel fust venue
Du ciel haultain est descendue
Il y auoit clochiers et tours
Et moult estoient beaulx ses atours
Ainsi comme fust vng lieu royal
Et sur tous autres principal ^b
Deuant vne ririere auoit
Ou passaige ne nef nauoit

^a “ Tho hyr
lyft.”
Appendix, f. vi.
Pfalm cxii. 3.

^b Eccluse. xxvi.
16.

This is the *church* of Christ, for the expounding of the Scriptures; it is, in fact, the

¹ As *Evangeliſt* says to *Christian*, “ Keep that light in your eye.”

² Bunyan says, “ They had left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them.”

Interpreter's house of Bunyan. But the Pilgrim is alarmed at finding himself stopped by a stream without bridge or ferry, and *desponds*.¹

“ Dolent en fu et fort pleuroie.”

This stream, in De Guileville's dream, represents the water of baptism² at the entrance to the church, but is transformed by Bunyan (agreeably to his views) into the Slough of Despond, the duration of which he gives as ‘above these sixteen hundred years’—the age of the Christian church in *his* time.

Gracedieu expostulates with the Pilgrim on his want of firmness before so small an obstacle, when he has so many greater waters to pass through before arriving at the celestial city. He then inquires why it should be necessary to bathe in this water? To which she replies, that, as sin came into the world, it is necessary to be cleansed from it—that water is an emblem of purification, and that a King has passed through this Jordan. Then a person appears who *helps* him out to the other side,³ and, being purified, he is admitted into the house of Grace. Here a number of pilgrims are assembled, and Moses—or the *Law*, the *Legality* of Bunyan—in despite of *Gracedieu*,⁴ who reproves him, offers them many things for their relief on the journey—such as ointments for curing their wounds after their conflicts with their enemies.

Moses is succeeded by personifications⁵ of *Reason* or *Prudence*, and *Nature*, corresponding to *Worldly-wife-man* in Bunyan, who is ‘obstinate’⁶ and railing. These are followed by *Sapience* or *Discretion*, by *Repentance* or *Piety*, and by *Charity*⁷ or *Love*; the latter presenting to her auditory the last Will and Testament of Him who, for love of mankind, died upon the *Cross*; which runs thus:—

“ I, who am the way, the truth, and the life, make this my last *testament*, and voluntarily bequeath my soul to my Father, to be in his safe keeping, whilst I descend into hell to release those who love me. My body I bequeath to be interred in the sepulbre Joseph has made, and to the pilgrims who keep in the right way, in order that they may be nourished by it, and helped on their way. My heart I leave to those who love and keep my commandments. To John I leave the care of my mother, and my blood I leave for the *salvation* of all those who had compassion on me.”

A *cross* is here represented with the letters *P A X*, at the angles.

Ces trois lettres font assauoir^b
Qua trois choses doit auoir paix
Icelluy a qui est laisse
Ce beau oyel et octroye

¹ *Christian* also *desponds* at the sight of the lions, and thought of going back, till *Watchful*, the porter, cried unto him, saying, “ Is thy strength so small? Fear not the lions, for they are chained.”

² See Woodcuts II. and III.; and cf. the account of *Baptism*, Appendix, f. vii.

³ As *Help* comes to the assistance of *Christian* at the Slough of Despond.

⁴ “ Law and Grace ” is a favourite work of Bunyan's.

⁵ See Woodcuts V. VI. VII. and VIII.; Appendix, f. xi—xx.

⁶ *Obstinate* accompanies *Christian* and *Pliable* over the plains, and rails at them both.

⁷ *Discretion*, *Piety*, *Prudence*, and *Charity* inhabit the palace called *Beautiful*, and entertain *Christian*.

^a John xiv. 6, 21.

¹ Cor. xi. 24.

John xix. 27.

Matt. xxvi. 28.

^b f. 18. Appendix, f. xx. “ And evermore.”

John xiv. 27.

2 Cor. xiii. 11.



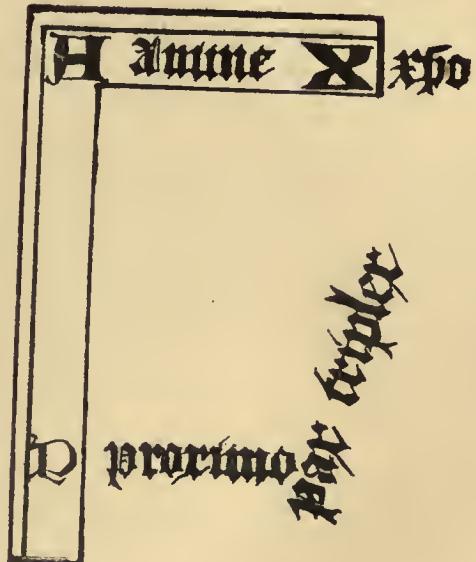
V



VI



VII



VIII

Cest que premierement en hault
Du X est mis en eschauffaut
Par qui ie suis signifie
Briefuement et en sobriete
Il doit auoir parfaicté paix ^a
En tel maniere que tous faiz
Commis et faiz oultre mon gre
Si soient restraints et amende
Apres en langlet bas assis
Du A est colloque et mis
Par qui lame de foy entent
Doit auoir paix entierement ^b
A celle fin que point ny morde
Sinderesis ne ne remorde
Apres encor a son prochain
Qui par le P mis primerain
Est entendu doit paix auoir
A quoy le doit moult esmouvoir
Le mesme degre ou il est
Car point plus hault ne plus pas nest
Tous deux en vng degre les mis ^c
Quant au commencement les fis
Tous sont mortelz et lun et lautre
Vers et fiens est lun si est lautre
Rien ny vault cuer felon ne fier
Ne riens orgueil ne riens danger
Tous passeront par *vng pertuis* ^d
Groz et menuz grans et petis
Or facent tant que ce ioyel ^e
Ne perdent pas par leur orgueil
A son prouchain chascun ait paix
Si sera le patron parfaiz
Tel que doit estre par raison
Cest vng *seing* de tabellion ^f
Duquel doiuent estre signez
Tous bons testamens et marquez
Et de ce *seing* publicquement
Ay ie ce prefent testament
Signe et tabellionne
Puis que lent escript charite
Paix ay donne a toute gent
Or la garde chascun deuement

^a Rom. xiv. 17.

^b Psalm lv. 18.

^c Heb. xii. 14.

^d Strait gate.

^e Rom. xii. 18.

^f Seal of engrossment.

"Now I saw in my dream," says Bunyan, "that the highway, up which *Christian* was to go, was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall was called *Salvation*. Up this way did burdened *Christian* run till he came to a place on which stood a cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a sepulchre; and, just as he came up with the cross, his burden loosed from his shoulders, and fell from his back into the mouth of the sepulchre. Then was *Christian* glad and lightsome, and said, with a merry heart, 'He hath given me rest by his sorrow, and life by his death.'"

And it is here that *Christian* sees the 'three shining ones,' who saluted him with "Peace be to thee;" and the first said to him, "Thy sins be forgiven thee" (here is peace and pardon); the second stripped him of his rags; and the third set a mark on his forehead, and gave him a roll (the above *testament*) with a seal upon it, which he bid him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at the celestial gate.

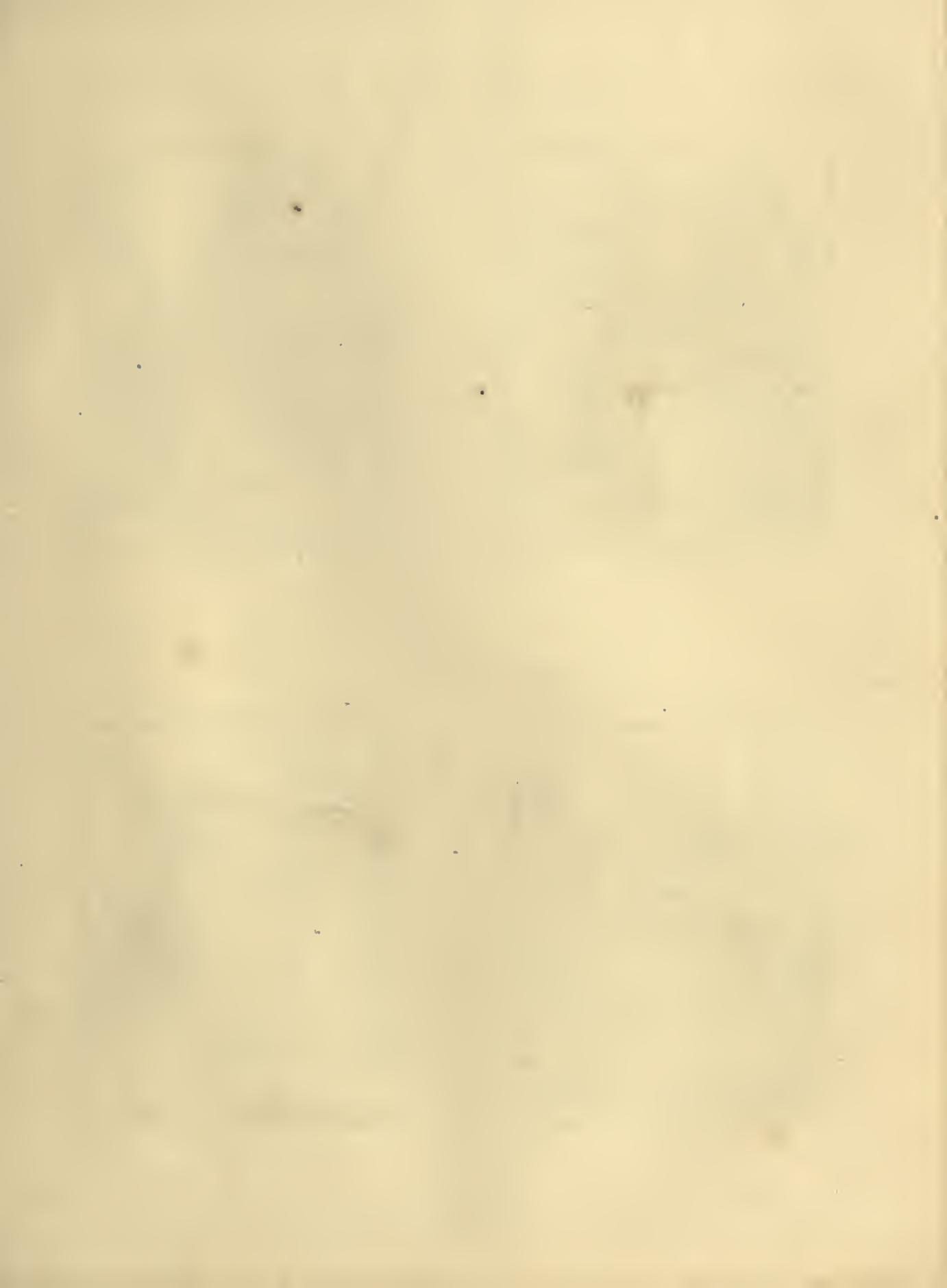
In the dream of De Guileville, as soon as *Charity* had made an end of her oration, many of the pilgrims appeared very desirous of accepting her proffered conditions, and addressed themselves first to her, and afterwards to *Repentance*. But he also perceived many unfortunate ones amongst them, who, secretly concealing themselves from the eye of *Charity*, and eluding the observation of *Repentance*, addressed themselves exclusively to *Moses* for relief, to whom he granted it without exception. But it happened ill for them; for, as soon as they had left him, they looked as if they had come out of a miry slough,

"Yssys du bourbier ou dun noir fac a charbonnier;"

like *Pliable*, 'bedaubed with dirt,' or had been 'dipped into a sack of charcoal.' They were black, filthy, vile, says De Guileville—*en hordiz et encore tous familleux*; but when they were tired of this relief they returned trembling, and begging to accompany the other pilgrims. So *Christian*, after having 'turned out of his way, to go to *Mr. Legality's* house for help,' from his brethren, stands trembling before *Evangelist*; and Bunyan, from his familiar knowledge and love of Scripture, from the resources of his genius, and his acquaintance with the human heart, has wrought out a striking picture of the insufficiency of the law to take off the burden of sin. Hence, when *Evangelist* meets *Christian*, and shows him that no man can be justified by the deeds of the Law, that *Mr. Legality* was a cheat, &c. *Christian*, like the trembling pilgrims, falls down at *Evangelist's* feet as dead, and prays to be put again into the right way.

The monk of Chaliz afterwards introduces a long allegorical description of the Eucharist, and the Pilgrim expresses a wish to be furnished with some of this spiritual provision, to support him on his journey, and eagerly desires to proceed. *Gracedieu* replies, that she has everything necessary for him, and for his journey, in her palace;¹ but that he must wait, before he sets out, until she has shown him the curiosities contained therein, or, as Bunyan has it, 'the rarities of the place;' and that afterwards he shall receive a staff and a scrip, with provisions to put into the latter. She then leads him into a cabinet, where she points out to him a great collection of precious jewels;

¹ The Church, or House of the Interpreter.





IX



X



XI



XII

(and here Bunyan must have revelled in allegory to his heart's content, for every article is described with the same mystic and symbolic precision as in Durand's "Rationale of the Church.") The first things shown to him are the scrip and staff, which *Gracedieu* takes out of a casket of curious workmanship. The scrip, or scarf, is made of green silk, with fringe of the same colour sprinkled with scarlet spots, like gouts of blood.

"These,"^a said *Gracedieu*, "are things necessary for thy journey: look well to them, for thou wilt stand in need of them. The name of the scrip is *faith*, and in it thou wilt carry thy provisions; and if thou wouldest know more of its virtues, consult the prophet Habakkuk, and St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, chap. x. where thou wilt learn that the just indeed *live by faith*."¹

¶ Voy cy lescharpe et le bourdon
Que promis tay ie ten foiz don
Mestier tauront en ce voyage
Garde les si feras que faige
Lescharpe si est foy nommee
Sans laquelle nulle iournee
Tu ne feras ia qui rien vaille
Car tout ton pain et ta vitaille
Doys en tous temps dedans auoir^b
Et se tu veulx cecy fauoir
Par autre dit que par le myen
Sainct paul ten informera bien
Qui racompte quil est escript
Que iuste de lescharpe vit^c
Lequel mot en abacuh prist
Qui ou second chapitel gist
* * * *
Le sang esmeut et achoisonne^d
De prendre cuer et faire ainsi^e
Que les glorieulx martirs qui
Trop mieulx amerent a respendre
Leur sang pour leur foy fort deffendre^f
Quaucunement leur feust ostee
Pour sa vertu quaaouoient goustee

^a f. 23, b. App.
f. xxi. "Thys
lady goodly."

^b Rom. x. 4—6.

^c Hab. ii. 4.
Rom. i. 17.

^d f. xxiii. b.

^e Heb. xi. 33.

^f Eph. ii. 8.

¹ See Woodcut IX.

Gracedieu further enlarges on the *scrip* by saying, "It is true that in olden time these scrips were plain and simple in their form, and without these emblems; for then it sufficed that faith should be pure and holy. But since many errors and heresies have crept in, and each foolishly would believe of his own fashion, (some being *Arians*, some *Pelagians*, and others such as I will not name,) it became necessary to establish a unity of belief, and these twelve clochettes will serve to keep thy faith awake."

Bunyan tells us that the shepherds, from the top of *Mount Error*, showed the pilgrims the bodies of *Hymeneus* and *Philetus* dashed to pieces at the foot of the hill.

Cest pour te donner exemplaire
 Que se tu trouves qui soustraire
 La te vueille point ne oster
 Auant occire et decouper
 Te laisses plus tost que ten voyes
 Descharpey car trop y perdroies

This allocution of *Gracedieu* to the Pilgrim, with an allusion to the ‘glorious martyrs,’ as an example for him to follow, corresponds with the exhortation of *Evangelist* to *Christian* and *Faithful*, before they arrive at the town of *Vanity* :—

“ My sons, you have heard, in the words of the truth of the gospel, ‘ that you must, through many tribulations, enter into the kingdom of heaven ; ’ and again, that ‘ in every city bonds and afflictions abide you : ’ and, therefore, you cannot expect that you should go long on your pilgrimage without them, in some sort or other. You have found something of the truth of these testimonies upon you already, and more will immediately follow ; for now, as you see, you are almost out of this wilderness, and, therefore, you will soon come to a town, that you will, by-and-by, see before you ; and in that town you will be hardly beset with enemies, who will strain hard that they may kill you : and be you sure, that one or both of you must seal the testimony, which you hold, *with blood* : but ‘ be you faithful unto death, and the King will give you a crown of life.’ He that shall die there, although his death will be unnatural, *and his pain, perhaps, great*, he will yet have the better of his fellow ; not only because he will be arrived at the Celestial City soonest, but because he will escape many miseries that the other will meet with on his journey. But when you are come to the town, and shall find fulfilled what I have here related, then remember your friend, and ‘ *quit yourselves like men!* ’ ”¹ The same counsel is given by *Gracedieu* in the above passage to the

¹ Ridley thus addresses Latimer at the stake :—

“ Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it.”

“ And now *the chariot of fire*, which was to transport the martyrs to glory, began to be illuminated. A blazing faggot was placed at Ridley’s feet, upon which Latimer addressed him, with a degree of composure which passes all understanding, in those memorable words of almost prophetic import :—‘ Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, *and play the man* ; we shall this day light such a candle in England, as I trust shall never be put out.’ ”—*Lives of Eminent Christians* by the Rev. R. B. HONE.

Similarly, in a stanza under the woodcut of the trial of *Faithful* in the 33rd edition, (see plate f. 33), Bunyan writes :—

“ Now *Faithful, play the Man*, speak for thy God ;
 Fear not the wicked’s malice, nor their rod :
 Speak boldly, man, the truth is on thy side,
 Die for it, and to life in triumph ride.”

Again, Bp. Ridley says to Latimer in prison :—

“ Hitherto, you see, good father, how I have, in words only, made (as it were) a flourish before the fight which I shortly look after ; and how I have begun to prepare certain kinds of weapons to fight against the adversaries of Christ ; and to muse with myself how *the darts of the old enemy* may be borne

Pilgrim, and she says that he is to serve as an example, and to suffer himself rather to be killed and cut in pieces, than lose his scrip, or his faith. And this counsel is followed by the fellow-traveller of *Christian*, when he is condemned, in the town of *Vanity*, "to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented. They, therefore, brought him out to do with him according to their law: and first they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives; after that they stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords; and, last of all, they burned him to ashes at the stake!" Thus came *Faithful* to his end.

"Now," continues Bunyan, "I saw in my dream that *Christian* went not forth (from the town of *Vanity*) alone; for there was one whose name was *Hopeful*, who joined himself unto him; and entering into a brotherly covenant, told him that he would be his companion. Thus one died to make testimony to the truth, and another rises out of his ashes to be a companion with *Christian*."

In like manner, the second companion of De Guileville's *Pélerin*, given to him by *Gracedieu*, is the Pilgrim's staff, whose name is *Hope*; on which she bids him lean with confidence, telling him it will sustain him in all slippery places.

This staff is light, strong, and straight, and is made of Shittim wood, which is imperishable; and on the top is reflected the whole country, as far as the Celestial City itself—the whole illuminated by a brilliant carbuncle.

Or entens bien de ce bourdon^a
Qui est bon en toute saison
Car trebucher ne peut celluy
Qui fermement sappuye a lui
A lui appuyer te deuras
A tous maulx pas ou tu iras
Esperance le dois nommer
* * * *
Le hault pommel est *Jesu Crist*^b
Qui est comme la le^{Et}re dit
Ung miroer du tout sans taiche
La ou chascun peut voir sa face
Ou tout le monde se mirer
Doit toujours

^a f. 27. App. f.
xxii. "But flyrst
tak."
Gen. xxxii. 10.
Prov. xxiii. 17,
18.

^b John xii. 16.
Wisdom vii. 26.

The Pilgrim now proposes to proceed on his journey; but he is told by *Gracedieu* that he must first be armed at all points, in order that he may be proof against the many

off, and after what sort I may smite him again with the sword of the Spirit. I learn also hereby to be in use with armour, and to essay how I can go armed."

This language may be compared with *Christian's* fight with *Apollyon*, and many of the expressions of these two martyrs remind us of *Christian* and *Faithful* in the "Pilgrim's Progress," and show us also how intimate Bunyan was with Fox's "Book of Martyrs."

^a Isaiah xi. 5.
Luke xii. 35.

dangers which he will meet with by the way. She puts on him the girdle of *Righteousness*,^a to keep him in the path of rectitude and temperance; and also furnishes him with a writing, or scroll,¹ (containing the *credo* written in Latin rhymes,) which she enjoins him to consult to take the film from his eyes.

We now come to the prototype of the armoury contained in the ‘stately palace called *Beautiful*,’ which Bunyan thus describes:—“The next day they had him into the armoury, where they shewed him all manner of furniture, which the Lord had provided for pilgrims—as sword, shield, helmet, breast-plate, all-prayer, and shoes that would not wear out. And there was here enough of this to barneſ out as many men, for the service of their Lord, as there be stars in the heaven for multitude.” Armour² of precisely the same description is earnestly recommended by *Gracedieu* to the Pilgrim.

^b f. 30, b. App.
f. xxiii. “Come
ner.”
^c Kings xxii. 30.
Numbers xxxii.
^d 29.
Zech. viii. 9.

Or regarde dist-elle hault^b
A ceste perche fil te fault
Pour chercher armes loing aller
Affez en voys pour bien tarmer
La font heaulmes et gambesons
Gorgerettes et haubergeons
Targes et quanque faillir peut
A cil quil defendre se veult

She first presents to him a ‘gambeson’ or coat of mail called *Patience*, saying, “This was wrought by the great armourer above, who, without tools, created the sun and starry host; it is of such excellent temper that it will be proof against all kinds of adversity and tribulation, and will withstand to the death. It was worn by our Lord on the Cross—by holy martyrs since—and will resist, like an anvil, all the strokes of thine enemies.”^c

^c Rom. vi. 13;
viii. 18.
Heb. x. 36; xi.
34.
Rev. ii. 11; xiii.
10.
^d f. 31.

^e Isaiah liii. 7.

Ce gambezou vestit iesus^d
Quant pour toy fut en croix pendus
Sur luy fut poinctoye et poinct
Et mesurey a son droict poinct
Tout souffrit et tout endura^e
Nul mot ne dist ne ne sonna
Enclume se monstra et fu
A chascun coup dont fut feru
Et lors fut sur luy monnoyee
Ta ranson batue et forgee
Deſſus fon doz la monnoyerent^f
Les crueulx feures et forgerent
Par quoy tu doys bien suppoſer
Puis que le roy sen voulut armer

^f Psalm cxxix. 3.

¹ *Christian's* roll, which he loses in the arbour.

² See Woodcut X.

Qu'il est bon et bien esprouve
Et grant loz est den estre arme

" And now put on this helmet, which is *Temperance*, to defend the eyes from folly and vanity, the ears from murmurings and detraction, and the heart from evil imaginings. It is the helmet called, by St. Paul, the helmet of *Salvation*."

¶ Le heaulme comme dois fauoir^a
Est atemperance de veoir
Descouter aussi de odorer
Choses qui te puissent greuer
Car sicomme cœure et restraint
Le heaulme tes sens et restraint
Tout ainssi atrempance fert
De garder loeil que trop ouvert
Ne soit ne trop abandonne
A folye et a vanite
Car se loeilliere assez nestoit
Estroicte entrer dedans pourroit
Telle sagete^b qui occire
Pourroit (the arrows of Satan.)

" This 'gorgette' is called *Sobriety*,^c which is akin to *Temperance*, and is to prevent gluttony. These gauntlets^d are the third part of *Temperance*, and their name is *Continence*: therefore, take example of St. Bernard. So be sure to arm thyself carefully, as did formerly *Saint Guillaume*, Abbot of Chaliz, who knew how to fast even at a feast.¹

" But the best weapon of all is this sword, for if thou hadst no other armour this would suffice.^e Its name is *Justice*, (Righteousness,) and a better blade was never forged or girded on the loins—and it far exceeds those of an Ogier, a Rowland, or an Oliver."

Par son nom *iustice* elle est dicté^f
Entre les autres plus eslite
Et la meilleur quonques ceignist
Roi ne conte ne ne tenist
Ducque ne fut lespee *ogier*
Celle de *roland noliuier*
Si vertueuse ne puissant
Si noble ne si excellent

" This sword thou must wear to defend thyself against those who attack thee, and against thy hidden enemies in particular—for there is nothing worse, or more perilous, than a concealed foe. And here, also, is the scabbard, the true name of

^a f. 32. App. f. xxiii. "Thys helm." Isaiah lix. 17. Eph. vi. 14—17. Prov. iv. 23. Psalm xxxv. 2; cxix. 37. Job xl. 24.

^b Dart.

^c 1 Pet. v. 8. Wisdom ix. 11.

^d Psal. cxliv. 1. James iv. 8.

^e Ezek. xxxviii. 4. Psalm xxxv. 27. Prov. x. 2. 1 Mac. iii. 3, 58. Ecclus. xiii. 13.

^f f. 32, b. App. f. xxiii. "Take a swerd."

¹ De Guileville's object in adding this last paragraph seems to be to introduce the names of St. Bernard and St. Guillaume, the former as the founder of his monastery, the latter, probably, as his ancestor.

^a John xviii. 11.
P^t. cxxxvi. 23,
24.
Luke xviii. 10.

^b Prov. xxxi. 17.
Joshua xiv. 11.
Song of Sol. iv.
4.

^c 1 Kings iv. 29;
xi. 4.
Prov. ix. 6.

^d 2 Cor. vi. 7.
Hab. iii. 19.
1 Pet. ii. 5; iv.
12.
Rom. xii. 16.
Gen. viii. 21.

^e 1 Sam. xvii.
38—50.

which is *Humility*, for it must conceal thy *justice* or *vengeance*.^a Remember the Publican and the Pharisee. The name of the girdle is *Perseverance*, and of the buckle, *Constancy*, &c. But forget not the shield^b—for without this no one can defend himself well—it serves to protect both the warrior and his arms. The name of this is ‘*Prudence*,’ (Wisdom or Understanding,) and it was once worn by King Solomon; but when he lost it he lost his honour along with it, and, in comparison with it, all his other golden shields^c were not worth a red herring:—

(Toutes ses autres targes dor
Et ses escus ung haren for
Des onques puis ne luy valurent.)

“ And now,” continues *Gracedieu*, “ it is time to arm.” So the Pilgrim proceeds to accoutre himself; but when he is panoplied^d he complains that the armour is too heavy for him, pleads his ignorance of the use of arms, and implores her to allow him to follow the example of David, who found himself obliged to put off the armour he had essayed to wear before going to combat the Philistine. She consents: but warns him that he has not, like David, the courage to encounter the enemy armed only with his staff and five stones in a scrip.^e

Gracedieu then leaves the Pilgrim, and, in her absence, he sorely laments his having refused her good counsel. During his lamentations she returns, and, severely rebuking him for his want of energy, when there is no enemy to combat, she presents him with the *identical pebbles that David had in his scrip when he fought against Goliath*.¹

In Bunyan’s narrative, the damsels of the Palace called *Beautiful* “ showed *Christian* some of the engines with which some of the Lord’s servants had done wonderful things. They showed him Moses’ rod; the hammer and nails with which Jael slew Sisera; the pitchers, trumpets, and lamps, too, with which Gideon put to flight the armies of Midian. Then they showed him the ox’s goad, wherewith Shamgar slew six hundred men. They showed him also the jaw-bone with which Samson did such mighty feats. They showed him, moreover, the *sling and stone with which David slew Goliath of Gath*.²”

Bunyan shows these treasures to *Christian*, but wisely prefers sending him on his pilgrimage armed at all points. De Guileville allows his pilgrim to go forth armed merely, like David, with a shepherd’s sling; and then, by a less happy allegory, furnishes him with an attendant, (called *Memory*,)³ who is to carry and produce the armour which he had refused to wear, whenever he found himself in the presence of an enemy.

Having thus provided him with the necessary means of defence, she tells him it is now time to apply himself to his journey, as soon as he has stored his scrip with a

¹ The 1st stone, called “ Memoire de la mort Jesu,” is “ un Rubiz.”

2nd. “ Remembrance de la Dame, une pierre blanche, La Blancheur.”

3rd. “ Saincte eternelle Gloire, un Saphir azure.”

4th. “ Memoire du feu d’Enfer, Abeston, couleur de fer.”

5th. “ La Saincte Escripture, qui en soi a telle verdure. Cest une esmeraud moult fine.”

² See Woodcut XI. Appendix, f. xxiii.

supply of the *bread* (of life) necessary for his support during his long journey, and then *accompanies him on the way*, giving him good counsel on the best mode of defence against his enemies, and bids him be of good courage.

Gracedieu also exhorts the Pilgrim to be vigilant, and constantly on his guard against an enemy of which he seems to be the least aware, though he carries that enemy about with him—that is, his own carnal desires. She also explains to him the conflict, which never ends, between the flesh and the spirit—shows him the best means of combatting the carnal will by fasting and prayer, and counsels him, with the Apostle, to take upon himself the whole armour of God, that he may be able to withstand in the evil day. Thus she exhorts him to *perseverance* in the great struggle; and to impress this more powerfully on his mind, she calls his attention to an ant-hill which lies in their path, and shows him (as the *Interpreter* does in the *Pilgrim's Progress*) that, like the persevering ant, which rolls, again and again, down the slippery sand-hill, but, ultimately, attains her object, so he, by struggling against temptations, will conquer, if he will only persevere: whilst, to the indolent, the wife man says, “Go to the ant, thou sluggard, and learn wisdom.”¹

Bunyan says:—“Then *Christian* began to go forward; but *Discretion*, *Piety*, *Charity*, and *Prudence*, would accompany him down to the foot of the hill. Then said *Christian*, ‘As it was difficult coming up, so, so far as I can see, it is dangerous going down.’ ‘Yes,’ said *Prudence*, ‘so it is; for it is a hard thing for a man to go down into the valley of *Humiliation*, as thou art now, and to catch no slip by the way; therefore,’ said they, ‘are we come out to accompany thee down the hill.’ So he began to go down, but very warily, yet he caught a slip or two.

“Then I saw in my dream that these good companions, when *Christian* was gone down to the bottom of the hill, gave him a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, and a cluster of raisins; and then he went on his way.

“But now (in this valley of *Humiliation*) poor *Christian* was hard put to it, for he had gone but a little way before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him; his name is *Apollyon*. . . . Then *Apollyon* said, Prepare thyself to die; for I swear, by my infernal den (he speaks as the fiend of hell of Wicliff), thou shalt go no further; here will I spill thy soul; and with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast, but *Christian* caught it on his shield. Then did *Christian* draw, for he saw it was time to bestir him, (that is, to assail the enemy, as Wicliff says;) and *Apollyon* as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail!”

Wicliff, who, doubtless, was a favourite author of Bunyan's, has also left us, in a tract entitled “The Lantern of Light,” a description of an armoury, the phraseology of which seems likely to have suggested many of the peculiar expressions which occur in the description of *Christian's* battle with *Apollyon*.

“Peace-makers in Christ's Church move men to the rest that Christ promised to his

¹ “Whilst *Christian*,” says Bunyan, “was sleeping in the arbour, one comes and awakes him, saying, ‘Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise.’”

disciples when He was here among them, John xi. 4. Christ hath left among us peace, that we should love together, hating sin and loving virtue; for thus He loved us. For there is no charity unless sin be hated and plucked up by the roots, in us and all others.

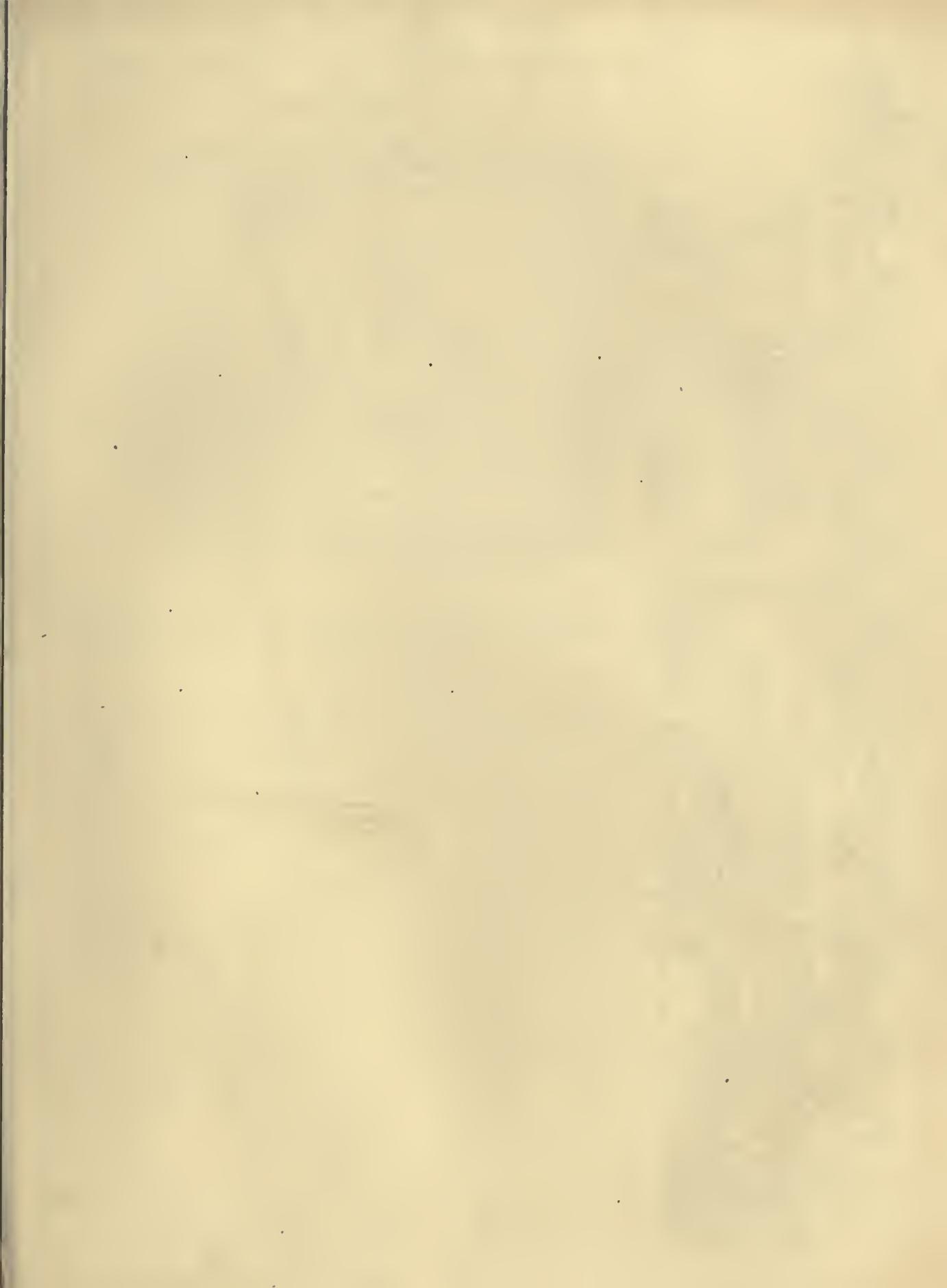
"These *peace-makers* stand armed at all pieces, for dread of their enemies, in the armour of Jesus Christ, that Paul teaches, Eph. vi. Six armours, the Apostle rehearses, that arm the soul, five to defend, the sixth to *affail*. 1. A girdle of chastity, (truth.) Take up this girdle, that ye may stand perfect in the peace of your soul, against all fleshly stirrings. 2. An habergeon of righteousness that is thickly mailed, for falsehood should not enter to grieve God or man, or disturb this true peace. 3. Leg-harnes, (*gambiere*,) or shewing of affections in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and then they are disposed to make peace among men. Not as the world asketh, but that they stand perfectly in all adversity, with Christ and his Gospel to the death-day. 4. A shield of faith. In this they shall quench *all the fiend's burning darts*, that are his temptations. Then may no deadly blow steal upon that man who hath the shield of true belief hanging on his heart. 5. A helm of health, (or helmet of salvation,) which is called trusty hope; for it bears off *the strokes the fiend throws at man's soul*, with pitiless gins; the one is obstination, or hardness of heart; the other is desperation, or *wanhope*. But who so hath the helm of hope, though strokes light on him, they shall in no wise burst his head-piece, or sink into his soul. Therefore, he liveth peaceably in hope of God's mercy. 6. Is the sword of the spirit, that is God's word. With this sword Jesus Christ *affailed the fiend of hell*, when Christ said, 'Go, Sathan;' and he fled away. For this sword is full sharp, and biteth on both sides; it parteth, at a stroke, the soul from the body; and it parteth, in this life, virtue from sin; and it shall part at doomsday the good from the evil. God give us grace to take this sword, for all that take up this sword, and stand in this armour, Christ, our Captain, blesseth them, and calleth them his children, Matt. v.: 'Blessed are the *peace-makers*, for they shall be called the sons of God.' And Christ saith, 'Love ye your enemies, do ye well to them that hate you, and pray for your pursuers and your flanderers. That ye may be the sons of your Father that is in heaven.'"

It may be observed that Wicliff's sixth arm is one of *offence*; and it is with this "*two-edged sword*" that *Christian* (who had previously acted only on the *defensive*) *affails*, wounds, and makes *Apollyon spread forth his dragon wings, and speed himself away*.

Spenser also, in the exposition of his "*Faerie Queene*," refers to the same Epistle as Wicliff:—

"A faire lady (*Una*) in mourning weedes, riding on a white asse, beseeches the Faery Queene to assign her a knight for the deliverance of her parents; a person desires the adventure; but the lady tells him, unless the armour she has brought would serve him, (that is, the armour of a *Christian* man, specified by St. Paul, Eph. vi.,) that he could not succeed in the enterprise."

From this text, and the vision of St. John in the Apocalypse, are derived all the allegories of De Guileville, Wicliff, Spenser, &c.—down to Bunyan; and this flight



Superest quod supra est.



ADVE deceiptfull worlde, thy pleasures I detest;
Nowe, others with thy shewes delude, my hope in heaven doth ref

Peregrinus
Christianus
Loquitur

Inlarged as followeth.

EVEN as a flower; or like vnto the grasse,
Which now dothe stande, and straight with sithe dothe fall,
So is our state: now here, now hence wee passe,
For time attendes with shredding sithe for all.

And deathe at lengthe, both oulde, and yonge dothe strike:
And into dust dothe turne vs all alike.

Yet, if wee marke how swifte our race dothe ronne,
And waigne the cause, why wee created bee;
Then shall wee knowe, when that this life is donnie,
Wee shall bee sure our countrie right to see

For here wee are but stravngers, that must flitte:
The nearer home, the nearer to the pitte.

Iacob 1.
Ecclæsiast. 14.
Illaia 40.

O happie they, that pondering this arighte
Before that here their pilgrimage bee past
Resigne this worlde: and marche with all their myghte
Within that pathe, that leades where joyes shall last.

And whilst they maye, there, treasure up their store,
Where, without rust, it lastes for evermore.

This worlde must chaunge: That worlde shall still indure
Here, pleasures fade: There, shall they endlesse bee;
Here, man dothe sinne. And there, hee shall bee pure,
Here, deathe hee tastes: And there, shall never die.

Here, hathe he grieve: And there shall joyes possesse,
As none hathe seene, nor anie harte can gesse.

2 Corinth. 5.

Via veritas
vita
Ioan. 14.

Matt. 6.

Apocal. 6.

Apocal. 21.

I Corinlh. 15.

Apocal. 21.

I Corinlh. 2.

introductory exposition of De Guileville's allegory will show that it contains sufficient *subject-matter*, as well as *personages*, to have suggested to Bunyan the outline, at least, of his own.

Mr. Montgomery (in his Introductory Essay to the Pilgrim's Progress) has suggested that a print in Geoffrey Whitney's book of Emblems, published in 1586, representing a Christian pilgrim spurning the world, may have given Bunyan his first idea of his Christian pilgrim.

We cannot doubt that the popular book of emblems were great favourites of his, and we here insert the facsimile of one, (with three small prints taken from an old edition of the Pilgrim's Progress,) which is sufficient of itself, to his inventive imagination and natural love of allegory, to have excited him to write the appalling details of the Christian's progress through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

But a parallel still stronger may be found where perhaps it would be least expected, and that is in the "Valley Perilous" of Sir John Mandeville.—See his "*Voyage and Travaille to Hierusalem*," chap. 28.

"SPIRITALE XIANI MILITIS CERTAMEN."

The engraving of the Christian Warrior is one of those emblematic prints so constantly issued by the artists of the Low Countries at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century. They were spread very generally over Europe by the book and print-sellers of Holland and Germany; and it was no unusual thing for the English booksellers to employ these copperplates or woodcuts to illustrate the works they published. Jerome Wierix, the designer of the present engraving, was born in 1548, and passed an industrious life in the production of a large number of engravings, remarkable as well for vigour of design as for extreme elaboration of finish. His Christian Warrior is here armed in accordance with the words of St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Ephesians, (chap. 6,) and is surrounded by the various dangers and temptations which hinder his progress to the New Jerusalem, seen dimly in the distance. The Spirit of God hovers over him,¹ and he treads under foot the sins of the flesh;² beside his right arm, Christ, as the "corner-stone," has crushed the head of the Serpent. The World, arrayed in attractive garb, appears before him, holding in one hand a money-bag, in the other a

¹ The dove, the token of the Holy Spirit, hovers over the head of the *Christian*. So, in De Guileville, this token of love is often sent to relieve the "pelerin" by *Grace Dieu*—like the key *Christian* finds in his bosom to open the gate of *Doubting Castle*.

² Bunyan says, "One of the wicked ones got behind him, and, whispering, suggested grievous blasphemies to him."

Diabolus assaults him with flaming darts at his breast; but *Christian* had a shield in his hand with which he caught them. "Then," says Bunyan, "did *Christian* draw—for he saw it was time to bestir him."

The *World* is *Madame Bubble*, so truly described by *Standfast*. (2nd Pt. p. 165.)

The *Flesh* is *Madame Wanton*, (Bunyan, p. 82;) *Death* denotes the valley itself.

In these and other features of the Engraving there are many points of resemblance to Bunyan.

drinking-cup, whilst cards and dice are at her feet. Behind him the Devil aims his arrows, and in front Death prepares his scythe for the inevitable blow. In the background, and in advance of his path to the city of rest, Sin awaits to obstruct him, and remorselessly thrusts forth "the worm of conscience"¹ to his view. Between the different figures in this Plate are a great number of texts of Scripture taken from the Vulgate.

It has been already suggested² that, independently of De Guileville's writings, the works also of the author of "Piers Plowman's Vision,"³ "Hampole's Prick of Conscience," and similar old English poems, furnished to John Bunyan his idea of the "Pilgrim's Progress." It is indeed natural to suppose that this was the case, not only from the method in which the latter author treats his subject generally, as, for instance, in the personification of the vices, &c. but also from the particular way in which he introduces it to the reader, under the similitude of a dream.

In order, however, to show how close this similitude is, it will perhaps be best to quote such passages from those earlier writings which bear most closely upon the point—and the reader will thus be enabled to judge for himself as to the extent to which Bunyan was indebted to his predecessors both for the "plot" and treatment of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

The *Vision of Piers Plowman*, then, contains a series of visions, which the author imagines himself to have seen, while he was sleeping, after a long ramble on the Malvern hills in Worcestershire.

Than gan I to meten a marvelouſe sweuen
That I was in wildernes wyſt I never where
As I beheld into the aſte^a on highe to the ſonne
I ſaw a tower on a toft rychlych ymaked
A depe dale beneth a dungeon therin
With depe diches a darcke and dreadful of fyght

* * * * *

And thus I wente wide wher walkyng myn one^b
By wilde wilderneſſe and by a wodes fyde
Bliffe of the briddes^c broughtte me a ſlepe
And undir a lynde upon a launde^d lened I a ſtounde
To lythe the layes the lovely fowles made

¹ But why muſt they be thought to 'ſcape that feel
Those rods of ſcorpions, and thoſe whips of ſteel,
Which conſcience shakes?—Greech's Juv.

² See *supra*, p. 3.

³ There has been ſome diſpute as to who the author of *Piers Plowman's Vision* really was. On the whole, however, it appears almost certain that it was written by Robert Langland or Longland, a ſecular priēt, who was born at Cledbury Mortimer, (co. Shropshire,) and was a fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. According to Bale he finished his book in 1369; and Wood says of him, "Robertus Langland, Johannes Malvernus nonullis appellatur; fertur autem inter fui ſæculi poetas maxime facetos excelluisse."—Wood's *Hift. and Antiq. Univ. Oxon.* l. 11, p. 107.

^a Eaſt.

^b Mine own ſelf.

^c Happy melody
uttered by the
birds.

^d Reclining on
an open plot of
ground under a
lime-tree.



THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR.

Mirthe of ire mouthes made me ther to slepe
The merveilous metets^a me mette than
That ever dremyd wyghtte in world as I wene
A much^b man as me thoughtte and lik to my silve
Com and callid me be my kinde name
What art thou coth I tho that thou my name knowest
That thou wost wel coth he and no wyghtte bettre
Wot I what thou art *Thoughtte* feide he thanne —
I have suwid^c thee this sevene yere sey thou me no rather

^a Dreams.

^b Humble.

^c Sought.

Similarly, in the 2nd Part of Pilgrim's Progress, Bunyan sleeps and dreams *in a wood* — and he fancies *an aged gentleman* comes and enters into conversation with him, whose name is *Sagacity*.

Walter Mapes, who flourished in the reigns of Henry II. and Richard I., in his satire on the misused learning and corrupt state of the church, entitled "Apocalypsis Goliae Episcopi," (Harl. Lib. No. 978,) fancies in his vision, that, as he is *lying in a grove*, he sees the form of *Pythagoras* standing before him. In like manner, Dante sees *Virgil*, — and De Guileville's Pilgrim sees *Ovid*.

Again,—a translation of Walter Mapes's *Apoc. Goliae*, written about the year 1623, opens in a similar manner to that of "Piers Plowman."

When as the funnes hot lamp out of the *Bull*
Darted his burning beames unto the full
I tooke the way to a woodes shady grove
The gentle west winds favour for to prove
Just at the middle of a summers day
Under Joves tree as all along I lay
Pythagoras his forme I saw stand by &c.

A similar exordium precedes a poem which was exceedingly popular throughout the Middle Ages, from the tenth century downwards, entitled, "Debate of the Body and the Soul."

Als I lay in a winteris nyt
In a dronkening before the day
Vor south I sau a felly syt
A lady on a bere lay

It may be remarked also, by the way, that a decided similarity occurs between the preamble of Lydgate's *Temple of Glas* and Dante's *Inferno*.

Me dyd oppresse a sodayne dedely slepe
Within the whiche methought that I was
Ravyshed in spyrite into a Temple of Glas
I ne wyft howe, ful ferre in wyldernesse
That founded was all by lyyclynnesse

Le Pelerinage de l'Homme

Not upon stile but on a craggy roche
 Lyke yse yfroze
 Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
 Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura

* * * * *

*I non so ben ridir, com' io' v'entrai
 Tant'era pien di sonno, &c.* (Dante, *Inferno*.)

In the midway of this our life below,
 I found myself within a gloomy wood,—

* * * * *

*How first I enter'd it is hard to say,
 In such deep slumber were my senses bound.* (Wright's Transf.)

The mention of Dante's *Inferno* will call to the recollection of the lovers of ancient English poetry the names of three of our northern middle-age poets, who have, in their *Dreams*, had similar *Visions*. The first of these was Richard Hampole, a doctor of divinity, better known as "the hermit of Hampole," who, about the year 1349, wrote his poem called "*The Prycke of Conscience*," divided into seven parts—the number of Limbes in Dante's *Inferno*, and of the deadly sins—in which he treats of *Death*, of *Judgment*, of the torments of *Hell*, and of the joys of *Heaven*; subjects often treated by both poets and painters under the title of the *Four Last Things*; or, as the Italians call the celebrated frescoes of Orcagna, in the Campo Santa of Pisa, the four *Novissima* or *Ultimamenti*.

Hampole, in his *Inferno*, gives a shuddering description of the torment of those he calls "the syn-folke," in that monkish legendary hell of fire and ice, described by Dante in the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*, and since adopted by our two greatest poets, Shakespeare and Milton. Thus Hampole's description is:—

The syn-folke schulleth as I haue afore y-told
 Ffele outrageous hete and afterwards to much colde
 Ffor now he schulleth freeze and now brenne
 And so be ypyned that non schal other kenne
 And also be ybyte with dragonnes felle and kene
 The whuche schulleth hem destrye outrigte and clene
 And with other vermyng and bestes felle
 The whuche beothe nougt but fendes of helle &c.

"One of the torments of the damned, in Dante's *Inferno*," says Warton, "is the punishment of being eternally confined in lakes of ice:

‘Eran l'ombre dolenti nell ghiaccia
 Mettendo i denti in nota di cicogna.’

"The ice is described to be like that of the Danube or Tanais. This species of

infernal torment, which has been adopted both by Shakespeare and Milton, has its origin in the legendary hell of the monks. The hint seems to have been taken from an obscure text in the book of Job, (xxiv. 19,) dilated upon by St. Jerome, and the early commentators. The torments of hell, in which the punishment by cold is painted at large, had formed a visionary romance, under the name of St. Patrick's Purgatory or Cave, long before Dante wrote."—*Warton's Hist. Eng. Poet.* v. 3, p. 208.

In Act III. Sc. 3, of "Measure for Measure," Shakespeare makes Claudio exclaim:—

Aye, but to die, and go we know not where !
— and the delighted spirit
To bathe in *fiery floods*, or to reside
In thrilling regions of *thick-ribbed ice*, &c.

And Milton thus describes that "dismal world":—

The parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire.
Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging *fire*, to starve in *ice*
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.

Par. Lost, B. II. l. 600.

Sir David Lyndesay of the Mount is another of our northern dreamers who has left us descriptions of the infernal and purgatorial regions, and the exordium to his poem called "*The Dreme*," produced in 1528, is modelled upon those of his predecessors.

The poet ascends the cliffs on the sea-shore, and entering a cavern, *high in the crags*, sits down to *register in rhyme some mery matter of antiquitie*. He compares the fluctuation of the sea with the instability of human affairs; and, at length, being comfortably shrouded from the falling fleet by the closeness of his cavern, *is lulled asleep* by the whistling of the winds among the rocks, and the beating of the tide. He then has the following vision.

He sees a *lady of great beauty*, and benignity of aspect, who says she comes to soothe his melancholy by showing him some new sights. Her name is *Remembrance*. Instantaneously she carries him into the centre of the earth. Hell is here laid open—which is filled with popes, cardinals, abbots, &c. and a long satire on the clergy ensues. She then gives the poet a view of *Purgatory*:—

A lytill above that dolorous dungeoun
We enterit in ane cuntrie full of cair

^a Weeping and howling.

^b Many an unhappy fore, or trouble.

Quhare that we saw money ane legioun
Greitand^a and gowland with money ruthfull fair ^b
Qhat place is this quod I of blis so bair

But the most extraordinary production of all that have appeared under the similitude of a *Dream* is that of William Dunbar, a native of East Lothian, about the year 1470, who, under the title of “Dunbar’s Daunce,” has given us a picture of the *Inferno*, in a burlesque style, in which he exhibits groups of figures worthy of Callot’s pencil. Burns must have taken him as his model.

The poet in his *Dreme* sees a display of hell, and Mahomet or the Devil commands a dance to be performed by a select party of fiends: immediately the seven deadly sins appear, and present a mask or mummery.

The method which they take to introduce their allegory to the reader was so strictly adhered to by the ancient *Dreamers*, that we are naturally led to suppose it must have been founded on some conventional plan. The following passages from De Guileville’s *Pilgrim*, and Chaucer’s *Dream*, called the “Book of the Duchefs,” form a curious parallel in support of such an inference. Chaucer dreams, whilst he is in his bed, in the same manner as De Guileville describes himself to have done—and the illuminated MS. of his poem represents him as sleeping on his bed in the cell of his convent. Chaucer is also aroused from his dream by the turret-clock of the castle, as De Guileville is awoke by the sound of the matin-bell:—

POURTANT le dy car vne foiz
Lan mil trois cens dix par trois fois
Ung songe vy bien merueilleux
Lequel ainsi com sommeilleux
Jescripz a mon reueillement

Thus also Chaucer:—

So when I saw I might not sleepe
Now of late this other night
Upon my bed I fate upright
And bade one reachen me a booke
A *Romaunce* and it me tooke
To rede and drive the night away

After the reading of the Romance he falls asleep; and, according to his usual custom, dreams:—

^c Dreamed.

Methoughten thus that it was May
And in the dawning where I lay
Me met^c &c.

De Guileville thus describes his “ *reveillement* :”—

Ce me sembla en ce moment
Si que de lespoumentement
Esueille et desdormy fu
Et me trouuay si esperdu
Quauifer ne me pouoie
Se ia mort ou en vie iestioie
Jusqua tant que iouy sonner
Lorologe de nuyt pour leuer
Et aussi lors chantoient les cocqs
Pour quoy leuer me cuiday lors
Mais ne peu car fuz retenu
De la grant pensee ou ie fu
Pour le myen aduentureux songe
Ou quel se quelque vne mensonge
Estoit meslee ou contenue
Ou qui fust de peu de value

And Chaucer follows in a similiar strain :—

Right thus me mette as I you tell
That in the castell there was a bell
As it had smitten houres twelve
And therewith I awoke myselve
And found me lying in my bed
And the book which I had read

He adds :—

Thought I this is so quaint a sweven
That I would by process of time
Fond to put this sweven in rhyme
As I con best and that anon

But this is only an echo to what De Guileville says at the opening of his poem :—

SOOUENTEFOYS il aduient bien
Quant on a songe quelque rien
Quon y pense sur lesueiller
Et sil ne souuient au premier
De tout le songe proprement
Bien aduient que son y entent
Quapres a plain il en souuient
Et tout a memoire reuient
Au leuer on est sommeilleux

Et font les sens si pareceux
 Que son songe point on nentent
 Si non *en groz* sommierement
 Mais quant on fest bien aduise
 Et on ya apres pense
 Lors en souuient il plus a plain
 Mais *quon naetende au lendemain*
 Car trop actendre *le feroit*
Oblier et nen souuindroit

There is, moreover, a similarity between the “*Envoye*,” or “way of sending forth their books,” of Bunyan and De Guileville, which appears to be sufficiently deserving of a passing remark: though it must, of course, be regarded as a circumstance perfectly fortuitous. De Guileville informs us that the first rough sketch of his *Pilgrim* had been stolen from him, and numerous copies circulated by the culprit—of which he thus complains:—

Afin que ie ne lobliaffe
 Et quapres le *recorrigeaffe*
 Quant mieulx esueille ie seroye
 Et que pense plus y auroie
Ce que ie cuidoie moult bien faire
 Se ie neusse eu en *ce contraire*
 Car sans mon sceu et volunte
 Tout mon escript me fut *oste*
Par tout diuulge

Not being able to root out the copies of his original sketch, he resolves on publishing an *amended* edition of his dream, and sending it forth with an “*Envoye*” tied round its neck!

Tout entour le col luy pendray
Pource quenuoyer le vouldray
Par tous les lieux ou a este
Sans mon voloir et sans mon gre

And he thus addresses his book:—

¶ *Doncques songe tu ten yras*
Par tous les lieux ou este as
A tous tes prouains^a ie tenuoie
Pource que bien y scez la voye
De par moy va les tous tailler
 * * * *
Va doncques tost ou ie tenuoye
Car mieulx y scez que moy la voye

In like manner, Bunyan sends forth HIS *Second Part*, with an “*Envoye*” round its

^a The *offlets*, or copies of his 1st MS.

neck! to "every place in which his *first* *pilgrim* had already shewn his face," and thus denounces the numerous counterfeits of it in circulation.

Bunyan. "Go now, my little Book, to every place
Where my *first* Pilgrim has but shewn his face :
Call at their doors, &c."

Book. "But how, if they will not believe of me,
That I am truly thine—'cause some there be
That *counterfeit* the Pilgrim, and his name ;
Seek, by *disguise*, to seem the very same,¹
And by that means have wrought themselves into
The hands and houses of I know not who."

Bunyan. "'Tis true, some have of LATE, to counterfeit
My Pilgrim, to their own, my Title set ;
Yea, others, half my name and title too,
Have stitched to their books to make them do ;
But yet, they, by their features, do declare
Themselves not mine to be, whose e'er they are."

* * * * *

"Wherefore, my Book, let no discouragement
Hinder thy travels ; behold, thou art sent
To Friends, not Foes—to Friends that will give Place
To thee, thy Pilgrim's, and thy word embrace.
—*Go then, my little Book, and shew to all*
That entertain and bid thee Welcome shall,
What thou shalt keep close *shut up from the rest*,
And wish *what thou shalt shew them* may be blest
To them for Good, and make them chuse to be
Pilgrims, by better far than thee and me."

This close similarity in the mode adopted by the early poets and dreamers, whether English or foreign, of "sending forth" their books, amounting almost to an identity of expression, can by no means be regarded as accidental. Though the subjects of their Dreams differed essentially, they were all formed in the same mould. From Jean de Meung, Rutebeuf, and De Guileville, down to Piers Plowman, Chaucer, Lydgate, and Hawes—they all followed in each other's wake; and Bunyan, in admiration of his model, constructed and launched his unrivalled *argosy*, saying :—

O, let my little bark attendant fail,
Enjoy the triumph and partake the gale.

¹ This may refer to the publication of a pretended "Second Part of the Pilgrim's Progress," published by Thomas Malthus, a year before Bunyan published his own. *Vide* Southey's Life of Bunyan, p. lxxvii. and Offer's edit. of the Pilgrim's Progres, p. cxxiv.

Le Pelerinage de l'Homme and the Pilgrim's Progress.

Stephen Hawes, in his "Pastime of Pleasure," published in 1506, which he entitles "The Course of Man's Life in this World," thus addresses his book, in what he calls an "Excusation of the Author," a title much like the preamble to the 1st part of Pilgrim's Progress, which Bunyan calls "The Author's *Apology* for his Book."

Go, little boke ! I praye God thee save
From misse metryng by wrong impression,
And who that ever list thee for to have,
That he perceyve well thyne intencion,
For to be grounded without presumption,
As for to eschewe the synne of ydlenes ;
To make such bokes I apply my busines,
Beseching God for to give me grace,
Bokes to compyle of moral vertue.

The following is from Lydgate's Poem in honour of St. Edmond, the patron of his monastery at Bury St. Edmond's :—

Go, littel boke, be ferfull, quaak for drede,
For to appere in so hyhe presence.

And Chaucer thus addresses his Book, at the close of his poem of "The Flower and the Leaf":—

O little book ! thou art so unconning,
How dar'ft thou put thyself in pres^a for dread ?
It is wonder that thou waxest not red,
Sith that thou wot'ft full lite^b who shall behold
Thy rude language, full boistously unfold.^c

These passages are not only sufficient indications of the sources from which Bunyan drew his description, at the *opening* of his allegory, of the place in which he chose to dream, (a den or valley,) and the mode he adopted of "sending forth" his book, in the form of the ancient "Envoye," but also good evidence of his taste for, and attachment to, our old vernacular literature.



^a In public, or in the crowd.

^b Little.

^c Roughly displayed or unfolded.

A P P E N D I X.



Appendix.

Containing the Description of the Holy City, &c. and Explanation of the Woodcuts from Vitellius C. xiii., also Translations of the original French quoted in the Analysis.

The Woodcuts are copied from "Le Pelerinage de l'Homme," imprimé en Goth. par Anthoine Verard, fol. Paris, 1511.

DESCRIPTION OF THE HOLY CITY.

THE seyde yer ho lyft take kep^a
I was avysed in my slep
Excyste eke and that a noon
To Jerusalém for to goon
Gretly meved in my corage
Ffor to do my pylgrymage
And ther to steryd inwardly
And to tell the cause why
Was ffor me thouht I hadde a syght
With inne a merour large and bryght
Off that hevenely ffayr cyte
Wych reprefenteſde vnto me
Ther of holy the manere
With inne the glas ful bryht and cler

And werrayl as yt so thouhte me
Yt excellye off bewete^b
Al other in comparyſon
Ffor god hym ſylff was the masown^c
Wych mad yt ffayr at ys devys^d
Ffor werkman was there noon fo wys

Yt to conceyve in hys entent
Ffor al the weyes and paament
Was ypavyd all off gold
And in the fawter^e yt ys told
How the ffyrſt ffundacyon
On hylls off devocyon
The masounry wrought ful clene
Off quyke ſtonys bryht and ſchene
Wyth a cloſour rounde a bowte
Off enemyes ther was no dowte
Ffor awngell the wach ykepte
The wych day nor nyht ne ſlepte
Kepyng ſo ſtrongly the entre
That no wyht kam in that cyte
But pylgrymes day nor nyht
That thyder wentyn evene ryht
And ther were many mansyounys
Placys and habytacyounys
And ther was alſo al gladneſſe
Joye with ovten hewyneſſe
And pleynly who that hadde grace

^a The ſaid year
(letwhoever lifteth give heed.)

^b Beauty.

^c Mason.

^d After his own plan.

^e Psalter.

Appendix.^a Slain.

Ffor to entre in that place
 Ffond on to hys plesaunce
 Off joye al maner suffysaunce
 That any hert kan devyse
 And yet the entre in swych wyse
 Was strongly kepte ffor komyng in
 Ffor the awngel cherubin
 Off the gate was cheff porter
 Hauing a swerd fflawmyng as cler
 As any ffyr evene at the gate
 And who that wold erly or late
 Passen the wal he was yslawe^a
 There ne was noon other lawe
 Ne bet helpe ne bet refut^b
 The vengeaunce ay was execute
 In the paßage thyder ward
 The weye was so strecth and hard
 Ffor giauntys with ther felonie
 And with ther mortel tormentye
 Devyseden on ther entent
 Fful many wonderful torment
 Lyggynge awayt fro day to day
 To flan pylgrymes in ther way

^c Slaughter.^d Together.^e Affected with.^f He who heeds
these things is es-
teemed wife.^g Follow.^h Banners.

Makynge ful grete occyfion^c
 Off pylgrymes of grete renoun
 Off men and wommen both yfere^d
 Whos martyrdom as ye shaal here
 Was ful grevous to endure
 Ffor somme of hem I yow ensure
 Wern out of ther skynnes flawe
 And somme by ful mortel lawe
 Were hew as bokys kan remembre
 Asonder partyd evcry membre
 Crucifyed of blood al red
 And many other lost hys hed
 Off somme the bowelys wer out rent
 And somme on hote colys brent
 Ffretyng salt cast in among
 Ffor to make ther peynys strong
 Myd the ffyry fflawmys reed
 Somme boyled in oylle and led
 And sore bete that yt was wonder
 Somme sawyd evene affonder
 Nerff and bon affonder rent
 And ther entraylles aforn hem brent

The fellouns wern on hem so felle
 That yt ys pyte for to telle
 And ther ys no man now a lyve
 That kan the penys halff descreyve
 Nor a sermon ther off make
 That they suffrede ffor the sake
 Off crif ihū vnto the deth
 Ffor love tyl they yald vp the breth
 Myd ther mortal peynes smerte
 Ffor ther ys noon so hard on hert
 So despitous nor so ffelon
 That he wold ha compasfyon
 Ben agryfed^e off pyte
 And spacyally ffor to se
 That they suffrede for no synne
 But only off entent to wynne
 The love off cryst and ffor hys sake
 All they han up on hem take
 Seyng how full long aforn
 Cryft to suffre was yborn
 And fforbar not to be ded
 And sythen he that was her hed
 Suffrede paynys deth and woo
 The membrys wolde endure also
 And ffolowe ther hed in al thynge
 As seyn Gregori in his wretynge
 Recordeth pleynly who taketh hed
 Of al those wyfe ys had^f
 For wyth the membrys as was due
 After ther hed lyft to sue^g
 Wych by example went afore
 To whom thentre was not forbore
 Ffor swych as deyde ffor hys love
 By wyketys entrede in above
 Vp the gate hih a lofte
 Thogh there was paßage was not foffte
 The porter lyft hem nat to lette
 And ther pencillys^h vp they sette
 On cornerys wher them thouhte good
 All steyned with ther ounе blood
 And whan that I perceyved yt
 I conceyved yn my wyt
 That who schold ther with inne
 Entre by ffource he most yt wynne
 By manhood only and by vertu
 For by record of seyn Mathew

The hevene as by hys sentence
Wonnen ys by vvolence
Cryfostom recordeth ek also
Who lyfte taken hede ther to
That gret vvolence and myght
Yt ys who that loke arghyt
A man be born in erth her downe
And ravisfhe lyk a champyon
The noble hih hevenely place
By vertu only and by grace
Ffor vertu doth to a man assur
Thyngs denied by nature
Thys to seyne who lyfth lere
That vertu makyth a man conquer
The hih hevene in many wylle
To wych kynde may not suffyle
To cleyme ther poeselion
But she be guyded by reson
Wych to vertu ys maystresse
To lede hyr also and to dresse
In hyr Pylgrymage ryght
Above the sterrys cler and bryght
Ffor other weye koude I not se
To entre by in that cyte
Ffor cherubyn erly and late
Ay awaytynge at the gate
Was redy euer and ther stod
Whos swerd was bloodyd with the blood
Off crystys holy passyon
Whan he made our Redemption
Mankunde to restore agayn
The wych wey whan I hadde seyn
I was astonyd in my syght
But I was comforted anoon right
Whan I sawh the swerd mad blont
Off cherubin the wych was wont
To brenne as any flawnbe bryht
But now the sharnesse and lyght
Was queyne^a to do no more vengaunce
By vertu off crystys gret suffraunce
Wych shal no more for man be whet

* * * *

Affterward yt ys no ffayle
Me thouhte I sawh a gret mervayle
Vp on touris dyuers estatys
Off doctours and prelatys

Shewyng as by contenaunce
By speche and by dallyaunce
Techyng pylgrymes to knowe
That wer yn the vale lowe
How with travaylle and peyne
And how also they sholde atteyne
To make hem wynges ffor to fle
Hih alofste to that cyte
By wynges of example good
Yiff they ther lernyng vnderstood
Wych they tauhte hem in ther lyff
By doctrine contemplatyff
Outward shewyng as by cher^b
Ther love was to hem ful enter
Ffovndyd vpon charyte
Amongys wych I dede se
Gret nombre of thys Jacobins
Off chanouns and of Awstynys^c
Folkys ful diuers of maner
Both temporal and seculer
Off clerkys and relygyous
And other ordrys vertuous
Mendykantys ful nedys
That day and nyht werrych besy
To gedre ffetterys bryht and shene
And make hem wynges ffor to fleen
And gan a noon withal ther myght
To foren up and take her flyght
Hih in to that ffayr cyte
And hiher vp they dyde ffe
Above Cherubin that aangel cler
For they wer out of hys daunger
By the techyng and the doctrine
And by examples ek dyvyne
Wych these maystres hadde hem tauht
Wherby they han the hevene kauht
And ffonde ther in gret avauntage
To fforthe hem in ther pylgrymage
And how hem sylff they sholde guyde
And vp on the tother fyde
Vnder the wal of the cyte
I sawh off gret autorite
Ffolkys wych dyde entende
To helpe her ffrendys to ascende
By ful gret subtylyte
To make hem entre the cyte

^a Quenched so as to do.

^b By their countenance or gesiture.

^c Austin friars.

Appendix.

^a Ladders.^b Each one.^c St. Benedict.^d I knew not.^e Get again.^f Affirm.^g For ever his
scarf and staff,
i.e. faith and
hope.^h Owe.ⁱ Reason.^k Moved.^l I cared for no
other joy.^m See as in a vi-
sion.ⁿ Better.^o Before.

And ther to dyde her bysy cure
By scalys^a thorgh the strong cloasure
And as me thouhte a mong echon^b
That faint benet^c in soth was on

Wych as I rehers shal
Ffor to feale that hih wal
That was so myhty and so strong
With hym brought a ladder long
In the wych men myhte se
^lXII grees off humlylyte
By wych thorgh deuocyon
Ffolk off hys relygyon
Ascendys vp gre by gre
With oute lette to that cyte
And the ryht weye han take
Monkys greye whyte and blake
Ascending vp with oute ffeir
And seyn ffaunceys I sawh ek ther
And many another I beheld
Off dyuers ffolkys that vp ran
Off whom the namys I not kan^d
Nor how they dyde hem sylff assur
Over the wallys to recure^e
On eche party rounde aboute
Ffor I in soth that stood withoute
Myghte not be holden al the paas
But on the party that I was
Wych was to me gret dysflesavnce
But I dar seyn^f in substaunce
That ther was noon off no degré
Wych entre myhte the cyte
But lefft withoute lowe don
Ffor al hys sherpe and bordoon^g
But thentent off hys vyage
And ffin ek off hys pylgrymage
Wer fet of herte fynally
Ther whyde perpetuelly
With feyth hope and charyte
To lyve at rest in that cyte
Ffor other thyng in hert and thouht
To her desyre they wolde nouht
Ffor as the physifre feyth

To whom men mosten eyven^h ffeyth
That al ffolk wherso they wende
What they do ys for som ende
And for that skyleⁱ more and more
I was steryd^k wonder sore
Ffor to take my journee
Lyke a pylgryme to that cyte
Off more joye I nat kepte^l
And me thouht ek as I slepte
And in my dreem did ek mete^m
That ellys I myghte ha no quyete
And thus feel penfyff in my guyse
A noon I gan me to a vyse
And thouht in my avyfion
I ffaillede a sherpe and bordon
Wych al pylgrymes ouhte to have
In the wey hem sylff to save
And fo the pylgrymes hadde echon
In ther vyage but I allone
They wer echon by fflore purveyd
Betⁿ in ther wey to be conveyed

And I roos vp and that anoon
And fro my hous gan out gon

* * * * *

Off entente forth to procede
But than at erst I gan take hede
That to myn entencion
I myghte ffynden a bordoun
And a sherpe wyche off usage
Ffolk han that gon on pylgrymage
Nedful to me and necessarie
Ffor wych cause I dyde tarye
Or I myghte gynne my journee
To holde my wey to that cyte
Ffor wych I went complaynyng
Oute off my sylff tryft and wepyng
Cerchyng toforn^o and ek behynde
Sherpe and bordon for to fynde
And whil I dyde my besynesse
²A lady of ful gret ffayrnesse
And gret nobleffe soth to say

¹ This is an allusion to the foundation of twelve monasteries by St. Benedict, and his restriction of the number of monks in each to twelve brethren and no more.

² See Woodcut I.

Appendix.

V

I dyde mete vpon the waye
Ffor god wold I you behete^a
Sone that I sholde hyr mete
Off grace for my owne prouh^b
Ther off I hadde joye ynowh
And my hert gret gladnesse
Ffor she as by lyklynesse
Was douther of som Emperour
Somine myghty kyng or govenour
Or off that lord that guyeth al
Wych ys of power most royal
And thys lady gracyous
Most debonayre and vertuous
Was yclad by gret delyht
In a furcote al of whyt
With a Tyssu gyrt off grene
And endlong ful bryht and shene
Sche hadde a charboucle ston
That round abowte hyr body shon
Was noon so reche as I was war
And on hyr brest a nouche^c she bar
I trowe that nowher was no bet
And in the awmaylle^d ther was fette
Passyngly a reche sterre
Wych that cast hys bemys ferre
Round a bowte al the place
Ther was swych habondaunce off grace
Out of whos bosom mylde ynowh
Ther kam a dowe whyt as snowgh
Wyth hys wynges splayng^e oute
Plauynye round hyr honde aboute
Thys lady of whom I han told
Hadde on hyr hed a crowne of gold
Wrouht of sterrys shene and bryht
That cast aboute a ful cler lyht
He was ful myghty who taketh hede
That fette yt ferst upon hyr hed
And made yt ffyrst by gret avys
Off gret Richesse and gret prys
Thys lady that I spak of here
Was curteys and of noble chere
And wonderly of gret vertu
And ffyrst she gan me to salue
In goodly wyse axyng of me

What maner thyng yt myght be
Or cause why I shold hyr lere^f
That I made so hevy chere
Or why that I was ay wepyng
For lak of eny maner thyng
Wher of when I gan take hede
I ffyl ynto a maner drede
Ffor unkonyng and leudnesse^g
That sche of so gret noblesse
Dysdenede not in hyr degré
To speke to on so pore as me
But yiff yt were so as I gesse
Al only of hyr gentyllenesse
For gladly wher ys most beute
Ther ys gretteſt humlylyte
And that ys verrayly the sygne
Swych ar most goodly and benygne
An apple tre with frut most lade
To folk that stonden in the shade
Mor lowly doth hys branches loute^h
Thon a nother tre withoute
Wher haboundeth most goodness
Ther ys ay most of meknesse
None so greet token of bewte
As ys parfytt humlylyte
Who wanteth hyr in hys batere
Hath not vertu hool and entereⁱ

* * * *

¹ And then I gan to wepe anoon^k
Sihe and forowe and feyn allas
What shal I don now in thys cas
Or to what party in certeyne
Shal I drawen off thys tweyne

GRACE DIEU.

Quoth Grace Dieu what may thys be
Why wepyſt thou what eyleth the
So thysylve to dysconforte

* * * *

The PYLGRIM.
Certys quoth I I may wel wepe
For yiff ye lyft to take kepe

^a Assure you that it was God's will that I should soon meet her.

^b Profit.

^c Necklace.

^d Enamel.

^e Spreading.

^f Inform.

^g Ignorance and surprise.

^h Bend down.

ⁱ Whole and entire.

^k ("A larmoyer," &c. f. 39, b.
Vitell, C. XIII, f. 154, b.)

¹ The French references are to Verard's Edition.

Appendix.

^a Let down or abased.^b Follow or remain closely attached to.^c Vitell. C. XIII.
^{f.} 14.
"Je suis celle."^d Regard or respect.^e Dove.^f Since.^g Make known.^h "Lors elle me prift en celle heure." f. 4.ⁱ Aftonished.

My joye my myrthe and my plesaunce
 Myn elthe and al my suffysaunce
 Bodeynly me han forsake
 I may compleyn and forowe make
 For whilom above the skye
 I was wont to fle ful hyhe
 And hadde also ful glad repaire
 With bryddis fleying in the hayr
 In my most lusty frefsh feson
 But now I am aavyld don ^a
 And fynde by gret adverfyte
 Al that ys contrayre unto me

* * * *

Cheynd ryht as ys an ape
 On to a clog and must yt sue ^b
 And fro thenys may nat remue
 For my body gret and large
 Ys the clog that me doth charge
 And letteth with hys grete wheyhte
 That I may nat flen an hyhte
 For ever with hys mortal lawe
 Don to th erthe he doth me drawe

* * * *

A body corrupt yt ys no nay
 Greveth the body [spirit?] nyght and day
 Kepeth hym in captivyte
 Yt may not gon at lyberte
 Nouther wakyng nor a slepe
 For wych certys I may wel wepe
 And seyn allas and sory be
 Off my gret adverfyte

. . . . ^c To pylgrymes day and nyght
 I enlumine and give lyht
 To al pylgrymes in ther way
 As wel in dyrknesse as be day
 So they lyfte rewarde ^d me
 And lyfte that I her guyde be
 And yiff they erryn in her weye
 Ageyn I han hem wel conveye
 I wyl hem helpen and redresse
 Ffor I am she in sothfastnesse
 Whom thow oweſt ſeke of ryght

In ſtraunge lond with al thy myght
 I zive lyht to folk echon
 That out of hyr waye gon
 And releue hem on and alle
 Lefftē vp folkys that be falle
 Ffrom al myscheff and from al blame
 And Grace dieu that ys my name
 Fful nedful in ech contre
 And by thys dowe ^e wych thow doſt ſe
 Wych I bere with wynges fayre
 Humble benyngne and debonayre
 I am tokeynyd who lyft ſeke
 With hyr goodly eyen meke
 And fo thow ſhalt me calle in dede
 Whan thow haſt on to me nede
 And that ſhal be ful offte fythe ^f
 That I may my power kythe ^g
 Telpe the in thy pylgrymage
 Ffor fynally in thy vyage
 As thow goſt to that cyte
 Thow ſhalt haue offte aduersytye
 Gret mescheff and encombraunce
 Empechementys and dyſturbance
 Wych thow mayſt nat in no degré
 Paſſe nor endure withoute me
 Nor that cyte never atteyne
 Thogh thow ever do thy peyne
 Withoute that I thy guyde be

¹ Tho hyr lyft no lenger byde
 But took me in the ſame tyde ^h
 And made me wt hyr for to gon
 To an hous of hers anon
 Wher I ſholde fynde indeſe
 Al thyng that I hadde of nede
 She was hyr ſylf yn foþneſſe
 Off thylk hous cheff foundereſſe
 Ffor on hyr word yt was fyſt groundyd
 And by hyr wyſdom bylt and foundyd
 The yerys of the masownry
 Thyrteny hundred and thyrty
 And ffor the ffayrnesſe and bewte
 I hadde gret wyl that hous to ſe
 Abayſhed ⁱ for yt was ſo fayr

¹ See Woodcut II.

Ffor yt heng hihi up in the hayr
 Twen hevene and erthe stood the place
 As yt hadde only by grace
 Ffrom the hevene descendyd doun
 So stood that hevenely mancyon
 With steylys and with toures hihe
 Fresshely arrayed to the eye
 As a place most royal
 Above al other princypal
 Wych stood vp on a ffayr River
 The water ther of holsom and cler
 But ther nas passage in that place
 Nor shepe wherby men myhte passe

BAPTISM.¹

* The pilgrim having been exhorted by Gracedieu to enter her house by the waters of Baptism, he thus replies:—

THE PYLGRYME.

Ffor wych to gracedieu I fayne
 And to hyr thus I abrayde^b
 Madame me semeth in my thouht
 That iue ben in perel broght
 Ffor I kan sey no passage
 To passe by nor avauntage

* * * *

I kan nat swymmen yt stondeth so
 Wherfor I not what I may do
 And yiff I entre I am in doute
 How euer I schold komen oute
 Ffor wych tentre I stonde in drede
 I haue of helpe so gret nede

GRACEDIEU argueth.

What menyth thys what may thys be
 That thow art now as semeth me
 So sore a dred of thys Ryver
 Wych ys but lyte smothe and cler
 Why artow fersful of thys strem
 And art toward Jerusaleem
 And mustest off necceslyte
 Paffen ferst the gret sce

Or thow kome ther to her ys al
 And dredyf now thys Ryver smal
 And most kouth^c ys thys passage
 To chyldre that be yong of age
 And ofter han thys ryver wonne
 Than folk that ben on age ronne

* * * *

For other weye ys ther noon
 To Jerusaleem for to goon

* * * *

And ek I wyl the telle a thyng
 Ther passede onys her a kyng
 Ffyrst assuryng the passage
 Unto euery maner age

* * * *

To waſhen hym yt was no nede
 But that hym lyft off lowly hede
 Schewe example by hys grace
 How other folkys sholde pasſe
 Wher by the same went
 Wherfore tel me thyn entent
 Yiff thow thys ryver lyft atteyne
 And I shal anon ordeyne
 A ſergeaunt of myn inspecial
 Wych offycer the helpe shal
 For to pasſe the water cler
 And wardeyn ys of the Ryver
 He shal the waſhe he shal the bathe
 And make the pasſe the more rathe
 And to put the out of doute
 He shal croſſe the round aboute
 Make the fur as thow ſhalt fe
 From al tempeſtys of the ſe
 Tefcape the wawe of euyer ſtream
 And make the wynne Jerusaleem
 By conqueſt and fyndly
 That thow ſhalt drede non enmy

^a Vitell, C. xiii.
 f. 15, b.

^b Upbraid.

^c Well known.

The Pilgrim inquires the neccesity of this washing.

In answer to this inquiry Gracedieu thus speaks—

² “ When God had created Adam and Eve, your firſt parents, He bestowed ſuch favour up-

¹ See Woodcut III.

² A summary of her answer is given in prose.

Appendix.

^a Psal. xviii. 20.^b Prov. xiii. 6.^c 1 Cor. xv. 22.^d Gal. v. 17.^e Gen. ii. 8.^f John i. 17.^g Rom. v. 19.^h Deut. vi. 5.
Lev. xix. 18.
Matt. xxiii. 37—
39.
Mark xii. 30.
Luke x. 27.ⁱ John xiv. 21.
^j Pet. i. 22.^k James i. 14.^l Titus iii. 5.^m Chaff.ⁿ Remains.^o Mark iv. 28.

on them as enabled them to live without infirmity, and without necessity of death. He granted them uprightness, and power to keep that uprightness in freedom of will,^a so that the body then obeyed the soul,^b tendering it subjection as it ought in reason to do.

" God intended this Righteousness as an inheritance to their posterity; but Adam and Eve forfeited it by their disobedience. Then death became their portion;^c and as they no longer obeyed God they lost the command over themselves;^d for he who will not render subjection to a higher authority can no longer claim obedience.

" Adam was placed in Paradise, to dress it and to keep it;^e its felicity did not consist alone in delicious fruits and cooling waters, but in the uprightness which caused Adam and Eve to love their Creator better than themselves,^f and each other as themselves.

" But since human nature received so great a wound by their disobedience,^g that this Righteousness became effaced from it, the good God renewed it when He commanded Moses,^h saying, ' Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength,' and thy neighbour as thyself.

" Adam possessed this love by nature, the performance of it was therefore easy to him; but after his disobedience it became very difficult to his posterity, so that without my assistance it is impossible for you to do right; but if you make an effort to direct your course to the right haven

" de tirer tousiours a bon port'
and to recover the power of lovingⁱ with a pure heart, your gracious Redeemer will ac-

cept your service as a duty done unto Himself, and will pardon that which is wanting; and though the flesh will still tempt you to evil, you must battle strongly against this sinful inclination;^k you will always find resistance necessary, but I will be with you to enable you to withstand against your enemy, that it shall not overcome you,^l which I cannot do unless you will submit to the washing" (of Baptism).

The Pilgrim does not acknowledge this necessity, saying, that if his parents had been cleansed from original sin, he must also have inherited their cleansing.

GRACEDIEU replies:

1 Than quod she to me agayn
Tak hed when men seuen greyne
The husk the chaff yt ys no nay
But fyrist be clene put away
Or yt be throwe upon the londe
And sowe abroad with manhys hond
Whit and pur yff thow take hede
And afterward whan yt doth sede
Upon the tyme off hys rypynge
And the seson of gadryng
Men synde ageyn the same corn
Huskyd as yt was beforne
And ther to clothyd newe ageyn
By which exaumple in certeyn
Thogh thy fadris wer by grace
Off ther orygynal trespace
Purgyd clene and frely quyt
The caff^m and the strowh abytⁿ
Reneweth ay and ever shal
Of the synne orygynal
Up on the greyn wych of hem spryngeth
The huske alway with hem they bryngeth
Al folkys as thow shalt lere

¹ Lors me respondit elle or voy
Comment en terre on seme ble
Et quel apres il est trouue
On ly meest despoille et nu
Et le retreue veftu
De paille et de nouuelle cote
Qui estre te doit vne note^o
Que se tes parents sont purgez
De leurs originelz pechez

Pource nest mie que tout tel
Nayes peche originel
Ceste paille tousiours reuient
Avec chascun quant nouvel vient
En ce monde et en ceste terre
Telement qua chascun fault querre
Riuiere ou preigne lauement
Sil veult auoir son purgement

That kyndely be sownen here
In this world fro day to day
The huske with hem abyt alway
And severyth not in no manere
Tyl they be wafshed in the ryvere
Wherfor by short conclufyoun
They nede eche on purgatyoun

The Pilgrim acknowledges that he can no longer make any objection, lamenting that it is out of his power to assist himself; an advocate arrives, who undertakes to speak for him and to aid him to pass the river

" Et celluy Guillaume auoit nom
Pas ne scauoie son furnom."

¹ The PYLGRYME.

Tyl at the lafte an aduoacat
Kam to me tho in my nede
Without gerdoun ^a other mede
And for I hadde of speche lak
Wonderly goodly for me he spak
Proffede for to helpe of grace
To make me the Ryver passe
And that I myght over gon
And that I wer ek wafshe anoon
In al that ever he coude or myghte
And Guyllyam ffor soothly he hyhte ^b
Hys surname I not ne knew
And thus he spak to Gracedieu
Myn almesse ^c with your grace

I wol fulfyllen in thys place
And yiff ye wyl I calle shal
Off your hous the Offycyal
Ffor yt ys now ryght good seson
Affter your oppynyon
That he mak by your byddyng
Off thys pylgrym the wafshyng
Wher of ye han so mych seyd
Quod she I am ryght wel assayd
And ther withal benygne of look
The advocate anoon me took
Of Charyte by gret plesaunce
Affter the custom and usaunce
And made calle of fyrst of al
To helpyn hym the offycyal
Bad hem also among hem alle
Affter hys name me to calle
The he shold ek don hys dever ^d
To helpe me pass the ryver
That I were wafshen and noon ryght
And so he dyde withal hys myght
And many thynges as he abrayde
Over me methouhte he sayde
Wordys that hadde gret vertue
As he was taught of gracedieu
When thorgh me thouht and that anoon
That I saw ther fro me goon
A foul that was of colour blak
And in his lydene ^e thus he spak
Cryng men herd hym every cost ^f
I wys quod he I have al lost

^a Reward.

^b Truly he was called.

^c Alms.

^d " Devoir," behest.

^e Song or narrative.

^f Everywhere.

¹ LE PELERIN.

¶ Adonc cest aduoacat me prist ^x
Et ie lui dis quil mappelast
Tout ainsi com lui et nommaist
Et que tantoff me fist passer
Leaue pour moy dedens lauer
Celui vint tost et ainsi fist
Mais quelque chose auant il dist
Sur moy qui auoit tel vertu
Quen ce point aduis il me fu
Que de moy vng oisel issy
Qui estoit noir et a hault cry
Disoit en lair iay tout perdu
Cest official mal venu
Soit qui ainsi moste mes droiz
Et maintenant et autrefois .
¶ Puis lofficial me baigna ^h
Et dedans leaue me laua
Trois foys me croisa et fi me oint

Gracedieu ne men mentit point
Et quant ie fuz oultre paffe
Et ladvocat sen fut ale
Qui me fist si grant courtoisie
Quoblier iamais ne doy mie
Lors en sa maison gracedieu
Me mena ou moult a beau lieu
Et la me fist elle semblant
Plus bel que nauoit fait deuant

^g f. 6. b.

GRACEDIEU.
¶ Puis dist elle que es laue
Et que la riuriere as paffe
Et de toy est hors lennemy
Qui ia y auoit fait son ny
Maintes choses te monstreray
Dont ton prooffit tresgrant feray
Se tu as vouleent daprendre
Et adroit y veulx bien entendre

^h John iii. 5.

Appendix.

^a Same.

And from me now ys taken al
By thys ylke^a offycyal
He hath my clothys fro me rauht^b
And thre tyme he hath me kauht
And in the ryver plonged me
Crossyd as men myghte se
Anoynted in the stremes cold
Lyk as gracedieu me tolde
I fonde she lyede never adel
And when that I was fayre and wel
The Ryver passyd than anoon
And th avocat ek was gon
Wych only of gentrye
Hadde don to me gret curtoysye
That shal never out of mynd
Than Gracedieu moft good and kynde
Ladde me forth in my repaire
To a place ryght inly fayr
And never she made me to fore
So good chere syth I was bore
Nor was so benygn of hyr port
Unto me to don confort
Now syth quod she that yt ys sene
Thou art wasshed and made al clene
And art passyd the ryver
Without a pereyl or daunger
Thyn enemy fled out of thy brest
Wher he aforn hadde made hys nest
I shal the shew of gret delyt
Fful many thyng for thy profyt

^b Snatched away.^c Vitell. C. xiii.
f. 31.^d And always
continue thus
together.^e In good or evil
circumstances.^f f. 8. b.^g Gen. xii. 10.^h Gen. i. 27, 28.ⁱ f. 7. b.¹ See Woodcut IV.LE IOUENCCEL ET IOUENCCELLE.^f

LE PELERIN.

Ung pelerin foudainement
Vy venir deuers orient
Et de lautre partie a droit
Une pelerine venoit
A lofficial font venuz
En disant fans attendre plus
Ensemble nous voulons aler
Et ensemble peleriner
En ierusalem la cite
Mais que vous ayez voulente
De nous enseigner que ferons
Et comment feurement yrons

LE PRESTRE.

Lors leur dist il cest grant feurte
Que soyez deus en verite
Mais que bien vous vous entramez^g

1 ORDRE OFF MARYAGE.^c

The PYLGRYME.

And tho myn eye as I vp caste
I sawe komen wonder faste
A pylgrym al fodeynly
Holdyng hys weye fynally
As methouht in hys entent
Drawynge into the oryent
And even in the oppofyt
I sawe ek kome by gret delyt
A woman wych that was also
A pylgryme ek and both two
Her wey took in especyal
Towardys the offycyal

* * * * *

(He) tolde hem yiff they wolde gon
They moft of herte be alon
Tweyne in on and on in tweyne
Both in joye and ek in peyne
And so to gydre ay persevered
Tyl that deth make hem dyslevere

* * * * *

And that your trouthe on outhier side
Perpetually in on abyde
To your last that yt endure
And that ye shal to me assure
Both be feyth and ek by oth
And beth wel war for leff or loth^e

Et loyaulte vous vous portez
Et ce que promechez par foy
Tresbien a certes deuant moy
En gardant bien que vous ferez
Car sapres vous vous pariurez
Et ne tenez vo conuenant
Je vous promechez ne tant ne quant
Ne vous vauldra vostre voyage
Ne tout vostre pelerinage^h

* * * * *

LEVESQUE.ⁱ

dy moy
Je te prie se le fecz pour quoy
Ma len fait la teste cornue
Et baille la verge poinctue
Neft ce pas pour punicions
Des maulx faiz et corrections
Je crois que les mauvais hurter
Je dois des cornes et bouter
Et de laiguillon les fort poindre
Plus que de doulx oingement oindre

That ye for no varyaunce
Ne breke not your assuraunce
Ffor yiff ye don ye be forsworn
And ek I warne you to forne
Yiff that ye don in dede or thouht
Fful' lytel shal avaylle or nouht
Than^a vnto yow your vyage
Your labour nor your pylgrymage
Yet wer welbet to my entent
That ech of you allone went
Sool by hym sylff^b and not trespace
Than be found in any place
Untrewe to hys compayne
For gret forfet and folye
Yt ys a man for to be founde
Untrewe to hym that he ys bounde

^c Reason¹ is consulted by the Bishop, who says :—

² Tell me, I beg of you, why the mitre is horned, and the crozier pointed? Are they not intended for the punishment and correction of evil?

And off my staff ek with the prykke
I should chaftyn folkys that be wykke
Rather than lyke as ye me tolde
Hertofoare how that I sholde
Enoynte hem with the oyntment

RESON answereth.

My fayre frend quod tho Reson
Tak hed in thy disreciooun
Understonde me euery del
I wot that thow menest wel
And knowe platly^d thy menyng
Mefure ys good in euery thyng
Both thy hornys and pyk also
Belonge to the bothe two
For punyfshyng and for chaftyng^e
Off folkys rebel in werchyng^f
Yet fyrfth thow sholdest hym dyrecte^f

And with fayrnels hem correchte
Swych as thow sey day by day
Erryn from the high ryhte way
And yiff thow founde hem oblynat
That longeth yt to thy estat
To punyf hem by thy offyce
And vpon hem don ek justyce
Legally for ther offence
The lawe yeldeth the lycense
But ferste thow sholdest trete hem fayre
Be goodly ek and debonayre^g
And don alway ful gret labour
To shewe sweetnesse asor Rygour
And thogh the prykke of Rygour be^h
For chaftyng the yoke to the
Be alway war touchyng ryght
Whan thow chaftyfest any whyght
Do yt never by fwych duresse
But yt be meyntⁱ ay with swetnesse
Medle with al the unctyon
Off pyte and compassyon
In thynt entente to be mor clene
Thogh thy hornys be sharp and kene
To punyf she ffolk by righteousnesse
Thow sholdest ay the poynt so dresse
In thy Rygour of equyte
And in herte to have pyte
On hem that thow haft justesfyed
Let mercy with ryght be so alayed
And think how many day toforn
Or^k thou haddest any horn
That he to whom thow art vyker
And chose to be hys offycer
Was humble meke and debonayre
Charytable and not contrarye
Off whom thow shalt example take
To-forn or thow thy domys make^l
³Hornyng he was by apparence
Not usyng hem by vyalence
Thys was that holy Moyses^m
That ledde al Israel in pesⁿ

^a Then.

^b Sole, alone.

^c Vitell. C. xiii.
^f 26. b.

^d Plainly.

^e People who
dislike working.

^f Matt. xviii. 15.

^g Ecclif. xliv.
^{io.}

^h Psalm xxiii. 4.

ⁱ Mingled.

^k Before.

^l Form your
opinions.

^m Erat Moyses
vir mitissimus,
Numb. xii. 3.

ⁿ Peace.

¹ See Woodcut V. for a representation of the meeting between the "Bishop" and "Reason." Cf. also the note to the preceding page ("dy moy, &c."), where part of their dialogue is given.

² The English MS. is here nearly illegible.

³ The "horns," so often painted on the head of Moses, represent merely "the glory," or halo, which we see in the pictures of our Saviour, the Virgin, the Saints, &c.

^a Ex. xiv. 21, 22.^b John x. 11.
^c Pet. v. 2.^d Flock.^e Perfectly.^f 1 Tim. i. 15.^g Bridge.^h Rom. xv. 14.ⁱ Hosea xii. 6.^j 1 Cor. iv. 14.^k Heb. ix. 5.^l Prov. i. 20.^m Prov. xxix. 7.ⁿ Eccles. vii. 5.

Myddys thorgh the large see^a
 And with hys yerde thys was he
 That passede the floodys raage
 And made hem have good passage
 Understondesth thyss lesson
 Ye that han in subieccyon
 Peplys onder your prelacye
 To learn how ye shal hem guye
 Thogh ye be hornyd to sych outward
 Shewe as they wer styffe and hard
 Let hem not growen in your herte^b
 To make your shep^c so sore smerte
 Thogh ye shewe outward dredful
 Be the in your hertys mercyful

* * * *

Take example off thy staff
 Wych Grace dieu vnto the gaff
 Thogh the poynt be sharp and kene
 Yt ys vpward^d pleyn smothe and clene
 The myddys ryht as any lyne
 Aboue crookyd to enclyne

* * * *

Schowe hem euer of love a sygne

¹ From *pons*, “a bridge,” and *facio*, “to make.”² Reafon thus exhorts the priest:—“A sword to day is given to you, which was used anciently by the Cherubin to defend the entrance into Paradise.

“This sword (of Judgement) is perilous to those who do not understand how to use it rightly; the edge must be used to strike those whose sins deserve severe rebuke, the flat part of the blade in mercy towards those who have sinned from ignorance and require to be admonished.

“He is foolhardy who would exercise vengeance in anger, or judgement upon suspicion; and this sword is also wrongly given to him who blindly cannot discern good from evil.

“Mercy, which is designated by the flat part of the blade, should therefore always be first tried; namely, good counsel, true admonition, and earnest exhortation, in order to remove evil by condemning it, and to spare in striking. This is the doctrine of the Gospel of Jesus Christ which delivers us from eternal death.

“The sword was delivered unto you *flaming* by *Grace-dieu* for this reason, that whichever way you turn it, either in judgement, or exhortation, or punishment, or correction, you should exhibit it enflamed with love and charity, for love is the burning fire which enflames it; and fearful would be the reverse should the fire of anger burn with destructive violence, for that fire proceeds from hell.”

Nul ne fiert se premierement
 Du plat du glaive feru na
 Et quauant bien aduise na
 Cellui quil veult ainsi ferir

And in thy draught be ay benygne
 Voyde off rancour and felonye
 Than doest thou trewly occupye^e
 The staf wych thou hast on honde
 For thou shalt wel understonde
 Yt tokeneth who that can concerne
 That thou shalt therewyth governe
 The peplys I dar wel specefye
 Commytted to thy prelacye
 Make hem passe thys thy charge
 The Ryuer of this world ful large
 Thy staf to ther avauntage
 Shal conduete ther passage
 Sych are the pyk profound and depe
 In to the wavys hem to kepe
 And with al thys thou most take hede
 Off plank or bregge^f yiff they nedē
 Yiff they ffayll thou shalt on make
 As thou art bounde for her sake
 And for that cause folkeyes al
 Pontifex^g they doth the calle
 Making a bregge thys to seyne
 The passage that they may atteyne^h

Et par tel cop faire mourir
 Par le plat du glaive sentent
 Bon et loyal aduisementⁱ
 Veritable monicion
 Virile predication^j

Qui fiert les maulx en espurguant
 Et les espargne en les ferant
 Cest la parole iesu crist
 Ou le respit de la mort gist
 De ce plat vfer vous deuez
 Quant voz subgetz errer voyez^k
 Exorter souuent et prescher
 Fait maintefois peche laisser
 Sainsi les pouez garantir
 Meulx vault que du taillant ferir

* * * * *
 Et pource est il droit quavez nom
 Tant par eure que par renom
 Cherubin plain de grant science^l
 Et de tres vrie sapience
 Car se cherubin vous nestiez
 Moult de maulx faire vous pourriez^l

* * * * *
 En main aussif diracondeux^m
 Rest ce glaive bien perilleux
 Car flamboyant il fut baillé
 Par grace dieu et ostroye
 La cause se sauroi voulez
 Si est car quant vous le tournez
 Soit en jugeant ou en prefchantⁿ
 En punissant ou corrigeant
 Monstrel le deuez enfambe

NATURE.¹

² I ha the governance
Off fyr of hayr as ye may se
Off erth and off the large se
Off ther accord and ther debat
I leve no thyng in on estat
But make eche thyng by declyn
Ffor to drawe to hys ffyn
I make alday thynges newe
The olde refreshyng off her hewe
The erthe I clothe yer by yer
And refreshe hym off hys cher
With many colour of delyte
Blewth and grene red and whyt
At pryme temps with many a flour
And al the soyl thorgh my fauor
Ys clad of newe medwe and pleyn

De bon amour et charite
Car amour est le feu ardent
Qui le doit faire flamboyant
Et moult grant meichance seroit
Se le feu dyre lenflammoit
Car tel flamme denfer vient
Qui trop au glaive mal aduent

The sword, as thus described by De Guileville, appears also to be an illustration of Proverbs xxv. 21, 22.

"If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee."

This text is quoted by St. Paul in his address to the Romans. Rom. xii. 19—21.

"Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

The following lines may perhaps serve to illustrate this idea:—

See yonder Blacksmith urge the roaring blast,
And on repeated heaps the embers cast;
Th' increasing heat the stubborn iron feels,
And to the blacksmith's art its toughnes yields.

So the obdurate heart, by favours won,
At last repents the evil it has done;
Fain would obtain thy friendship, pardon sue
For all the malice it has borne towards you.

HON. W. CUSR.

Thus the "sword" of De Guileville typifies the wrath of God against sinners; whilst the "flame" (by

And hilles hih ek spycce and greyn

* * * *

And in to trees ek I brynge

Ther lusty blosmys whyte and rede

And in ther branchys ek I spredē

Abrood my freshe vestymetys

And with myn vncouth paramentys

I clothe hem wyth buddys glade

Wych with wynter ded I made

Thorgh constreynt of hys coldys kene

Tornyng to russet al the grene

Wt fretyng of hys bytter cold

But al that wynter maketh old

And with hyr stormys doth desteyne

I make yt frefshe and yong ageyn

* * * *

And off the feld the llylyes ffayre

And off herbys many a payre

That winter slowh with hys constreynt

^a Vitell. C. xiii.
f. 53. b.

which the hardest metal is melted) shows the softening influence of Divine Grace upon the heart, even although it may previously have been as inflexible as steel.

¹ See Woodcut VI.

² Maistresse suis des elemens
Des impressions et des vens
De faire variations
Et diuerses mutations
En feu en air en terre en mer
Riens en estat ne laisse ester
Tout faiz tourner et tendre a fin
Tout varier soir et matin
Nouuelles chofes faiz venir
Et vieilles chofes departir
La terre de mes robes est
Paree en prin temps ie la vest
Demy party dherbe florie
De rouge de vert de soucye
Et de toutes belles couleurs
Quon peut trouer en belles fleurs
Aux arbres donne paremens
Et contre leste vescemens
Puis si les refais despouiller ^b
Contre liuer pour les tailer
Autres robes autres cotelles
Telles comme devant nouvelles
Il nest bruyere ne geneste
Nabriceau que ie ne raeufte
De mes robes bien floretees
Et trespaiement desguisees
Oncques ne vestit salomon
Tel robe que fait vng boisson
Et ce que fais par loisir fas
Car hastiu ie ne suis pas
Toute mutation ie he
Qui est faicte en hastiue

^b Gen. i. 11.

And made hem of ther colour ffeynt
 Ffor no cost me lyft not spare
 But thar rycheffe I do repare
 Whan hete off cold hath the victorye
 That Salomon in al hys glorie
 Was not clad I dar wel say
 Half so freshly as ben they
 Nor hys robes wer nat lyche
 Off colour to the bushes ryche
 Wych Ive clad in my lyffree
 Fro yer to yer as ye may se
 And who that taketh hed ther to
 Al thyng that men se me do
 I do by leyser by and by
 I am not raken or hafty
 I hate in myn oppynynous
 Al fodeyn mutacyouns

^a Vitell. C. XIII.
^{f.} 57.

¹ GRACE replies thus to NATURE:—^a

* * * *

Ye resemble who loke wel
 On to the wylde swyn savage
 Wych that rometh in hys rage
 In the woodys large and grene
 And ne kan no ferther sene
 But to the frut that he hath founde
 And the acornys on the grounde
 Ffor to felle hys horngry mawe
 Ffor he in hys swynys lawe
 Off hys rudnesse bestial
 Ne kan no ferther se at al
 Toward the hevene nor the tre
 Wher he receyveth hys plente

^b Do not have a grudge against.

^c f. 14.

^d Matt. vii. 6.

^e Psal. cxxiii. 2.
 Philipp. ii. 13.

^f Isaiah ii. 12.
 Isaiah xxix. 16.
 Job xxii. 12.

That bar the frut for hys repaſt
 Al that ys from hys mynde paſt
 Ffor to the acorn al only
 And to hys ffoode synally
 Yt set hys herte and al hys thought

* * * *

Undoth your eyn derke and blynde
 The eyen of your entendement
 And by good avyfement
 The lyddys off your eye uncloſeth
 Knoweth wel and nat supposeth
 I am lady hool and entere
 And ye be but my chamberere
 Thys shal ye fynde al openly
 Yiff ye look avysely
 Leve your wordys hih aloſſte
 And lerneth for to speke ſoffte
 And renounceſt al your rage
 Ffor he sholde me don hommage
 Off justyce and equyte
 Ffor that ye holde ye holde of me

* * * *

Yiff the round firmament
 The planetys and ech ſpere
 And the bryght ſterrys clere
 Yiff I hem maade to cefſe echon
 Than wer your power clene agon
 Abatyd and fet afyde
 Wher upon lat be your pryde
 And grutchet nat ageyne me^b
 Syth I ha the ſoveraynte
 Lordſhepe and domynacion
 And yt were abuſyon

¹ GRACEDIEU.

* * * *

Vous ſemblez bien le porc fauuaige^c
 Qui mangeue ſouuent au boscaige^d
 Le glan et point na le regarde^d
 Dont il luy vient ne de quel part
 La teste en terre et les yeux
 Et point en hault ne vers les cieulx
 Regarde dont ce bien luy vient
 Au glan tant ſeullement fe tient
 Auffi point ne me congoñifez
 Ou ne me congoñiſtre faignez
 De qui tenez tout ce quauuez
 Ne rien fans moy vous ne pouez

Ouurez doncques diſcretēment
 Les yeulx de voſtre entendement
 Car ſe bien ouurez la paupiere
 Moy la dame et vous chamberiere
 Trouueriez tout apertement
 Et lors parlerez douclement
 A moy et hommaige ſerez
 De quanke de moy vous tenez
 Car ainsi comme eſaié dit^e
 Cest grant orgueil et grant despit
 Quant encontre le charpentier
 Se veult la coignee redrecier
 Et quant de fon potier fe deult
 Le pot et arguer le veult
 De facon et fe plaint de luy
 En luy difant ie te reny

Sych as wryteth ysaye^a
And in his book doth specefye
A gret despyte both fer and ner
Yiff ageyn the carpenter
The ex^b were bold by surquedye^c
Ffor to holden chaumpartye
Yt wer a thyng ageyne kynde
In holy wryt as ye shal fynde
And a thyng off gret dysdene
And yiff the pot sholde also seyn
To the potter that hym wrouthe
And hys forme about brouthe
Yiff he pleynede^d off hys makynge
Touchyng hys fasson and werkynge
Yt wer a thyng not convenable
And evene lyk in cas semblable
Ye argue ageyne me
Wych in effect nat ellys be
Ffor al your fotel^e argument
But myn handwerk and instrument
Wych I ha mad to helpen me

* * * *

Anoon thys lady dame nature
Whan she had herd hyr tale along
Knowyng that she had do wrong
And hyr compleynt to specefye
Was ygrounded on folye
Ful humblye in hyr degré
She ffyl anon upon hyr kne

Nature cryede MERCY

The fyrst word that she gan seye
Nature off mercy gan hyr preye
And with humble cher and fface
She confesside hyr trespace
And to hyr sayde mostmekly
Ma dame quod she ful folyly^f
I have governedyd me to yow
And ful ungodly spoke now
Wher off I repente fore

And certys I ne shal no more
Offende yow in no manere
Nouther in speche nor in chere
So that of mercy and pyte
Ye wyl as now forgive yt me
That I ha don al outherly
And that ye wyl so gracyouslyl
Off alle that ever me asterte^g
No thyng reservyn in your herte
Only off your benyngre grace
But clene forgete my trespace

*Repentance and Charity*¹ then appear to the Pilgrim, the former holding a hammer and rod in her hands, and a broom in her mouth, and she thus describes herself:—

² I am the ffayre louyd but lyte^h
Off my port demur and fad
Debonayre and gretly drad
Off sele folkysⁱ that me se
And trewly I am ek she
Now adayes lytel preyfyd
And yet ful worthy to be reyfed
Off prys to folkys that be dygne^k
Rygerous and ful benyngre
To al that be virtuous
Happy alfo and right grewious
The gracyouse of fynal penaunce
I am called dame penaunce
I smyte hcrtys vp and don^l
And make hem by contrycion
Wyth salte terys thys the cas
To forewe crye and seyn allas
That they euere dyde amys
Ye shal yt fynde and thus yt ys
Off ther trespacys they repente
And seyn in al ther beste entente
A Lord God how off thy grace
How shal I han off my trespace
Allegement withoute the^m

^a Isaiah.

^b Axe.

^c Proudly to wage war against the carpenter.

^d Complained.

^e Subtle.

^f Stupidly, confusedly.

^g Escaped.

^h But little beloved.

ⁱ Many.

^k Worthy.

^l Down.

^m Thee.

¹ See Woodcut VII.

² Je suis la belle peu ameeⁿ
La debonnaire trop doubee
La peu prisee peu plaisant
Penitence suis appellee
De ce maillet iamolaiy

Jadis faint pierre et le froissay
Qui si dur pierre auoit este
Que son bon maître auoit nie
* * * * *
Et grande amertume et douleur
De la magdaleine ainsi fis

ⁿ f. 15.

Appendix.

^a Job x. 20.^b Ezra x. 11.^c Guilt.^d Soft.^e Matt. xxvi. 75.^f "Juice" of his weeping, i.e. his tears.^g Strong.^h Luke vii. 38.ⁱ Isaiah i. 16.
Prov. xi. 20.
Ezek. xvi. 30.
Eccles. iii. 26;
vii. 17.

Jer. xxiii. 29.

^k Matt. xii. 43,
44.
Romans x. 10.
Psalms xxvi. 8.^l 2 Cor. vii. 1.^m Walk.ⁿ Eccles. vii. 2.^o f. 14. b.

But thou grant off thy pyte^a
 That I may al utterly^b
 Off my gyltes^c ha mercy
 So that I do no more amyſſ
 Now good lord thou grante thys
 Thus I maken hem crye ofte
 And with thys hammer I made ſoffie
 Seyn petrys hert and yt to brak
 That yt wente al vnto crak
 Wych ffyrſt was hard as any ſton
 But I made yt nefshe^d anoon
 Whan he hys mayſtee ffyrſt forſook
 But whan I the hammer took
 I ſmet hym ſo with repentaunce^e
 And made hym nefshe with penaunce
 That the jows of hys wepyng^f
 Yſſede out in compleynyng
 Off verray forewe and bitterneſſe
 He felt theroff ſo gret dyſtrefſe
 In hys greuous hertly^g peyne
 And also Mary Mawgdelegne^h
 With thys hamer I ſmet ſo
 That hyr herte I rooff atwo
 Wych was fulhard with synnes old
 But wt strokys manyfold
 I made hyr tender yt ys no doute
 That the terys yſſede oute

Repentance adds that the heart of manⁱ reſembles an earthen vessel full of loathſome corruption; this vessel must be broken in pieces, for it is not ſufficient to look upon ſin in the abstract, but each particular ſin must be done away with. There is also a worm contained therein, called the "worm of conſcience." None could endure to live gnawed by the

ⁱ Theſe five gates are the fame as thoſe deſcribed in Bunyan's "Holy War."

"The famous town of 'Mansoul' had five gates, in at which to come, out at which to go, and theſe were made likewiſe anſwerable to the walls,—to wit, im‐pregnable, and ſuch as could never be opened nor forced but by the will and leave of thoſe within. The names of the gates were theſe: Ear-gate, Eye-gate, Mouth-gate, Nose-gate, and Feel-gate."

There is an interesting little work on this ſubject, entitled "The Five Gates of Knowledge," by George Wilſon, M.D., F.R.S.E.

fangs of remorse were not the hammer of con‐trition capable of destroying it.

Repentance thus explains the uſe of the broom,^k ſaying, "In the house of which *Grace* is the miſtreſſ, and I the attendant, there are fiſ doors; fiſ^l of admiſſion:

' La porte dodoror, doyt ou descouter,
 Du gouſt, du taſt, et du regard.'

"By all theſe ſin can enter; ſo if I were to turn my broom in their direſtion my labour would be loſt; but the ſiſth is the ſingle outlet for transgression:

' Cest la bouche au pauvre pecheur.'
 ' Thys gate ys caſted the mouth of man.'

"Towards this door I employ my broom to ſweep, heap up and clean.

' Et mon balay ſi eſt ma langue
 Et mon furgon et ma palangue.'
 ' And my byſme that al thys doth
 Yſ myn owne tonge in foſth.'

"For, as long as I am ſervant^l to *Grace*, I am determined to allow nothing to remain within the dwelling that can injure it, even in the ſmalleſt hole or crevice."

² I go to every place
 Now here now ther aboue I trace^m
 By verray pleyn confeſſion
 Withoute fraude or decepcion
 Ther may nothing me ſkape fro
 For gracedieu wyl yt be ſoⁿ
 For ſhe ne wyl nowher abyde
 But yt be clene on euery fyde
 Whos chambre and whos manſion

² Rien na dedans ne ſus ne ius^o
 Ne en anglet ne en pertuz
 Que tout ne vueille remuſer
 Cerchez tracer et hors geſter
 Par entiere confeſſion
 Sans fraude et fans deception
 Car ainſi le veult gracedieu
 Qui na cure fors de net lieu
 Et conſcience eſt la maſion
 La chambre et habitation
 Ou elle fait ſa demouree
 Quant la trouue ainſi baſſee

Dwelling and habytacion
Ys trewly withoute offence
A verray clene conscience

Part of the text from Rom. x. 10, is here referred to: “with the mouth confession is made unto salvation;” but the context is omitted.

“The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesuſ, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.”—*Rom. x. 8—10.*

Bunyan shows more strikingly that the Gofpel must first influence the heart, before the mouth can utter its feelings. “For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.”

“Then the Interpreter took *Christian* by the hand, and led him into a very large parlour that was full of dust, because never swept; the which, after he had reviewed a little while, the Interpreter called for a man to sweep. Now when he began to sweep, the dust began abundantly to fly about, that *Christian* had almost therewith been choked. Then said the Interpreter to a damsel that stood by, ‘Bring hither the water, and sprinkle the room;’ which, when she had done, it was swept and cleansed with pleasure.

“Then said *Christian*, What means this?

“The Interpreter answered, This Parlour is the heart of a man, that was never sanctified by the sweet grace of the Gofpel: the dust is his original sin, and inward corruptions, that have defiled the whole man. He that began to sweep at first is the law; but she that brought water, and did sprinkle it, is the Gofpel. Now, whereas, thou sawest, that as soon as the first

began to sweep, the dust did so fly about, that the room by him could not be cleansed, but that thou wast almost choked therewith; this is to show thee, that the law, instead of cleansing the heart, by its working, from sin, doth revive, put strength into, and increases it in the soul, as it doth also discover and forbid it, but doth not give power to subdue. Again, as thou sawest the Damsel sprinkle the room with water, upon which it was cleansed with pleasure; this is to show thee, that when the Gofpel comes in the sweet and precious influences thereof to the heart, then, I say, even as thou sawest the Damsel lay the dust, by sprinkling the floor with water, so is sin vanquished and subdued, and the soul made clean, through the faith of it; and consequently fit for the king of glory to inhabit.”

The Pilgrim’s Progress.

Repentance thus continues in De Guileville:—

Vnto my byfyme ^a [human hearts] submitted be¹
Off lownesse and humlylte
That they be swept clenyly at al
And that the hammer breke fimal
Ffyrst by trewe contricyon
And verray juste confession
Than a noon my yerde ^b I take
And amendys for to make
By repentaunce in divers wyse
With my yerde I hem chastyse
Put hem to penaunce of entent
To bryng hem to amendment

^a Besom or broom.

^b Rod or staff.

^c Dan. iv. 27.
Eccl. xvi. 12.
Pf. xxxvii. 28.

Various modes of penance ^c are then enumerated, such as visiting the poor and sick, performing pilgrimages, fasting, &c. *Repentance* says that no sin can be passed over without punishment by rods; those must be beaten who have consented to commit sin.

² And therefore thys yerde I holde
Wych namyd ys of juste reson

¹ Sa mon balay soubzmis il est ^d
Et se bien balye en eft
Et quant le voy ainsi contrit
Et bien confes comme iay dit
Adonc pour le bien chastier

De mes verges le batz et fier
Peine luy donne et batement
Afin que preingne amendement
² Des verges se voulez le nom
Diſtes font satifaction

^d f. xvi. b.

^a Sufficiently.^b Rom. xi. 5.
Luke xxii. 19.^c Long ago.^d f. xvii.^e 1 Cor. xiii. 3.^f 1 Cor. xiii. 6, 7.^g 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.^h Eph. i. 7.

Appendix.

Trewe satysfaccion
 And soothly yiff I shal not feyne
 Satysfaccion ys to seyne
 Asseth^a that ys mad for synne
 And that a man haue withinne
 As myche forewe and repentaunce
 As he hadde ffyrst plesaunce

Here the doctrine of Penance appears distinctly as something more than Repentance; and the superior views of Bunyan shine forth with the splendour of the Gospel in contrast with the human idea of self-justification by mortifying the flesh, and a strange aspect is presented of the high Christian privileges of Prayer, attending to the wants of the poor, the sick, and miserable, when they are classed as part of the punishments of sin.

Our Saviour says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

In De Guileville, *Repentance* beautifully adds, "that she is commissioned to succour all the weary and heavy laden; to those pilgrims anxiously trying to follow the narrow path she offers the consolation appointed by our Lord

Car satifation vault tant
 Que faire assez ou tout autant
 De peine sans nul contredit
 Comme au peche eut delict

¹ CHARITE.

Je suis la mere des vertus^d
 Celle qui reuest les gens nudz
 Qui sainct martin fis despouillier
 Pour pourre vestir et aisir
 Je suis nourrice dorphellins
 Hosteliere de pelerins
 Qui les maulx dautruy faiz les myens
 Et a tous communs sont mes biens
 Sans laquelle sainct paul disoit^e
 Que riens nauoit qui ne mauoit
 Et quelque bien faire ne peult
 Si non quaveques soy il meust
 Aussi certainement ne fait
 Car sans moy nest aucun bien fait
 Mon nom se fauoir le voulez
 Charite vous mappelleret^f
 Car charite tient en cherte
 Ceulx quatres ont en grant vilte
 Je repais les gens familleux
 Et visite les langoreux
 Je suis celle qui dautruy bien

Himself at the last Supper, which He partook of with his disciples when he took bread and blessed it, and she gives the assurance that it will sustaine the faith of all his followers^b who partake of this Sacrament in remembrance of Him, but of which none can be worthy recipients who have not first submitted to her inflictions and become contrite, and cleansed from their offences."

Again; we must observe that the view taken by De Guileville of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is partial: he speaks of the bread only, whereas our Saviour says,

"Take, eat; this is my body. And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins."—St. Matt. xxvi. 26—28.

CHARITY.¹

* * * * *

I made seyn martyn yore agon^c
 Al be that he hadde but on
 Hys mantel to kutte a tweyne

Suis ioieuse comme du mien
 Celle qui debonairement
 Seuffre tout et paisiblement
 Celle qui descouter nay cure
 Sufuracion ne murmure
 Celle qui onques ne medis
 Dautruy ne a autruy meffis
 Et non pour tant fi ay ie fait
 Aucuns maulx faire sans mefftis
 Se point avez ouy parler
 Du roy iesus et racompter
 Comment voulut homme deuenir
 Et pour les hommes mort souffrir
 Sauoir deuez que celle tuy
 Qui faire luy fis tel ennuy
 Car du ciel ie le fis descendre
 Pour la vostre humanite prendre
 A lestathe le fis lyer
 Et despines le couronner
 Les bras fis en la croix estendre^g
 Et son coste percer et fendre
 Les piedz et les mains atacher
 En la croix luy fis et Fischer
 Sang fiz yssir de son corps tendre
 Et luy fiz son doulx esperit rendre
 Tous lesquelz maulx souffrir luy fis
 Pour vous tous qui estiez perilz
 Quant en enfer vous ala rembre^h

And dyde al hys bysy peyne
 To clothe the poore wych nakyd stood
 Myd off the gate devoyde of good
 I am noryce^a of al nedys
 And I herberwe^b commonly
 Al pylgrymes in ther nede
 And I am she yt ys no drede
 That ffle as myche harm in me
 Off other ffolkys aduerfyte
 As they hem sylff that yt endure
 And al my goodys I ensure
 Be common unto every whyht
 Whan they ha nede as yt ys ryht
 Seyn poul sayd ek in hys wrytyng
 Off vertu he hadde no thynge
 Withoute that he hadde me
 And that he myghte in no degré
 Withoute me do no good dede
 And trewly who taketh hede
 No good dede nor good entent
 Ys worth but yiff I be present
 Among estatys hih nor lowe
 And yiff ye lyft my name knowe
 I am callyd dame charyte
 That haue al folk in certe
 And other that folk haue in despyst
 Hem to cheryshe ys my delyt
 I feede folk that hongry be
 And part^c with hem off my plente
 And vysete hem that lyggen seke
 And dwelle with folkys that be meke
 And for no coste I do not spare
 To be glad of the welfare
 Off every other maner whyht
 As off myn owne of verray ryht
 I am she that patiently
 Kan suffren and benygnyly
 Alle sorwes wel apeſe
 And I am she that kan don eſe

Al hevynesses to recure
 And I am she that set no cure
 Off grucchyng nor detraction
 Ffor thys ys my condicion
 Harm to spek neueradel
 But off ech man to sey wel
 Wych I holde in gret vertu
 And yiff ye haue off Cryst Ihū
 Any maner Remembraunce
 I made hym for to ha plesaunce
 Off mercy as I reherſe kan
 Ffor loue to bekome a man
 And taken your humanyte
 And suffren by humylyte
 Deth for your sake and passion
 Made hym fro hevene kome a don
 And suffren ek as yt ys founde
 To a pyler to be bounde
 And tendure that lovd most fre
 With sharpe thornys crownyd be
 And sprede hys armys on the rood
 And for your sake shede hys blood

* * * * *

I made hym for your sake
 Tendure off entencyon
 To make your redempcion
 That wer for synne lost echon
 And to helle I made hym gon
 To sette hem out that lay ther bounde
 The devels power to confounde
 Wych hadde grievyd man so sore
 And I shal telle you euermore
 How thys kyng most sovereyne
 To forn hys passion and peyne
 And hys tormentys wonder stronge
 Or he the deth sholde underfonge^d
 He forgatt nat off entent
 Ffor to make hys testament
 The forme ther off to endyte

^a Nourisher.

^b Lodge or enter-tain.

^c Share.

^d Underwent.

Et de la mort denfer defendre
 Ce sont les maulx que iay fait faire
 Sans peche voit et iāns meſſaire
 Or vous diray que ce roy fist
 Auant que ces paines ſouffriſſt
 Quant il vit ſa mort approucher
 Ne voulſ pas en oublie laiſſer
 Que ſon testament il ne fit

Il mappella ie luy eſcripz
 Et en cete forme le mis
 Teſtament de paix eſt nomme
 Et le vous ay cy apporte
 Afin que ſes lois vous ſaiſchez
 Et ce que vous en duyt ayez
 Je le vueil lire or leſcouuez
 Et lentendez fe vous voulez

^a f. xvii. b. "Ces trois lettres font assauoir."

^b Peace.

^c Is or shall be.

^d Feels no symptom of pain.

^e One.

He callede me yt to wryte
Ffor to make the forme bettre
My sylff wrot yt every lettre
And namyd yt yt ys no les
The trewe testament off pes
Wych to for you alle I bryngē
That ye may ha knowelychynge
That maner thyng ther on doth sue
And what to you ther off ys due
I wyl yow reden the sentence
Yiff ye wyl given audyence
So thys yt ys herkneth echon
As I shal her reherse anoon
The testament¹ off cryst Jesu

One clause of this will or testament bequeaths to mankind *Pax Triplex*—“ triple tranquillity.” The three things signified by the three initial letters, at the three corners of a right-angled triangle, formed by the stem and one limb of a Latin cross are—X, the initial of *Xp̄iστὸς*, “Christ;” A, of *Anima*, “the soul;” P, of *Proximus*, our “neighbour.” When these three are properly disposed towards each other, there is a firmly established peace of mind; since they indicate the whole duty of man’s life, viz. his love to God and his neighbour.²

And overmore thys lettrys thre^a
Ar tooknys that in unyte
He sholde ha verray love and pes^b
With thre thynges douteles
He that he hath poceſſioun
Off thys jowell most off renoun
And he to whom cryſt hath yt take
Sholde keep for hys sake
Pes with every maner whyht
And fyſt above as yt ys ryht
Wher as the X condygnyly
Ys ſet aloſſte as moſt worthy
By wych ziff yt be eſpyed
I am trewly ſygnfyed

In tookne that noon be rekkeles
Fyſt to haue parfyt pes
Wyth god and me byth^c al on
And may neuer affonder gon
And also as I ſhal devyſe
That he in no maner wyfe
Ne do no thyng in no degré
Wych that ſholde dyſpleſe me
And yiff yt happe off neclygence
Ageyn me that he do offence

* * * *

Ther by ys pleynly understande
The fowle of man with whom ech whyht
Sholde ha pes of verray ryht
So that in a manhys thouht
³ Syndereſis^d ne grucheth nouht
Thorgh no trespace nor offence
By no remors of conſcience
Lat every man tak hed herto
And with your neyhebour alſo
Ye moſt ha pes and unyte
Wych ys ytokenyd by the P
And ys yſet fyſt off echon
And that ye ſholde be al on
Thexaumple techeth yow ful wel
Yiff ye conſydryen everydel
How ye bothen in o^e lyne
Stonde and may yt not decline
Lyneally yt ys noon other
As brother verrayly to brother
Nature wyl that yt ſo be
High and lowh off o degré
Bothe tweyne ymade lyche
The pore man and ek the ryche
At the ‘gynnyng as ye ſhal lere
Al forgyd of one matere
Touchyng ther fyſt orygynal
And bothe tweyne be mortal
The ton the tother in certeyne
They be but wermes bothe tweyne

* * * *

Ys as myche for to feyn
By notable descripcion
The hilier party of Reſon
Wherby a man ſhal beſt diſcernē
Hys conſcience for to governe

¹ The testament is given in the analysis.

² See Woodcut VIII.

³ The following lines appear on the margin of the MS. (f. 74, b.) in explanation of the term “syndereſis:”
Syndereſis to ſpeke in pleyn

For al shal passe by o passage
 And by on hole off gret streihtnesse
 Poverte and ek rychesse
 Al goth o way bothe gret and smal
 Excepcon ys noon at al
 To helpen in thys streihte nede
 Wherfor euer man take hede
 Thorgh pryd to be nat rekkeles
 Thys ryche jowell callyd pes
 To kepe yt wel and lose it nouht
 And euer man in herte and thouht
 Do hys dyllygent labour
 To ha pes with hys neihebour
 As roote off al perfeccon
 Vp to parfome the patron
 Off vnite and sothsoft pes
 Tendure and lasten endeles
 So as yt ouht off iust reson
 As tookne off the tabellyon
 Wyth wych in pes and vnyte
 Al testamentys sholde be
 Sygnd and markyd commonly
 And ek confermyd openly
 And tovchyngh her thys wryt present
 Callyd off cryft the testament
 Wyth tookne of tabellion
 I marke off entencyon

* * * *

GRACEDIEU speketh :

Thys lady goodly spak to me^a
 Kom ner my sonne tak hed to me
 Loo her yiff I shal nat feyne
 Thylke ryche Giffys tweyne
 Wych I behihte^b whylom to the
 And thow shalt not deceyved be
 Loo her a Skryppe and a Bordon
 The wych of hool entencyon
 I gyv to the now kep hem wel
 Consydre the maner everydel
 How they be ryht necessarie
 To forthre the^c thow shalt not tarye
 To helpe the in thy vyage
 And to sped thy pylgrymage
 Thow shalt off hem haue ay gret nede
 Yiff thow lyft thy journee spedē

Nedful to pylgrymes all
 And *feytb* thy skryppe thow shalt calle
 Wyth oute wych may nat be
 Brouht abouthe no journee
 Nor vyage that may avaylle
 Ffor thy bred and thy vytaylle
 Ther in thow shalt alway concerve
 And all tymes thow shalt observe
 Thys skryppe wel in thy bandon^d
 In euery cyte and euery ton
 In al thy mosfte feythful wyse
 And also for to auctorise
 Touchyng thys skryppe callyd ffeyth
 Herkne what thapostel seyth
 In a pystel^e that he endyteth
 And to the Romayns pleynly wryteth
 The ryhtful man withoute stryff
 By this skryppe lat^f hys lyff
 Thys to feyne that ffeyth off ryht
 Giveth lyff to euer maner whyht
 As *Abachuch* that hooly man
 In hys wrytyng reherfe kan
 The seconde chapyle off hys book
 Who so lyft lyfft vp hys look
 And thys skryppe withoute wene^g
 Off hys colour mot be grene
 Wych colour who so look a ryht
 Doth gret comfort to the syt
 Sharpeth the eye yt ys no dred
 And so doth ffeyth who taketh hed
 Yt maketh pylgrymes glad and lyght
 With hem abydyng day and nyht
 And in ther weye I dar reporte
 Gretly doth hem recomforte
 For good pylgrymes everychon^h
 On pylgrymage wher they gon
 Only ffeyth doth hem sustene
 By example as the grene
 The gentyl colour glad and lyght
 Giveth clernescce to the syt
 Whan the grene al withoute
 Ys spreynⁱ with dropys rond aboute
 Off red blood who kan entendē
 Then the syt yt doth amende
 Fful gretly I dar wel feyne
 Ffor ther ys drope noon certeyn

^a Vitell. C. XIII.
 f. 99, b.
 f. xxiii. b. "Voy
 cy lescharpe et le
 bourdon."

^b Promised.

^c Advance thy
 self.

^d Keep in thy
 power.

^e Epistle.

^f Leads.

^g Doubt.

^h Every one.

ⁱ Sprinkled.

^a "Mixed," or
"mingled
with."

^b Shed in purity,
i. e. the green of
the scrip was
shaded with the
pure blood of the
martyrs.

^c "Perfectly,"
or "once for
all."

^d Will.

^e Saints who suf-
fered thus are
gone.

^f Scabbard.

^g Gone or van-
ished.

^h On earth.

ⁱ Jeopardy.

^k Vitell. C. xiii.
f. 108.

^{f. xxvii.} "Or en-
tens ben de ce
bourdon."

^l I advise thee.

^m Jesus Christ.

But yt ys worth and off more prys
To pylgrymes that be wyse
Than outher perle or margeryte
And as I dar ryht wel endyte
Yt ys mor ryche and precyous
Mor off valu and vertuous
The bloody dropys whan they be spreynyt
Vp on the grene and ymeynt ^a
To make a man mor strong and lyght
And tofforce with hys syft
Than any other ryche ston
Ffor to rekne hem euerechon
The green ys good in specyal
Whan the rede ys meynt withal
Off blood for pleynly the rednesse
Wyth that was shad in clennesse ^b
Off gloryous martyrs longe agon
That spente her blood and lefftie noon
But suffredre al the vyonelce
And the mortal ek sentence
Off Tyrantys tyrannyne
And sparede nat platly ^c to dye
Ther legende so wryt and seyfth
Ffor to dyffende Crystys *ffeyth*
Ffor wych vp on thyss skryppe off grene
The bloody dropys ther yfene
Shewyn in conclusion
Ther martyrdom ther passion
Off ther owne volunte ^d
Only to given vn to the
Verryal an exemplayre
Wherso ever thou repaire
To suffre deth for crystys sake
Rather than thou shuft forsfake
Thy skryppe in any maner wyse
Off wych thou haft here me devyse
Ffor seyntys ^e wych that suffredre so
I wot ryht wel that they be go
To paradys and entryd in
Ffor the swerd off cherubin
Wych whilom at the gate stood
Ys so blonted with her blood
That yt ys I dar wel seyn
In the skawberk ^f vp ageyn
But now adayes yt flant so
Hooly seyntys ben all ago ^g

That wer so myghty and so strong
And dradde nat to suffre awrong
Ffor the ffeyth yt to dyffende
Her lyff her blood ther on to spende
Redy they wern and that anon
But nowh auerthe ^h ther ys nat on
That wyl hym putte in jupartye ⁱ
Crystys seyfth to magnefye
Nor make myghty resistence
Ageyn Tyrannys by dyffence

* * * * *

But ffyrst tak hed off the Bordon ^k
How yt ys good in ech seson
Ffor he nat ffalleth commonly
That leneth ther on stedfastly
Ffor wych thou shalt as yt ys ryht
With al thy force and al thy myght
Ther on reste what so be falle
Trewly thou shalt nat falle
What perillous paſſage that thou go
As longe as thou takeſt hed ther to
And tavyode a way dyspeyr
Wherſo thou goſt in foul or ffayr
Or what fortune the be falle
Good hope alway thou shalt yt calle
Thys the name off thy bordon
Off truſt and trewe affection
Wych ys calyd *Esperaunce*
Affter the ſpeeche vſyd in fraunce
And the maner of that language
And look alway in thy paſſage
That thou holde the wel ther by
And theron reſte feythfully
In perillous pathys wher thou wende
And by the pomellys as the ende
Holde the ſtrongly I the lede ^l
Ffor they ſhall in al thy nede
Sustene the thou falle nouht
The hiher pomel yiff yt be fouht
Ys Ihū Cryst ^m haue hym in mynde
And in Scrypture as thou ſhalt fynde
He ys the merour cler and bryht
Wynth oute ſpot bothe day and nyght
In the wyche a man by grace
May beholde hys owne fface
In wych merour as I tolde

All the worlde ouhte beholde
In wych also men may fynde
All thynges wrouht be kynde^a
Reste vpon hym with herte and thouht
And go surly and dred the nouht
And to hys helpe alway calle
And trust wel thow shalt not falle

* * * *

Com ner, quoth she, and ha no drede^b
Look up on hih and tak good heede
Upon thyss perche^c the harneys fe
Wherwith that thow wylt armed be
Pertynent to thy vyage
And needful to thy pylgrimage
Then saw I helmys and habergious
Plate and maylle for championus
Gorgetys ageyn al vyolence
And jakkes^d stuyfys of defence
Targetes and sheldys large and longe
And pavys^e also that wer stronge
For folk to make resistence
Talle that wolde hem don offence

* * * *

Thys helm callyd attempraunce^f
Ys nedful in thy dyffence
Ffor to make resistence
At nose at ere and at the byht^g
That yt hem kepe and close aryht
Ffor this helm for assurance
Wych ys called attempraunce
As worthy and noble off fame
Seyn Poul gaff thereto a name
And callyd yt ffor gret delyt
The helm off helthe and off profyt
And commanded men tak hed
Ffor to sette yt on ther hed
As ffor ther chef salvacon

* * * *

Ffor yiff thyss helm be mad aryht
Yt shal not have to large a syft
Lyft some arowe sharpe ygrounde

Entre myghte and gyue a wounde
And at the erys ek also
Thow mustest taken hede ther to
That yt be not too large off space
Lyft that by the same place
Entrede by collusion
Som noyce off fals detracion

* * * *

Tave a swerd ek by thy fyde^h
A bettre was ther never founde
Off stel forgyd whet nor grounde
Wych shal ynowh suffye
The to dyffende many wyse
Yiff any enmy the assaylle
Outher in skarmush outhter bataylle
I the ensure in al thy nede
Whyl thow haft yt thow shalt not drede
Off non enemy nor no dyfressⁱ
The name off wych ys Ryhtwysnesse
A better swerd was never wrought
Off prince nor off kyng ybouht
For the swerd off good Oger¹
Off Rowland nor off Olyver
Was not for to reken al
Off valu to this swerd egal
So trusty nor so vertuous
To ffolk in vertu coragous
Ffor this swerd haueth so gret myht
To ryche and poore for to do ryht

MEMORY.²

The Pilgrim, fearful that he shall forget the good advice which Grace has given him, summons to Memory to carry his armour. He is surprised to see the latter without eyes, and complains that she will not be of use to him; but he is assured that her eyes are at the back of her head, and that she is the treasurer of much knowledge; for although she cannot foresee, she has complete information of the

^a Are reproduced or represented.

^b Vitell. C. xiii.
f. 114, b.
f. xxx. b. "Or
regarde."

^c Pole or rod.

^d Stuff for making surcoats. A "jack" was a buff jerkin worn by soldiers.

^e Bucklers.

^f Vitell. C. xiii.
f. 121, b.
f. xxxii. "Le
heaulme, &c."

^g Mouth.

^h Vitell. C. xiii.
f. 123.
f. xxxii. b. "Par
fon nom, &c."

¹ Ogier, Roland, and Oliver, were three of Charlemagne's peers. (*Vide* Biog. Univ. sub. v "Oger," et alibi.) The two latter were so equally matched in strength and valour that it was doubtful which was superior: hence the saying, in reference to the blows they inflicted, "of giving a Roland for an Oliver," which has passed into a proverb in our own language.

² See Woodcut XI.

Appendix.

^a Eph. vi. 11.^b Zech. ix. 8.^c Luke xi. 21, 22.^d 1 Peter ii. 11.
Gal. v. 16—19.
Rom. vii. 22, 23.^e Matt. vi. 25.
Gen. ii. 7.
^f Cor. ix. 27.^g Vitell. C. XIII.
f. 144.^g f. xxxvi. b.^h f. xxxvii. b.ⁱ Ecclesiasticus
ii. 18.^k James ii. 26.

past, and will recall to him her advice, and prove a most useful attendant. *Grace*, however, warns the Pilgrim that he is not the good warrior^a who requires his armour to be carried; but he who wears it continually, and who is always ready with it in time of need, even in his own house^b where he is never free from warfare. She also informs him that in the country to which he is going he will be always encompassed with enemies, and that the sling and stones (she had given him) would not be sufficient to defend him unless he was accustomed to his armour, without requiring the assistance of his armourbearer; for it would excite scorn and derision were he to allow her to carry it who was so much weaker than himself.

The Pilgrim inquires the reason why, after taking off his armour,^c he should experience so much pain in putting it on again?

*Grace*¹ bids him remember she had told him he was too fat, and too stubborn.

The Pilgrim acknowledges that she had admonished him of this—but thinks that it should be a reason for his being stronger and more valiant.

She next inquires whether he is aware who he is? whether he is single or double? whether he has not another besides himself to nourish, govern, and maintain?

The Pilgrim replies, that he is astonished at her question, that she must be aware that he has only himself to govern and take care of.

Then she says, “Understand, and listen diligently, for I will instruct you otherwife: know that you nourish one who is your greatest enemy—that you clothe him, and feed him with the costliest viands—that^d you are his slave; but, notwithstanding, he deceives you, both when he is moving and when he is at rest.”

“ Soit en allant ou quant il gift.”

He it is who will not allow you to carry your armour, and who is always your adversary when you would do any good thing.”

The Pilgrim inquires his name, that he may revenge himself on his enemy by killing him.^e

Grace replies, that he is not permitted to do that, but that he may punish him and give him pain, by making him work, fast, and submit to penance, without which he will never succeed in revenging himself upon him. She adds, that if he had well understood the matter he would have seen that *Repentance*² was the mistress and chastiser, who, with her rods, would cause his enemy to become a good servant; and she tells the Pilgrim that he ought to desire that more than the death of his foe, for he is lent to him to lead him to the haven of eternal life, and to preserve him from peril; that this enemy is his body and his flesh, which can be called by no other name than that of a foe.

The PILGRIM replies:

Ma dame quod I what may thys be^f
Whether dreme I other ellys ye

¹ GRACEDIEU.

¶ Ne te souvient dit elle pas^g
Que ie te dis queftoye trop gras
Par trop remply et par trop peuz
Ainsi quencord es et trop druz

LE PELERIN.

¶ Bien men souvient dis ie mais tant
Estre ien deufse plus puissant
Et plus fort aux armes porter
Comme il me semble et a marmar

GRACEDIEU.

¶ Scez tu dist elle qui tu es
Se tu es seul on le double es

Se nul fors toy as a nourrir
Na gouerner na maintenir

² Penitence est la maistresse^h
Et de luy la chaffieresseⁱ
Bailles le luy si le batra
Et tellement le chaffiera .
De ses verges que bon seruant
El le fera dorenaunt
Et ce dois tu mieulx desirer
Et mieulx vouloir et procurer
Que tu ne dois faire sa mort
Car baillie test pour luy a port^k
De vie et de salut mener
Et de tous perilz le gester
Cest le corps et la chair de toy
Autrement nommer ne le doy

Ffor as fer as I kan espye^a
I merveyll off your fantasye
Or by what weye ye wolde gon
Ys nat my body and I al on
I trowe yis and ellys wonder
Or how myhte we be affonder
Ys he a nother than am I
I pray you tel me ffeythfully
And me declareth the sothnesse
Withouten any dowbylnesse
What that ye mene verrayly
Ffor her ys no whyt but ye and I
Except only my chaumberere
Wych that solweth ous ryht here
A noon to me doth snyfye
Wher yt be trouth or fayrye^b
Shal we shold ben on or tweyne
Tel on a noon and doth not ffeyne

Grace inquires of the Pilgrim whether he would wish to abide always where he could have joy, repose,^c and his own will.

Ma dame quod I dysplese you nouht
I say ryht as lyth^d in my thouht
Myn hertys ese for to fewe^e
I wolde abyde and not remewe
Ffor myn ese euer in^f on
Rather than thenys for to gon
Ffor yt ys profytable tabyde
Wher that a man on euyer syde
Ffyndeth vn to hys plesaunce
Soiour^g with oute varyaunce

Ys that verrayly quod she
Soth that thow haft sayd to me
I understande by thy language^h
Thow woldest leue thy pylgrymage
And platlyⁱ settyn hyt a syde
Only for reste and ther a byde

Ma dame quod I for my dysport
Wher I find ese and connfort
I wolde a byde a whyle there
Tyl I sawh tyme and good leyser^k

To me she sayde a noon ryht than
O wrecche o thow vnhappy man

Tak hed and be more ententyff
How here in thy mortal lyff^l
Thogh that a man renne euermore
He may never haft hym to fore^m
To kome to tymelyⁿ to that place
I putte^o caas that he ha space
Fforth to procede day by day
At good leyser vpon hys way
Her vpon I axe the
Yiff thow haddyst lyberte
Joye merthe and al solace
Woldestow fro thylke place
Yiff thow haddyst fre chois at wylle
Remeven or abyde styll

Allas quod I what may I seyn
I kan nat wel answer ageyn
But o thyng I wot ryht wel
The cyrcustancys euyer del
Consydryd vp on euyer syde
Par caas rather I sholde abyde
Than ben to hafty to procede^p
Tyl I sawh I muste nede
Goon forth off necessytye
In caas than wolde I haft me

* * * * *
Quod Gracedieu yt semeth wel
Thow haft not lernyd euyer del
Thynges nouther hih nor lowe
Syth thy sylff thow kanst not knowe
The wych a boue all other thyng
Ys the beste knowelychygng
That man may han in thyss lyff here
And yiff thow lyft platly lere^q
To knowe thy sylff ys bet knowing
Than to be Emperour outhier kyng
And for to knowe al syfences
Practikes and expyrencies
Or to han al the rychesse
Off thyss world in sothfastnesse

* * * * *
And I shal telle the ffeythfully
In thyss matere trewely
What that I sele in my entent
Shortly as in sentement
The body syrft be nat in doute

^a Col. ii. 5.

^b Illusion.

^c Isaiah lxvi. 13.

^d Lieth.

^e Follow or pro-cure.

^f i.e. Remain in one (place).

^g Sojourn.

^h Ps. lxxiii. 26.

ⁱ Entirely.

^k Leisure.

^l Gal. vi. 10.

^m He can never haftten too eagerly.

ⁿ Too soon.

^o Even granting.

^p Gen. xii. 1, 2.

^q Psal. xl ix. 20.

^a Gen. i. 27.^b Gen. ii. 15.^c To have dwelt or lived.^d Job x. 8.^e Kindred or relationship.^f Psal. lxxxii. 6.^g Murmurs.^h Arose.ⁱ The fruit resembles the tree.^j Profit or advantage.^k Rom. viii. 13.^m An action in the field or pitched battle.ⁿ Beat him down.

Off wych I spak closyd withoute
 Whan yt ys fro the segregat
 Dysseveryd and separat
 Than off the I dar wel seyn
 And afferme yt in certyn
 Off god thow art the portraiture
 Thymage also and ffygure^a
 And off nouht yiff thow kanst se
 He flourmede and he made the
 That lord ffyrst in thy creaunce
 To hys owne resemblaunce
 And ymage wych of lyknesse
 Most dygne and worthy off noblesse
 A prent to speke off dygnyte
 He myghte nat ha set on the
 Mor worthy nor more notable
 Than to hym syllff ressemblable
 He gaff to the off hys goodnesse^b
 Cler syght off reson and ffayrnesse
 And off nature to be mor lyht
 Than any ffoul that fleteth in flyght
 And never to deyen ek withal
 For he made the immortal
 Permanent and even stable
 And tadwellyd immutable^c
 Yiff thow not haddyst off entent
 Forfetyd hys commandement
 Than haddystow thorgh thy renoun
 Excellyd in comparysonn^d
 Comparysoun myghte noon ha be
 To thy noblesse and dygnete
 Off hevene nor erthe in certeyn
 Nor to declare and speke in pleyn
 Bryd nor outher creature
 Except off angelys the nature
 God ys thy fader tak hed her to
 And thow art hys sone also
 Most excellynge off kynrede^e
 That euer was withoute drede
 Most noble and off gretest style
 Ffor off Thomas de Guillevyle
 Thow art not sone on that party
 I dar afferme and seyn trewley^f
 Who euer gruchche^g or make stryff
 That he nat hadde in al hys lyff
 To seke in al hys nacyon

No sone off swych condycyon
 Douhter nouther yt ys no fable
 Off kynrede so notable
 But off engendrure bodyly
 Thow haddyst off hym thy body
 Wych kam off hym by nature
 The wych body I kan assure
 Ys to the tak hed her to
 Thyn enmy and thy gretest foo
 On that party yiff thow lyft se
 Roos^h ffyrst the grete enmyte
 Nature hath yt so ordeyned
 But yt thorgh vertu be restreyned
 Ffor the ffrutⁱ what euer yt be
 Bereth the carage off the tre

* * * *

And her vp on yiff thow lyft se
 The same lord he made the
 Off his goodness for thy prouth^k
 And in the body wher thow art now
 He the putte as I dar telle
 Ther a whyle for to dwelle^l
 And ther tabyde thys the cheff
 Ffor tassaye the by preffe
 And by thy port also dyscerne
 How thow sholdest the governe
 Prudently both fer and ner
 And yiff thow dydest thy dever
 To dyffende thy party
 Yiff ye wolde holde chaumpartye^m
 Ageyns the in any wyse
 Ffor as I shal to the devyse
 A twyxе yow yt ys no ffaylle
 Ther ys werre and strong bataylle
 And contynuelly ther shal be
 But so salle thow yelde the
 And put the in subiection
 Thorgh hys fals collusyon
 By hys deceyt and flatrye
 Evere to haue the maystrye
 Over the in conclusioun
 Whyl he hath domynacioun
 But yiff that thow as yt ys ryght
 Dyscomfyte hym by verray myght
 And by force betⁿ hym don
 Lyk a myghty champyon

Than shal tow bothe fer and ner
Over hym han ful power
That he shal neuer for no quarelle
Agyens the dor rebelle
To interupte thy entente
And trowly but thy sylff assente
He shal neuer be so bold
The to withstonde as I ha tolde
He ys *Dalyda* thow art *Sampson*^a
Thow art strong as by reson
Sturdy on thy feet to stonde
Suffre hym nat the to withstonde
Nor over the to han maystrye
Ffor no glosing nor flattreye
And yiff thow tak hed ther to
She ne kan nat ellys do
But with flattreye and deceyt
Nyht and day lyn in a wayt
And swych wach on the doth make
To make thyn enmyes the to take
At meschew whan they may the fynde
And yiff thow wilt she shal the bynde
Sher^b thyn heer whyl thow doft slepe
But thow konne thy sylven kepe
And overmore I the ensure
Thy counsayl al he wyl dyscure^c
And thy secretye eveicchon
^d To *phyllyfres*^e that be thy ffoon^f
Other frenschephe truste me
He hath pleylyn noon to the
Know thes and to my speche entend
How thow wylt thy sylff dyffende
Be nat to thy confusion
Deceyved as whylom was *Sampson*

* * * *

Quod Gracedieu a noon to me
What thow hast sayd tak hed quod she
And understand ffyrst in thy syt
By the sonne that shyneth bryht^g
Thy soul cler in especyal
Wyth inne thy body wych ys mortal
Off thys mater we haue on honde
Ther by thy soule I understande
Thy body yiff thow kanſt espye^h
Ys dyckⁱ as ys a clowdy skye
And lyk also who can dyscerne

To a murky blak lanterne
And nat^k for thy I dar expresse
Men may sen thorgh the bryhtnesse
Off the soule yt ys no doute
And the clernehesse fer withoute
Clerkys recorde yt in ther skolys^l
And other wene^m that be but ffolys
In ther follysh fals demyng
That al the cler enlumynyng
Wher off that pore skye lo
Wherwyth the sowle ys throwdyd so
Eclyped off hys ffayr bryhtnesse
And ne were the gret darknesse
Off thys skye who loke a ryht
The sowle sholde han so cler a syht
At oⁿ look fro the oryent
To sen in to the occident
Ffor off the body truste me
The eyen no verray eyen be^o
But lyk to glas I dar wel seyn
Wher thorgh the clere soule ys seyn
And outward with hys bernys bryht^p
Giveth ther to clernehesse and lyht
Ffor the sowle who taketh hede^q
Off bodily eyen hath no nede

* * * *

But for thy sake a noon ryht^r
I shal assayen and provyde
Thy body for to leyn asyde^s
Ffro the take yt yiff I kan
That thow mayſt conceyve than
Off hym hooly the governaunce
And what he ys as in substancē
But thow mustest in certeyn
Aſſter ſone reſorte ageyn
To thyn olde dwellyng place
Tyl that deth a certeyn ſpace
Schal the deſpoyle and make twynne^t
Ffro the body that thow art inne
And Grace dieu a noon me took
I not wher that I ſlepte or wook
And made for ſhort concluſion
My body for to falte adoun
And after that a noon ryht
Me ſempte that I took my flyht
And was raviſhed in to the hayr

^a Judges xvi. 4.

^b Sheer or clip
thine hair.

^c Discover or be-
tray.

^d Judges xvi. 18,
19.

^e Philistines.

^f Foes.

^g Eccles. i. 5..

^h 1 Cor. ii. 14.

ⁱ Thick.

^k Notwithſtand-
ing this.

^l Schools.

^m Suppose.

ⁿ One.

^o Matt. v. 16.

^p Luke xii. 35.

^q Mark viii. 17,
18.

^r Vitell. C. xiii.
f. 152, b.

^s Isaiah xlvi. 16.

^t Separate thee.

^a Whether.^b Touched its head, so as to be sure that it was my body.^c Prov. xii. 28.
Prov. ix. 13—
15.
Prov. ii. 13.
Prov. ix. 10.
Prov. xix. 1.^d 1 Cor. xii. 4—
6.^e Vitell. C. XIII.
f. 174, b.^f Polisher.^g Ecclef. vi. 7.^h f. xliv. b.ⁱ James v. 3.

A place delytable and ffayr
 And me thought ek in my syht
 I was nat hevy but verray lyht
 And by beholding was so cler
 That I sawh bothe fer and ner
 Hih and lowe and overal
 And I was ryht glad with al
 Al was wel to my plesaunce
 Save a manner dyspleaunce
 I hadde off o thyng in certyn
 That I muste go dwelle ageyn
 With inne my body wych that lay
 Lyk an hevy lompe off clay
 Wych to me was no forthryng
 But perterbance and gret lettryng
 Thyder to resorte off newe
 Tho wyft I wel that al was trewe
 That grace dieu had seyd to me
 And thanne I went for to se
 Wher ^a the body slepte or nouht
 And whan I hadde longe souht,
 Tastyd ^b hys pows in certeyne
 And gropyd euery nerff and veyne
 I find in hym no breth at al
 But ded and cold as a ston wal
 And when I dyde al thys espye
 Hys gouernance I gan defye
 Tho Grace Dieu spak unto me
 Lefft up thyn eyen beholde and se
 Yiff thou konne now clerly
 Knowe in erthe thy gret enmy
 He that wolde nat suffre the bere
 Noon armys nor noon harneys here

The Pilgrim arrives at a path which branches into opposite directions: to the right is seated *Industry*, and to the left *Idleness*; the "Pelerin" inquires the way to the city of Jerusalem, beyond the sea (of this world). *Industry* replies that the opposite path conducts

pilgrims into great peril, but that the one wherein he is, was always discovered to be safe to those who continued in it; but that many turned out of their way, through the hedge which led them back into the other path, ^c (the stile in *By-path meadow*.) The Pilgrim then inquires why he carries on the humble employment of net-maker. He replies, that he ought not to be blamed for so doing; that it is not every one who can make gold crowns :^d

" Chascun si ne peut pas forger
 Couronnes dor ou lor changer ; "

that an honest trade is not to be despised, however humble, provided it is pursued with diligence, since labour was good for its own sake; adding the following simile:—

The NATTE MAKER.¹

So as a swerd I dar expresse ^e
 Y ffadyd ys off hys bryhtnesse
 And off hys clernesse ek also
 Whan men take noon heed ther to
 But rusteth and ffareth al amys
 Ryght so a man that ydel ys
 And kan hymself not occupye
 By ressemblaunce thow mayst espye
 Into hys sowle thus I begynne
 The rust off vyses or off synne
 Doth a way withoute gesse
 Off all vertu the clernesse
 But exercyce in sentence
 And contynual dyllygence
 Born vp with vertuous labour
 Ys bet than any fourbysshour ^f
 Ageyn the rust off ydlenessse
 Off vertu to gyue perfyt clernesse
 The Pilgrim expresses surprise ^g at his an-

1 LABEUR.^h

Certes dist il ainsi est il
 Ainsi que le fer est en peril
 Du lacier dont riens on ne fait
 Que tost apres rouille ne soit
 Aussi lhomme qui oyseux est
 Et riens ne fait en peril est

Quassez tost bien fort enrouille
 Ne loit par vice et par peche
 Mais quant il se veult occuper
 Et en labeur exerciter
 Celuy vault vng bon forbisseur
 Et vne lime et vng limeur

* * * * *



Littera Pythagoræ discrimine secta bicorni
Remember that the paths of Virtue & Vice
diverging paths may be
found in the famous Aphorism of Pythagoras
Life as a choice between
Diversus est representatio homini
humanae vita speciem preferre vobis

fwer, saying, he had looked upon him as a filly old man—to which *Industry* replies, that it was generally^a the case that he who did not wear fine clothing^b was held in little estimation; and that a foolish man, well dressed, was more prized^c than a poor man with much learning; he adds:—

¹ And sor to speke my general
I sustene and ber up al
And yt ys I ech hour and space
That makyth the tyme shortly pace
Without envy or perturbance
Ffor I am he by remembraunce
Syth Adam the appyle eate
Which with labour and with swet
Have yove^d ffode and pasture
To every levynge creature
Bothe to best and ek to man
Syth tyme that the world began
Where off I am no thyng to blame
And my verray ryhte name
Ys without mor farmon
Labour and Occupacion

The Pilgrim then inquires of the young person seated on the other side, which were considered the best paths for pilgrims.

But I knowe be wel certeyn²
Yiff I shall the trouthe seyn
Thys the weye most royal
Called the kynges hi³ weye
And her withal I dar wel seye

Yt ys most esy off passage
To ffolkys old and yonge of age
Smothe and pleyn yt ys no nay
And most yused nyght and day
And by thys ylke same weye
Gladly ffolkys I conveye
Swich^e as love paramours
Toward the woode to gadre flowers
Soot^f rosys and vyolettys
There of to make hem chaplettys
And other flourys to her plesaunce
And in thys weye I teche hem daunce
And also for ther lady sake
Endyte lettrys and songys make
Upon the glade somerys days
Balladys roundelys vyrelayes
I teche hem ek lyk ther ententys
To pleye on sondry instrumentys
On herpe lui and on gyterne
And to revelle at taverne
With al merthe and mellodye
On rebuke^g and on symphonye
To spende al the day in ffablys
Pleye at the ches pley at the tablys
At treygolet and tregetrye
In karryng^h and in jogoloryⁱ
And to al swych maner play
Thys the verray ryhte way

The Pilgrim inquires her name and condition. She replies that she is the daughter of *Idleness*, that she is lazy, tender, and soft:

¹ Et toutefois ie suis celluy
Qui a tresfous donne du pain
Et sans moy pieca mort de fain
Fust dadam tout le parente
Rien ny vaultifist larche noe
Je suis celluy qui fais passer
Le temps briefment sans ennuyer^k
Celluy a qui est ne tout homme
Pour le mauvais mors de la pomme
Car appelle suis par mon nom^l
Labour et occupation

² OYSIUETE.^m

[¶] Bien scay et pour vray te dyⁿ
Que cest cy le chemin royal
Ou gens de pie et de cheual
Et pelerins passent le plus
Bien vois quil est le plus batus

Par luy ie meyne gens au bois
Cueillir fleurs violettes et nois^o
En esbatement en deduit
En lieu de ioye et de delit
Et la leur fais oyr chansons
Rondeaulx balades et doux sons^p
De herpes et de simphonies
Et plusieurs autres melodies
Dont long le parlement seroit
Qui toutes dire les voulroit
Et la leur fois ie veoir danfeurs
Jeux de bafeaux et de iougleurs
Jeux de tables et deschiquiers
De boulles et de mereilliers
De cartes ieux de tricherie
Et de mainte autre muferie
³ Bunyan and Spenser both adopt the simile of the
“highway.”

^a 1 Cor. iv. 12.

^b Luke vii. 25.

^c Tobit iv. 7.

^d Given.

^e Such.

^f Sweet.

^g Rebeck, a kind of violin.

^h Legerdemain.

ⁱ Jugglery.

^k Ps. cxxviii. 2.

^l Ecclus. xl. 1.

^m f. xl.

ⁿ Prov. xxviii. 10.

^o Prov. iv. 14,
15.

^a Eph. v. 3, 4.^b Prov. xvi. 2.^c Eccl. xxxiii. 27.^d See the description of "Penance" given above.^e Job xxxvi. 13.
Eccles. xi. 10.^f Vitell. C. xiii. f. 233, b.

"Suis oyseuse, tendre, et succree." She says that she loves better to play with her gloves than any other occupation; ^a that she is the friend of his body when he sleeps or wakes—saving it from trouble, ^b and seeing that it is well taken care of; she warns him to beware which way he takes—that the one opposite is long and narrow, and that hers is wide, which is apparent to everyone.

The Pilgrim inquires who had placed the hedge between the paths; for if that were not there it would all appear as one and the same road.

Idleness answers that it was placed there by a great persecutor of pilgrims, ^c named *Repentance*, who held all those who went her way in great hatred, and that when they wished to turn into the other they could not,

¹ Y is called the letter of Pythagoras, (not because he invented it—for Palamedes invented it from the flight of cranes—but) because he used it to signify the bifurcation of the good and evil ways of men.

Novimus Pythagoram Samium vitam humanam divisisse in modum litteræ Y scilicet quod prima ætas incerta sit, quippe quæ adhuc se nec virtutis nec virtutibus dedit: bivium autem litteræ Y a juventute incipere quo tempore homines aut virtus, i. e. partem sinistram, aut virtutes, i. e. partem dextram sequuntur.

Serenus, Comment in Virg. Aen. vi. 136.

Dicunt enim humanæ vitæ cursum, Y, litera esse similem; quod unusquisque hominum, cum primum adolescentiae limen attigerit, et in eum locum venerit, partes ubi se via findit in ambas hæret mutabundas, ac nesciat in quam se partem potius inclinet. Si ducem nactus fuerit, qui dirigat ad meliora titubantem, hoc est, si aut philosophiam diderit, aut eloquentiam, aut aliquid honestæ artis, quod evadat ad bonam frugem; quod fieri sine labore maximo non potest: honestam, accopiosam vitam, disputant, peracturum: Si vero doctorem frugalitatis non inuenierit; in sinistram viam, que melioris speciem mentiatur, incedere; id est, desidie, inertiae, luxuriae se tradere; quæ suavia quidem videntur ad tempus, vera bona ignorantia; post autem amissa omni dignitate, ac re familiari, in omnibus miseriis, ignominiaque victurum, Nos igitur melius, et verius, qui duas istas vias, caeli, et inferorum esse dicimus, quia iustis immortalitas, iniustis pena æterna proposita est.—*Lactantius*, vi. 3.

For they say that the course of human life is like the letter Y; because every man, when first he shall have touched the threshold of youth, and shall have come to that place where "the way splits itself into two parts," may stick doubting, and know not to which part he would rather bend himself. If he shall have found a guide who can direct a faltering (man) to better things,

without being pierced with thorns, and otherwise wounded; that *Repentance* came there to make brooms, rods, and hammers; for that she was severe beyond measure, and therefore she was little loved and praised.^d

The Pilgrim calls to his remembrance the lady with the broom and rods, answering exactly to this description, and he considers it better to turn into the "Nat-maker's" road before he passes the hedge which was so grievous and prickly.¹

In journeying on, the Pilgrim, after encountering and escaping from *Gluttony* and *Lust*, meets *Wrath*^e and ² *Tribulation*.^f He is assailed by the former, who is represented as a four-looking ugly old woman holding two stones in her hands—one of them called *Despite*, the other, *Animosity*—and a saw in her

that is, if he shall have learned philosophy, or eloquence, or anything of any honourable art, he may reach fruit for good (purposes), which cannot be done without very great labour, they maintain that he will pass through an honourable and wealthy life: but if he shall not find a teacher of temperance, (they say) that he goes to the left-hand road, which falsely assumes the appearance of a better (road), that is, that he gives himself to sloth, ignorance, (and) luxury; which indeed seem sweet at the time to him who knows not true good; (but afterwards) all rank, family property, being lost, (they say) that he will live in all misery and disgrace.

Wherefore we affirm better and more truly that those ways are two, of heaven and hell, because immortality is placed before the just, and eternal punishment before the unjust.

Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos,
Surgentem dextro monstravit limite callem.

Perfus, Sat. iii. l. 56, 57.

But you have pass'd the schools; have studied long,
And learn'd the eternal bounds of Right and Wrong,
And what the Porch, (by Mycon limned, of yore,
With trowered Medes) unfolds of ethic lore,
Where the shorn youth, on herbs and porridge fed,
Bend o'er the midnight page, the sleepless head:
And sure, the letter where, divergent wide,
The Samian branches shoot on either side,
Has to your view, with no obscure display,
Marked, on the right, the strait, but better way.

Gifford's Perfus, Sat. iii. l. 99—108.

Quumque iter ambiguum est et vitæ nescius error
Diducit trepidas ramosa in compita mentes.

Ibid. Sat. v. l. 34.

Pythagoræ bivium ramis pateo ambiguis Y.

Aufonius, Idyl. 348-9.

² See Woodcut XII.

mouth, the use of which she thus describes:—

¹This sharp sawe in verray dede
Wych that callyd is hatred
And with thys sawe tak hed her to
Ys I sawe and kut a two
Perfyt loue and unyte
Concord and fraternyte
Off charyte and allyaunce
Maad also dysseveraunce
Yt cut a two ech vertu
In Jacob and Esu
Thow mayst se a playn sygure
Yiff thou rede the scrypture
Thys sawhe made hem gon assonder
The ton her the tother yonder
And long tyme assonder were
And thys sawh also I bere
As thow fest her in my mouth
Wher ever I go both est and south
Off entent be well certeyn
Whan ever I pray or shold seyn
My pater noster nyght or day
Than I sawh mysylff away
Ffrom the hooly trynyte
I preve ^a yt as thow mayst se
I pray God off entencyoun
Off my synnes to han pardoun
Evene lyk to my focour
As I forgyve my neighebour
In my prayer ek I sette
That he forgyve me my dette
As I forgyve folk thoffence
That to me dyde vyoncience
And to conclude yiff yt be souht
I forgyve her off ryht nowht

Than must yt folwe off equyte
My prayere ys ageyns me
To ward my sylff by mortal lawe
Wrongly I tourne thys ylke sawhe
In the wych ys no profyt
Worshepe honour but fals deltyt
But gret damage and harm ful ofte
And he that sholde stonde aloftte
Holdynge thys sawhe thys the caas
He ys benethe and stonde most baas
In sygne wheroff who lyft knowe
Sathanas he ys most lowe

Wrath also carries a hawk, representing *Murder*, with which she girds her agents—citing, for example, Barabbas,^b and the tyrants who formerly put the martyrs to death.

“ Beste fauuaige non pas hom
Cil est qui porte ce fauchon ;”

“(A wild beast, and not a man, is he who bears this hawk.)”

Wrath warns the Pilgrim to defend himself against her assaults; to which he answers, that he will resist unto the death.^c

Descending the hill whence he had come, he then perceives *Tribulation*, who commands him to lay down his staff and protect himself with his shield and sword. She tells him that she carries the instruments for forging—only requiring an anvil upon which to forge him a crown—the crown of life;^d and that his not possessing this, renders him in peril of being destroyed by the first stroke of her hammer, which is *Persecution*^e—by which Job was severely tried, and by which those who are not

¹ Et est celle see ^f nommee ^g
Ffayne de laquelle est ffee
Union de fraternite
Et alliance dunite
En iacob et en esau
Tu en as la figure veu
Je les siay et les desfionets
Et lun de lautre enuyoy loinge
Aussi ay ie maint autre fait
Dont racompter auroit trop plait
Aux dens ceste see ie porte
Afin que se la pater noistre
Je dy que ie soie bien ffee

De dieu le pere et separee
Car quant le pry quil ait mercy
De moy et me doint tout ainsi
Mes meffais comme les pardonne
Et qua nully ie ne pardonne ^h
Bien scay que contre moy ie prie
Et deuers moy tourne la sie
En ceste sie a si trespeu
De bien de louenge et de preu
Que qui la tient et maistre en est
Au dessoubz et au plus bas est
En signe que le fathenas
Le tendra en la fosse bas

* Prove.

^b Mark xv. 7.

^c Col. iii. 6.

^d 1 Pet. i. 6, 7.

^e 2 Tim. iii. 12.

^f f. lxi. b.

^g Matt. v. 22.
Gen. xxvii. 41.

^h Matt. vi. 12.

^a Prov. i. 32.
¹ Chron. xxi. 1.
Job ii. 7.

^b Job i. 21.
Rom. v. 3.
Eccl. xxxv. 20.
Psal. lxxi. 20.

^c Vitell. C. XIII.
f. 241.

^d Tonges.

^e Stars.

^f Vitell. C. XIII.
f. 241, b.

^g f. lxvii. g.

^h Ps. cxvi. 3, 4.
Hab. iii. 16.

ⁱ Job vi. 10.

well armed are confounded, even unto the death.^a The Pilgrim remembers that St. Bernard had advised him in all trouble to resort for aid to the Virgin Mary, to whom he makes his prayer. *Tribulation* then ceases to assault him, finding he has not given up his staff, and has fought a good and sure refuge.^b

How much more scriptural than this is Bunyan's "key of promise," which unlocks the door of *Doubting Castle*!

Tribulation describes herself in De Guileville, as being like the wind which scatters some of the falling leaves and drives others into various corners for refuge, and speaks as follows:—

'Som like leavys I whirl away ^c
Wych by the ground ful lowe lay
But thoro my commissioun
I ha tourned them up se doun
And many another ek also
With my trouble and with my wo
And with my toonges ^d I hem chace
Agayn the Lord whann they trespace
That I cause hem for to flee
To God on hem to han pyte
And some I have ek caused offte
To flen up to the sterre ^e aloftte
To whom thow fleddyſt with gret labour
Ffor to have of hym succour
Comfort and consolacioun

Ageyn al tribulacioun

* * * * *
I have to the
Partly declaryd myne offys
As thou mayſt fele yiff thou be wys
Without any gret outrage
Don to the or gret damage
Withouten any wordes mo
A dieu farewel for I wyll go
And be war in thy passage
That thou do well thy pylgrymage
And in thy way be iuft and stable
Lych a pylgrym good and hable

The Pilgrim then prays that God will guard him from any worse evil, for he feels that he has no power in himself, that his only reliance is on his staff (faith); but that as *Tribulation* has threatened to return again, he cannot trust his own heart should she do so, for it is wavering, and only too ready to follow different designs, and he proceeds in the following words:—

* And as I stood allone al fool
Gan compleyne and make dool
Havyng no thyng up on to reste
Save as me fempte for the beste
I lenede me on my bordoun
For thogh that Tribulacioun
Wer departyd in certeyn
She sayde she wolde kome ageyn

1 TRIBULATION.^g

¶ Je suis dist elle tout ainsi
Que le vent qui maine a labry
Et destourne les fueilles cheues
Ou les rachasse vers les nues ^h
A refuge tay fait aler
Et vers les nues regarder
Qui es une fueille seichee
Et deieetee et defuoyee
En cestuy chemin maleureux
Ou nest pas (dont meschief est) seulz
Ceulx qui bien ne vont ie rauoye
Et point aife ie ne feroye
Jusqua ce que trouue auoient
Ung destour ou fe musieroient
* * * * *
Les vngs chaffe a la pitie dieu
Ou a grace qui tient son lieu
* * * * *

Mon devoir iay fait a present
Sans oultrage tredoulement
Ailleurs ie vois va bon chemin
Com doit faire bon pelerin

2 LE PELERIN.

Or me garde dieu de pis auoir
Car en moy nay aucun pouoir
Ne sur moy rien ou ie me fie
Fors le bourdon ou ie mapuye
Se tribulation sen va
El dit bien quelle reuiendra
Se ne me tiens a mon refuy
Ou me suis mis et mon abry
Mais certes ie voy bien et scay
Que tenir ie ne my pourray
Pour mon cuer qui trop volaige est
Et a diuers propos tost prest
Ainsi comme feul meditant
Men aloye mon frain rongeant
Vng val pfond en vng boscaige

But I wherefo I woke or slepte
With my refuge ay I me kepte
To have by hyr protecioun
Ageyn ech tribulacioun
But for that I by gret owtrage^a
Was of my port wylde and savage
Dyvers^b of my condycioune
And al day turnyng up and down
Full of chaunge and doubylnesse
Having in me no stabynesse
And whyl I wente thus musyng
Withinne myselff ymagynynge
I fyll anoon in my passage
In to a woode ful savage
Me thouthe the weye peryllous
And by to pass encombrous
I knew not what was leste to doone
For in a woode a man may foone
Loe hys weye and gon amys
But he be war^c and thus yt ys
As pylgryms know wel ech on
That on pylgrymage gon
Passage they fynde narew and streyt
Brygantys lyn ek in aweyt
And wylde bestys many on
Tassayle pylgrymes wher they gon

Bunyan expresses a similar idea thus:—
“ Now at the end of the Valley of *Humiliation* was another, called the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and *Christian* must needs go through it, because the way to the Celestial City lay through the midst of it. Now this valley is a very solitary place; the prophet Jeremiah thus describes it: ‘A wilderness, a land of deserts and of pits, a land of drought, and of the shadow of death; a land that no man (but a Christian) passeth through, and

where no man dwelt.’ (*Jer* ii. 6) . . . About the midst of this valley I perceived the mouth of hell to be, and it stood also hard by the wayside. Now, thought *Christian*, what shall I do? And ever and anon the flame and smoke would come out in such abundance, with sparks and hideous noises, (things that cared not for *Christian’s* sword, as did Apollyon before,) that he was forced to put up his sword, and betake himself to another weapon, called ‘All-Prayer,’ (*Eph.* vi. 18.) so he cried in my hearing, ‘O Lord, I beseech Thee, deliver my soul.’ (*Psalms* cxvi. 4.) Thus he went on a great while; yet still the flames would be reaching towards him: also he heard doleful voices, and rushings to and fro; so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or trodden down like mire in the streets. This frightful sight was seen, and these dreadful noises were heard, by him for several miles together; and, coming to a place where he thought he heard a company of fiends coming forward to meet him—he stopped, and began to muse what he had best to do. Sometimes he had half a thought to go back; then again he thought he might be half way through the valley; he remembered also how he had already vanquished many a danger, and that the danger of going back might be much more than for to go forward; so he resolved to go on. Yet the fiends seemed to come nearer and nearer—but when they were come even almost at him, he cried out with a most vehement voice, ‘I will walk in the strength of the Lord God;’ so they gave back, and came no farther.”

¹ After his encounter with *Tribulation*, the Pilgrim is assailed by *Avarice* and *Necromancy*,

Horrible lait et moult fauaise
Vy deuant moy par ou passer
Me conuenoit fauant aler
Je vouloye dont efbahy fu
Car par bois on a tost perdu
Sa voye et mains perilz y sont
De pelerins qui tous feulz vont
Larrons et mains beffes fauaises
Souuent en croz et tapinaiges

Y font pour nuire aux trespassans
Et leur faire destourbiers grans

¹ The narrative from this point is taken from the MS. Tiberius A. vii. of which mention has already been made. Vitellius C. xiii. is unfortunately lost after the meeting of *Tribulation* with the Pilgrim; but the story is continued in Tiberius A. viii. (which is also a translation of portions of De Guileville’s “Pélerinage”), and the coloured drawings are facsimiles from the latter MS.

^a By the great violence I had suffered.

^b Restless.

^c Unless he take care.

when a messenger comes, sword in hand, (like *Greatheart*,) to his rescue, and is represented in the illumination as a Crusader, with an escutcheon on his breast, and a red cross, or rood tree in the centre of it—he has then to encounter *Herefye, Sathan, Dame Fortune, Dame Idolatrye, Sorcerye, Scilla, Conspiracyon, Gladnessse of the world, or "world's ffals solace,"* (the *Vanity Fair* of Bunyan;) with each of these he has long colloquies, just as he has in De Guileville's poem.

In his distress, by the side of a great water, he perceives a ship failing towards him, and presently *Gracedieu* lands, and opens a fountain in the rock. In this water he is washed and purified, and she offers him the choice of a refuge in various monasteries; he makes his choice, like De Guileville, of the monastery of *Cisteaux*.

GRACE.

Voy la Cluny voy la Cisteaulx
Voy la Chartreux voy la prescheurs
Voy la croisiez voy la mineurs
Su en vois la de toutes guises

* * * *

^a f. lxvii.

^b Ezekiel v. 17.

^c Daniel vii. 4.

^d Ezek. xxi. 11.

^e Mark ix. 42.

^f Avarice, according to St. Augustin, is an infatiable and depraved lust after vain-glory or anything else.

¹ Agiographie, or Hagiographie, signifies "Holy writings," or "Scriptures," and may have suggested to Bunyan his name of *Evangelist*.

² . . . ainsi que ie descendoye^a
Dedans ce val et aualoye
Une grant vieille desguisee
Et autrement pi faconnee
Que par auant veu ie nauoye
Lors vy qui estoit en ma voye
Et sembloit que la maestdift
Et que courre sus me voulift^b
Nulle tel best en daniel^c
Nainsi faict en ezechiel
Nen lapocalipse ne vy
Et dont autant feusse esbahy
Boiteuse elle estoit et bossue
Et dun groz viel burel vestue
Repetasie de viel penneaulx
De vieux haillons et pendillaux
Ung sac auoit pendu au col
Et bien sembloit que faire vol
El voulift car dedens boutoit
Grain et fer y ensachoit
Sa langue quelle auoit hors traicté
Ne leur contenance ainsi fiere
Luy aidoit moult a dedens mestre
Mais mezelle tout elle estoit
Et sursemee come sembloit
Six mains auoit et deux moingnons

LE PELERIN.

Dame dis ie puis qua chois tuy
Le chasteau de cisteaulx iefly

Or according to the old English translation:—

" Madame quod I whan al ys sought
I have chose off herte and thought
Off cystews in eche syde
In that castel to abyde."

The porter of the gate then fetches him over in a boat. His name is *Drede off God*. He is welcomed by *Charity*. *Lessoun*, who is the *Lecon* or *Conscelliere* of De Guileville, gives him instruction. *Agiographie*¹ shows him a wonderful mirror. These are succeeded by *Obedience, Discipline, Abstinence, Poverty, Chastity, Prayer, Infirmity, Old Age, and Death*.

² On descending into the valley, (after having been attacked by *Tribulation*), the Pilgrim encounters an old woman, disguised in such a manner as he had never seen before, who stood

Deux des mains ongles de griffons
Auoint que moult ie redoubtay
Et quant gy pense peur en ay
En vne de ses autres mains
Ainsi que se deust lymer frains^d
Une lyma taillant tenoit
Et vne balance ou pezoit
Le zodiaque et le soleil
Pour meltre en vente sans rapel
Une escuelle en autre main
Tenoit et vng sachet a pain
En la quinte auoit vng crochet
Et sur la teste vng mahommet
La fixesme main appuyee
Defus la hanche elcopinee
Auoit et souuant la leuoit
Jusqua la langue et la mangeoit
Celle vis ie tantoft venir
Encontre moy pour maffaillir^e

AUARICE.^f

Par mahommet dist elle a moy
Qui est mon dieu en qui ie croy
Je tatendoye a moye lauras
Mal y venis tu y mourras
Meftz ius tescharpe et ton bourdon
Et fay hommaige a mon mahon
Cest celluy par qui suis louee
Saige reputee honnoree



2



in his path and appeared ready to run towards him—he says, “ No such beast is described in Daniel, Ezekiel, or the Apocalypse.” She was lame and humpbacked, clothed in tatters, and having her head covered with old rags ; a bag was suspended round her neck, evidently for the purpose of theft,¹ for she stuffed into it all sorts of fragments ; her tongue was thrust out of her mouth : but her haughty countenance prevented her being able to collect many contributions, and she appeared therefore weak and miserable. She had six hands and two stumps —two of these were furnished with griffin’s claws, which the Pilgrim feared greatly ; in another hand she held a file, just as though she were going to file horses’ bits—and scales, in which she weighed the zodiac and the sun ; in the fourth she held a porringer, (*escuelle*,) and a wallet for bread ; in the fifth a hook—and on her head was a *mawmet*, or idol, of gold and silver—the metals she so much covets, and of which she speaks as follows :—

² AVARICE.

Or est temps que ie te parolle
Finablement de mon ydole^a
Mon ydole est mon Mahommet
Le denier dor ou dargent est
Ou quel lempainte est figuree
Du seigneur de celle contree

Celluy fans qui nul nest prisé
En la terre nauatorise
Celluy par qui sont honorez
Mains grans folz et saiges clamez^c
A luy fault que tu te soubmettes
Et de le feruir tentremetts
Et puis apres honteusement
Mourrit te fault et villement

¹ A similar description is given by Chaucer in the “ Romaunt of the Rose.”—Vide Clarke’s *Ribbes of Chaucer*, vol. ii. p. 278.

“ This *Avarice* held in her hand
A purse which hung by a band
And that she hid and bound so strong
Men must abiden wonder long
Out of the purse ere there came ought
For that ne cometh in her thought
It was not certain her intent
That from that purse a penny went.”

AVARICE.

Now wole I speke of my *mawmet*³
And of myn ydol that is so oold
Made of silver and off gold
In the which I the ensure
Is the ymage and the figure
And the prynce as thow mayst see
Off the lord of the contree

She next fwears to the Pilgrim that by the “ *mawmet*,” which she worships, she will have his life, and commands him to give up his scarf and staff, and to pay homage to her “ *mawmet*,” through whose instrumentality she is accounted wife and honourable ; to which also he must submit himself, and afterwards die miserably.

The Pilgrim inquires her name, to what nation she belongs, and the use of her idol to which she wishes him to render such abject service—for he accounts it unreasonableness^b to serve or pay homage to a “ *mawmet*,” which is blind, deaf, and dumb, he himself being of noble lineage.

Before, however, she consents to answer these questions, or to give him any further information regarding herself, she leads him to the top of a lofty embankment overlooking a wide plain. Here he beholds a large cathedral, built near a court-house,⁴ and fees, as it were, a personified game at chess. There were kings, rooks, knights, &c.—all of them with their

^a Levit. xxvi. 1.
Deut. xii. 3.
¹ Cor. x. 14.

^b Wisdom xiv. 8—11.

^c Eph. v. 5.

² Bunyan’s Demas. (Cf. 2 Tim. iv. 10.)

³ *Mawmet*, or *mammel*, a corruption of the word “ *Mahomet*,” and hence applied to anything worshipped with idolatrous reverence. In De Guileville’s poem the word *mawmet* is called the “ *ydole Mahomet*,” meaning in this case the particular idol worshipped, i. e. “ *money*. ”

⁴ *Eschquier*. This word is thus explained by Roquafort:—“ Lieu ou s’assembloient les commissaires que le Roi, les Princes souverains ou grands vassaux envoyoient dans leurs domaines. Dans la province de Normandie cette cour étoit permanentre, et en 1250 on y portoit appelle des sentences des bailliifs.”—See also Du Cange’s Glossary, sub. voc. “ *Scacarium*. ” The word is introduced here as being radically connected with the game of “ *esches*,” or “ *chess*,” which is described, and the reader will at once recognize in it the origin of our *Court of Exchequer*.

^a Jer. vi. 13.
Psalms lxxix. 1.
Judith vii. 29.

^b Prov. xix. 4.

^c Lament. i. 1.

^d Micah vii. 3.
Matt. vi. 19.
1 Tim. vi. 10.

^e Malachi iii. 5.
Hab. ii. 9.
Psalm lxii. 10.

^f Zech. v. 3.

^g Hosea vii. 1.

^h Exod. xxii. 15
Prov. xi. 26.
Psalm lv. 11.

ⁱ Matt. v. 45.

swords drawn, and charging at each other with great violence. But not even thus were the combatants satisfied, for after having assaulted one another, they rushed savagely with one accord and laid siege to the cathedral—so violently, that no living creature could remain in or near it, and everything around was reduced to the most complete ruin. Upon the Pilgrim's complaining^a to *Avarice* of the destruction of the cathedral, and of the horrible grief and destitution that must be caused thereby, she assures him that in very truth he has himself now seen how that she holds all mankind in subjection,^b that every one pays court to her, and that all kinds of business have reference to her—of this, she adds, Jeremiah prophesied when he said, “How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! how is she become as a widow! she that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary!”^c “Jeremiah knew very well,” she adds, “that all are my pupils—that king, and rooks,¹ (i. e. all potentates,) are subservient to me, and sooner or later all devote themselves to my handicraft.”^d “I am named *Covetousness*,” she continues, “because I covet the riches of others; and *Avarice*, because I guard too well mine own. I have six hands to seize with in six different ways, and to put my prey into my bag. The first is named *Rapine*;^e it seizes and kills pilgrims, and entraps its prey everywhere. My second hand, which is behind

me, robs secretly; it is called *Cut-purse*; it forges seals and signatures—it is a false locksmith and treasurer; this hand despoils the dead, and keeps doors and windows closed till it has gleaned all it wishes for; and if it is the administrator of goods, or the executor of wills, it takes the largest portion to itself—and even those who travel by night are not free from its ravages, being conducted by false guides.^g

“The hand which holds the file is *Usury*;^h it hoards up corn in granaries till it is dear, and then sells it at double the price—it destroys life by little and little.”

The Pilgrim inquires why she weighs the zodiac and the sun?

Avarice replies, that *Gracedieu*² has placed the zodiac round the heavens, and appointed the sun to shine equally for the good of all; but that this was displeasing to her, because she perceived that if she did not take possession of time, so as to regulate the bargains by it, she should be able to accomplish but little work with her file. For this reason, therefore, she had taken possession of the zodiac,³ and had placed the sun in her scales for the purpose of weighing out certain portions of time, according to which she retailed her goods for periods of seven, eight, fifteen days, months, or even years; charging in proportion to the rate of interest to the which her customers were willing to give.

Some conversation then ensues between *Avarice* and the Pilgrim, as to some standing wood

¹ Still keeping up the metaphor of the game at chess, the “rook,” or “castle,” being the next piece in value to the king and queen.

² Grace de dieu iadis assist
Entour le zodiaque et mist
Le soleil pour luire a chascun
Et pour estre au monde commun
A tous veult que general fust
Et que nully faulte nem eust
Or te dy que ce me despleut
Pour mon prouffit qui pas ny geut
Car bien vy que se le nauoye
Le temps et ne laproprioye
A moy bien peu pourroye ouurer
De ma lyme et peu lymer
Par quoy a moy iappropriay
Le zodiaque et vsurpay

Le temps et le soleil men fis
Et en ma balance le mis
Je men suis saigte pezeresse
Et par mon poix reuenderesse
Par iours le vens et par semaines
Par huitaines et par quinzaines
Par mois et par ans tous entiers
La liure ien vens vingt deniers
Le moys en vends neuf solz on dix
Et la semaine cinq ou six
Et selon que chascun en prent
Selon le poist et le vend

³ The zodiac was, of course, placed in the scales to typify the rate of interest to be charged by the month, each sign corresponding to a month, and the sun, as he completes his course through the zodiac in a year, was to show the rate of interest by the year.



Avarice

XIII



Le nigromancien

XIV



XV



XVI

which had been once offered to the latter by a woodman, at a very cheap price. To this *Avarice* replies, that the woodman, no doubt, wanted ready money, and therefore sold the wood standing, and at a low price; but that if the Pilgrim had waited for another year, the woodman would have asked him more—because the growth of the wood, and, consequently, its value, would have by that time increased. Hence in old times, she adds, wood was measured after it had been cut down, and it was sold according to the measure; and this, she says, is legitimate, since interest^a should be charged for time.¹ Wherefore, she does not believe that the woodman would have sold the wood standing to the Pilgrim, and still^b allowed it to stand where it did, without charging him according to the yearly increase of its value in proportion to its growth.

Avarice then goes on to inform the Pilgrim that the hand in which he sees the porringer “is called *Roguery*, and *Mendicancy*;^c it is always crying out for presents, and stuffs its scrip full of meat, which becomes foul and tainted before it can be consumed: it is ever begging for bread in the name of God—never paying for anything which it uses, or returning any courtesy that it may have received: it labours to support itself by shameful methods; and it is that which causes me to be clothed and covered with rags—for it pays no attention to anything but keeping fast hold of boxes, bottles, or anything else it can beg. This hand leads me to shady spots, where passengers, pilgrims, and grandees are in the habit of passing, and I obtain alms from some of them by feigning great distress, from others by pretending to be crippled, and in various other ways; but still, even although I have plenty, I curse them for not giving me more. This hand of mine also teaches gentlefolks how to beg—for they, too,

know very well the art how to appropriate and secrete matters in their large gloves which they wear for hawking, and they know very well, too, how to take them off when they would filch anything. Thus they go, without shame or hesitation, to the monks, and beg for leather for their hawks’ hoods, and for their dogs’ leashes, choose garments, blankets, horses, chariots, ploughs, and many other things—all of which they sometimes pretend to borrow, but take good care never to return.^d And when they ask for these things, not only will they take no excuse from the monks for not lending them, but are even angry at being denied; as if, forsooth, the poor monks were only interested to supply them with means of living. You may suppose, then, how dear I am to the nobles, since it is I who supply them with the receptacles for that which they have begged; and how much, now that they have adopted this novel method of obtaining their living, they reverence me, since they are willing to serve me, even grey-haired old hag that I be.

“The hand with the crook,” she continues, “formerly belonged to Simon Magus, and to Gehazi, who made me a present of it; but the crook was given to me by the former. Now the letter S, which is the first letter of his name, is shaped like a crook; and this shows that I am the abbess of an ancient and dishonest abbey, which is called *Simony*,^e from Simon. This hand it is which admits robbers into the household of Christ Jesus, and false^f shepherds into his fold—men who for the sake of temporal gain would thrust aside and depose God’s grace, and who are ever ready to chaffer with the highest bidder. But in such transactions there must be two parties—the buyer and the seller. Now, the sellers are called *Gebazites*,^g and the buyers *Simonites*, although the latter term generally comprehends both classes.² Such

¹ This is, of course, a sophistical argument used by *Avarice* to deceive the Pilgrim, by confounding the word “interest” with “usury”; for although the former, according to an equitable rate, was allowed even by the Mosaic law, the latter was strictly forbidden by

it. (See Levit. xxv. 34—37; Neh. v. 7; Psal. xv; Ezra xviii. 8; *et alibi*; and Cf. Matt. xxv. 29.)

² This curious distinction is made because Gehazi wished to receive a gift from Naaman as the purchase-money or price for his cure, (See 2 Kings v. 20—27.)

^a Isaiah xxiv. 2.

^b Lev. xxv. 23—27.

^c Luke vi. 30.
Prov. xxviii. 20.

^d Ecclesiasticus xii. 2
—4.
Deut. xxiii. 12.

^e “*Simonia est studiosa voluntas emendi vel vendendi aliquid spirituale.*”

^f John x. 1—16.

^g “*Giezi in veteri testamento et Symon Magus in novo fuerunt Symoniaci.*”

as these would even sell Jesus Himself for ever so small a sum, and are even worse than Judas, for when he saw that he had acted wickedly he restored the price he had received; but these men will never, by any process of reasoning, be induced to surrender their gains. And if thou wouldest know the reason of this, I give thee to understand that such gains go into the bag which I wear so cunningly round my neck, and which is like a fish-net; for whatever once goes into it, never escapes again.

^a "My sixth hand is cozening, trickery, fraud, and deceit. It is this hand which easily cheats the unsuspecting dealer, or deceives the wary by using false weights^a and thus acting contrary to the law of God. This also it is which palms^b off colours which will not stand, sells bad linen for good, and unsound horses for sound. It travels round the villages, exposing fictitious shrines and saints to the simple population, and thus obtains money falsely from them. At

^a Prov. xx. 10.
—23.

^b Prov. xi. 9.

^c Ps. xxxvii. 14.

^d Jeremiah xxiii.
11—13.

other times, in order to bring gain to the priests, it takes old images, in the heads of which it pours oil, wine, or water, which descends to the bottom, and then the image is said to perspire, and a miracle to have been worked, which gets exaggerated until the image becomes renowned: then I go to any needy rogue, and induce him to pretend that he is maimed, or deformed, or blind, or deaf, and he presents himself to the image and prays to it to restore him; and when the spectators behold him found again, not knowing that his maladies were all assumed, they think that a miracle has been worked, and this brings gain to the priest of the image. Again, when dead children are brought to be baptized, I cause them to be laid upon an altar which appears quite solid, but in reality is hollow inside; then, by certain subterranean passages, I cause burning charcoal to be introduced beneath, into the cavity which warms the altar, and

whereas Simon Magus offered to give money to Peter and John in order to purchase the power of imparting the Holy Spirit. (See Acts viii. 17—24)

ⁱ Mon autre main dicte est barat
Tricherie tricot hazar
Et si est nomme deceuance
Laquelle de tricher fauance
* * * * *
Moult fait ceste main cy de maulx
Couratiere elle est de cheuaux
Et fait les mauuais bons semblar
A ceulx qui veulent acheter
Souuantefois par le pais
Faulx faintuaires et faintiz
Va monstrant a la simple gent
Pour faullement tiren argent
Autre fois prent en ces monstiers^c
Aucuns ymages qui sont vieilz
Et fait pertuiz dedens leurs testes
Pour faire venir gaing aux prestres
Es pertuiz qua fait huille meet
Ou vin ou eau ce qua plus prest
Afin que quant celle liqueur
Descend a val dicte sueur
Soit et que cest fait par miracle
Et soit renomme tel ymage
Et afin que plus colore
Soit ce miracle et renomme^d
Je men vois aux coquins parler
Et leur faiz faire simuler
Que boistoux ilz soient ou contretraitz
Sours ou metz ou contrefaiz
Et en tel point venir les fas
Deuant lymage et crier las

Saint ymaige garissez moy
Et lors de ma main ie les lieue
Et tous fains en heure tres brieue
Les monstre merueilles nest pas
Car malades ilz neftoient pas
Et seulement mon mal auoient
Que les presens pas ne cuoidoient
Mais cuident que miracle soit
Et que par lymage soit fait
Et par ainsi gaigne le prestre
Et est faicta vne faulse feste
Aucunefois faiz baptizez
Daucuns petiz enfans mors nez
Dessus lautier ie les faiz mectre
Qui ressemble tout massis estre
Mais il est tout creux par dedens
Et par certains soubzterremens
Des charbons ardans ie soubzmeclz
Et lautier eschauffer ie faiz
Qui a lensant donne chaleur
Et puis ie monstre que vigueur
Il ya et dy quil est vivant
Ja soit ce quil soit tout puant
Et tel puant ie le baptize
Et par ainsi a moy iatife
Or et argent a ma prebende
Qui chofe est horrible et horrende
De baptizer vne charoigne
Pitie est quautrement nen soigne
Le prelat en quel euesche
Est fait si horrible peche
Mains autres maulx ceste main fait
Et fera et tous les iours fait

thus imparts heat to the child, and then I declare that it is still alive, and I baptize it. Thus I obtain money for my priests ; and shame and pity it is that the bishops in whose dioceses these foul sins are committed should not take notice of such atrociously disgusting proceedings ; but this hand of mine is and ever will be employed in this and many other similar deeds of wickedness.

" But now I will tell thee why I place this hand on my hip and thence transfer it to my tongue. The former of these I call *Lying*,^a because it has a limp,¹ and the latter *Perjury*.^b Now, deceit is most familiar and friendly with both of these, and willingly betakes itself to them, for deceit cannot be carried on without perjury and lies,^c and these three things in conjunction subvert truth. This, therefore, is the reason why I so often apply this hand to my halting limb, and to my tongue."^d

Avarice then points out at some length to the Pilgrim the various plans and methods in which lying is practised. " Some," she says, " obtain a livelihood by it ; and others exalt themselves by it, inasmuch as they are employed in telling falsehoods^e of their neighbours. It is found in the courts of kings, and advocates at the bar do not disdain to use it when they defend a cause which they know to be bad. My tongue, therefore, like that of a balance, always inclines to that side which is heaviest, and I defend that side which I know will pay me best.

¹ *Esparruain* (*éparvin*), a veterinary term signifying, literally, a " spavin." Hence it is applied to the limping limb of *Avarice*, in consequence of the " lame " excuses and stumbling statements often made by habitual liars.

² This refers, of course, to the monastic rules touching abstemiousness in food, plainness of apparel, &c. which were imposed upon religious houses.

³ i. e. current money bearing the proper government stamps.

⁴ St. Lawrence was born at Rome in the third century, and was made treasurer of the church revenues by Sixtus II. when he ascended the papal chair, A.D. 257. When the Emperor Valerian published his edicts against the Christians, Pope Sixtus was one of the first who suffered martyrdom, and St. Lawrence attended him to the place of execution, lamenting that he was not thought worthy to share the Pope's sufferings. Sixtus, however,

" You perceive also that I am humpbacked ; and this typifies the religion of those who indulge in superfluities instead of living according to proper religious rules,² for the hump signifies superfluity. Hence a rich man^f is likened to that humpbacked animal the camel, which cannot pass in by a narrow entrance on account of the bulk on his back.^g And thus sometimes religious people miss the narrow way to life ; for even although they came naked into the world, and for some years live frugally, yet many of them learn to indulge in superfluities until they become humped, and that so incurably (for it is the nature of this hump that nothing can cure it) that they can never retrace their steps so as to become truly religious again.

" And lastly, my idol whom I worship is gold or silver^h bearing the mark of the sovereign of the country. It is a divinity which is often wrapped in swaddling-clothes, in order that it may be concealed ; sometimes, too, it is hidden in beds or secreted in holes, corners, or cabinets—nay, even buried in the earth amongst the field-mice. It frequently blinds people, and makes them look downwards towards the ground. This, too, it is which makes men humpbacked like I am. This my idol is generally loved so much that he is lauded like a god upon earth, and I endeavour by all possible means to gain his favour and make him dwell with me. On his account St. Lawrence was broiled upon charcoal,ⁱ because he

predicted that St. Lawrence would not be long in following him ; and, foreseeing the rapine which was about to commence, commanded him to sell the sacred vessels and sacred deposits which were in his hands, and to distribute the money amongst the poor. Upon hearing of this the city prefect ordered St. Lawrence to appear before him, and bring with him all the church treasures which were in his keeping. The saint obeyed the order ; but instead of gold and silver, he took with him all the poor old men, widows, and orphans whom he had relieved—a deed which so enraged the prefect that he ordered him to be broiled on a gridiron over a charcoal fire. The saint bore this frightful torture with great composure, and died praying for his murderers. His martyrdom took place August 10, 258, on which day his feast is kept by the Roman Catholic Church.

^a Psalm v. 6.

^b " Perjurium est nequiter decipere credentem."

^c Levit. xix. 12.

^d Matt. v. 33.

^e Prov. xxvi. 18
—28.

^f Matt. xix. 23,
24.
Mark x. 25.
Luke xviii. 25.

^g " Regulares nil debent habere proprium; et qui nihil habent proprium non possunt facere testamentum."

^a Jer. xv. 17.^b Job xxix. 8.^c Prov. xxviii. 16.^d Coloss. iii. 5.^e 1 Cor. x. 6, 7.^f Wisdom xiv. 8.^g Deut. xviii. 9

—12.

^h 2 Chron. xxxiii. 1—6.

Eccles. i. 15.

Eccl. xii. 13.

ⁱ Tib. A. vii. f.

49.

Verard's Ed. f.
lxxiv.^j Scabbard.^k Cruel.^l Notwithstanding
and in spite
of.^m Art.ⁿ Same.^o Which look at.^p To signify.^q Ezek. xviii. 4.^r Ezekiel xviii.

27, 28.

Rom. vi. 23.

^s Dove.^t Before I was
aware.^u Old woman.

stole him from me. I dote upon him, and play^a at various kinds of games of hazard in order to propitiate him; and therefore, because I love him so much, I command you to regard and serve him. Take care, therefore, what you are about, for if you do not I will persecute you continually."

After *Avarice* has finished this description of herself, *Youth*^b comes forward and declares that she will interpose to rescue the Pilgrim.¹ Upon which *Avarice* abuses^c her, and says, that although she can do nothing against^d him at present, yet she swears by her idol that she will keep her eye constantly upon him, so that she may be able to find him wherever he goes.

The Pilgrim then once more proceeds upon his journey, until he enters a vast forest, where, as he is passing along, he hears a loud voice uttering cries in a language quite unknown to him. Upon advancing further he perceives that these sounds proceed from a person who stands in his path brandishing a large unsheathed sword, apparently ready to slay him therewith. He tells the Pilgrim he must immediately go and speak with his mistress.^e As he was standing in the midst of the road in a large circle marked with a great many figures and bore the signet of a king, the Pilgrim was much rejoiced when he saw him, supposing him to be one of the king's messengers. Under this impression, he asks him what had made him cry out so loud in that strange language?^f and who that mistress was to whom he had alluded? and for what purpose he was to appear before her?^g Upon this the other lifts up his finger, and points out to the Pilgrim a large tent standing on the left of him. It was black as charcoal, and on the top of it there was a nest, and a raven fluttering with its wings and croaking. In front of it he beheld

² NECROMANCY.

^g Off whom I greetly was afferd^h

¹ The reason of *Youth's* undertaking to rescue the Pilgrim is, of course, because avarice is generally regarded as the vice of Old Age.

² See Woodcut XIV. and coloured drawing B.

In the mydde of a book shee helde a swerd
Other scawbeckⁱ had shee noon
And as I byhelde anoon
Sche hadde in sothe as thought me
Large whynges ffor to fle
And by a maner ffelonye^k
Sche began loude ffor to crye
And me manasynge off pryde
Bade me that I schulde abyde
And ellis^l mawgrey al my myght
I schulde not skape out off her syght
Till I hadde in partie
Somewhat seyne of her maystreye^m
And towarde me her look shee caste
And gan to come up on ffull faste
But as shee kam it sempete me
That shee fate hygh upon a tre
And pleynly gan to speceffye
Hir name was " Necromancye "
Whiche by my crafte in substance
Whan folke encresse and wel chaunce
That bee in my subiecyoun
And lyste to learne my lessoun

This ilkeⁿ Book wolte se^o
Is caldy " Mors Animæ "
Whiche is in Englysche ffor to^p seyn
Deth of the sowle incertayne^q
And this nakyd swerd whiche I hoolde
As thou mayste thisilfe byholde
Therewith ffor schorte conclusyon
Whanne thew haftē herde my lessoun
There with thow schal^r slayne be
And thus shee gan manasfe me
Where off I stood in ffull greet drede
But off grace as I toke hede^r
A white dowve^s I dyde se
Ifleen fodeynely towardes me
But with me where as I stood
Sche ne made no longer abood
And I ne made no greet delay
But wente fforthe upon my way
And I mette or I was war^t
An oolde oon^u whiche that ffagot bar



Upon her bak and eke thereto
In her hand sche heelde also
A peyre cyfours sharpe igrundre
And to me ward as sche was bounde
Sche bad ffor schorte conclusyoun
Ffor to leye my skryppe adoun
And gan upon me ffor to frowne
Lowde cryde hyr lyte not rowne^a

¹ HERSEYE.

Ffor but thou leye here adoun
I schal to thi confusyoun
Schape the skryppe off newe array
Ffor it is not to my pay
I schal it kutte in other wyse
Lyche as my sylven lyte devyse^b

The PYLGRYME.

Thow oolde vekke^c as femeth me
That thow mayste not clerely se
Wherrefore me lyte^d by thi byddyng
Ffor to do no maner thyng
But zeve to fforne^e I know and se
Thy power and thyn autorite
Thy werke also and thyne office
I wol ffirste knowe in myn avyce

HERSYE.

Ffor pleynly off lasse^f and more
Evene after my fadris lore
I wole off bothe ffalsē and trewe
The skryppes kutte and schape newe
Off pylgrymes greet and smale
Kutte hem alle on pecys smale
Ffor it was I my filse allon
That schope the skryppes zere agon^g
Ffirste off this Pellaigens
And also off these Arryens
And off other seftys newe
I founde ffalsē and untrewe
As oolde bokes specifife
Ffor I am called "Heresye"
The whiche do away^h my labour
To bringe ffolke in greet errour

That ffolke my condysouns
Only by ffalsē oppynyouns
Make her hertis to declyne
Ffro the trouthe off juste doctrine
And cause hem ffor to do their cure
And mysⁱ to expown holy scripture
And trewely nadde bene^k
The great councayle at Nycene
Ordayned by greet Constantyn
And nadde ben also Augustyn
And many other greet doctours
Ffor to anulle myn errours
The skryppes off holy churche echon
I have ffordon^l full zere a goon
Off pylgrymes that passe by the way
Sythen goon fful mane aday
And zit^m I schal what so by ffaleⁿ
Assayl the among them alle
And myn oolde purpos holde
In fyre though that I brenne^o shulde
I wold my wythes^p alle applye
Hardy with obfynacye
Contynue til the fyre be hoot
Thereffore I beere thys ftagot
And ffirste thou schalte me not escape
But newe I wole thy skryppes schape
Or ellis I dar undertake
That thou schalt it here fforfake^q
And leve it with me utterly
My ffader is here ffaste by
Whiche hathie power as thou mayste se
And bothe upon londe and see
Thow shalt not ikape hyn in certayne
But with daunger and greet Payne

The PYLGRYME.

Myne eyen then I gan unffolde
And anoon I gan byholde
In the weye me byfforne
An^z hunte stood with his horn
Off chere^r and look ryght pervers
And the passage in travers
With cordes he gan it overleyne
Frette with nettys alle the pleyne

^a She cried loudly, do not run.

^b Just in the shape I please.

^c Woman.

^d Why I do not choofe.

^e Unless before-hand.

^f Lefs.

^g Years ago.

^h Always.

ⁱ Fail.

^k There was need of.

^l Destroyed.

^m Now.

ⁿ Whatever else happen.

^o Burn.

^p Wits.

^q Titus iii. 9—
^r II.

^s Mien.

¹ See Woodcut XV. coloured drawing D.

² See Woodcut XVI. coloured drawing C.

Appendix.

^a Despite of.^b Unleſſ.
² Sam. xxii. 5,
6.^c Stoppage, ar-
rest.^d Pleading.^e Frightened.^f Freeze.^g Every one.^h Unhappy.
The reading in
the text is con-
jectural, as the
two words are
entirely oblite-
rated in the MS.
Jeremiah xviii.
22.

And he brought in hys companye
The ffalſe vekke herysye
And that men ſchulde hym not knowe
His horne he gan fful lowde blowe
As it were to cacche his pray
Ryght ſo he blewe on the way
And his daughter heresyſe
The paſſage to kepe and guye
That I ſchulde not in no syde
Ffrom ther damage my ſylfe provyde
And trewely as I have ſayd
The nettys were fo narewe layd
In londe on water and in the hayr
That I myght haue no repayr
To paſſe freely that paſſage
It was fo fful off mortal rage
Off daunger and adverſitie
That but yiff that I amydded the ſee
Durſte fwymme ther was no way
Ffor me to paſſe nyght nor day
And there he dyde alſo malygne
To leyne out nettys and affigne
There to ſtoppen my paſſage
So that I ffonde noon avauntage
From his dawngere to declyne
Ffor many a hook and many a leyne
Were caſte in to that peryllous ſe
Off entente to letten me
That mawgre ^a alle my force and myght
But zeve ^b I koude fwymme aryght
Amonge the wawys feerſe and ffelle
I muſte under his daunger dwelle
But ffyrſte while he his trappys leyde
Unto the hunte thus I ſayde

The PYLGRYME.

Hunte quod I tell me now
What maner officere art thou
Whiche lyggeſte on the way
Unlawefful to cacche pray
Thus to make thyn arēſtis ^c
Namely on the kynges beſtis
I trow thou haueſte no lycence
Ffor to don ſo greet offence

I dar afferme eerly and late
Swych hunteſ the kyng doth hate
And it feemyth by thi manere
Off his thow art noon officere

The HUNTE.

Quod he what makyste thow fwycbe ſtryff
Thow art wonder inquityff
Befy also by argument
To hoolde with me a parlement
By langage and longe pleyngē ^d
Ffor though I longe not to the kyng
And thow conceyue aryght I wys
Som tym I was oon off his
And though I have no congē
Off hym to hunte in thiſ conte
He ſuffryth me here in thiſ place
At hiſ beſtis ffor to chace
And affaute on hem to make
And whanne that I by force hem take
Be it by day be it by nyght
I cleyme hem to ben myn off ryght

The PYLGRYME.

And while I herde alle hys resouns
And ffoward oppynyounſ
Myn herte abafchyd ^e gan to colde ^f
Namely whaune I gan byholde
Pylgrymes by greet aduersite
Fful many oon fwymme in the ſe
And they were clothyd everychon ^g
And ſom off hem I ſawe anoon
Ther feete reversed upſodown
And ſom in myn inspectyoun
Swamme forth fful clene and ryght
And ſom hadde whynges ffor the flyght
That afforcyd hem fful ofte
Ffor to flowe fful hygh aloſſte
And though ther purpos was fo ſette
The ſee hath hem fful ofte lette
Som by the feete were bounde ſtronge
With knottys off herbys longe ^h
And ſom with wawys wood and rage
Were [ſo ^h un-]ſweat in their vyſage

¹ See coloured drawing E.



That they loften look and syght
And ffble were off fforce and myght
And by dyuerse apparylle
The rage so gan hem assayle
In many another dyverse wyse
Mo than I may as now devyse

The HUNTE.

I do ffyl wel quod he espye
Where on thou castyste so thyne eye
Ffor alle thi wyles and thi jape^a
Thow schalt not so ffro me eskape
I schal the cacche by som crook
I haue leyde ffor the las^b and hook
As thow mayste thy sylven se
Thow schalt not skapen by this se

The PYLGRYME.

Telle me anoon and lye nougħt
As it lythe ryght in thy thought
These pylgrymes alle that I se
Who hath thus putte hem in thy see

The HUNTE.

Is not thys quod he anoon
An high way for ffolke to goon
There by alle day in ther vyage
Swych as goon on pilgrymage
I hadde not ellis as I haue sayde
Myn hookis and my nettis leyde
To cacche alle in thy place
Ffolke that fforby here do pace
Ffor this greet large see
Whiche that thow here doſt se
It is the worlde ay ffyl of trouble
Fful of many wawys dowble
And ffyl off woo and grete torment
In whiche ffyl many a man is ſchent^c
With bellewys blowe on every fyde
Which that myne owne daughter prydē
Is wonte with hir ffor to bere^d
Good pylgrymes ffor to dere^e
And many a pylgryme thow mayste se
Swymme in this perelous see
Som off hem whiche is not ffayre^f
Ther ffeet han upward in the ayre

And alle swyche zeve thow lyſte ſe
Ben thylke ffolke that charged be
With the fac of covetyſe
And overlade in many wyſe
That they to fwymme be not able
Ther burthen is ſo importable
Whiche by ffalſe affeyoun
Ploungeth her heedes low adoun
Under the wawys off this world here
That they may not in no manere
Swymme ffor the hevynesse^g
That they bere off grete rychesſe^g
Other ther ben that fwymmen ryght
And haue eke wynges ffor the flyght
And they ben ffolkes whiche in this lyffe
In herte ben contemplatiffye
In wordely thyngh haue no plesaunce
Save in ther bare sustenaunce
For this world ther joye is nougħt
For alle ther herte and alle ther thought
And ffynal truſte off ther workynge^h
Is fette upon the heuenly kynge
But ffor alle that I the affure
In this ſee they muſt endure
Bodey by greet penaunce
In hevene hemſylfſe to avaunce
And ffor the lawe off Crist ihū
They make hem whynges off vertu
To fleen by clene affeyoun
To the heuenely manſyounⁱ
Whiche greetly diſplefeth me
Theder whaune I ſe hem ffe
Swyche ffolke reſemblen alle
Un to a bryd that clerkes calle
Ortigometra^k in ther bokys
And this bryd caſte in his lokys
Tofforne hym prudently to ſe
Whanne he ſchal fwymme in the ſee
This ffoul hath whynges ffor the flyght
Be he anoon off kyndely ryght
Whanne he is very off travayle
And that his feders do hym ffayle
Anoon off his condiscyon
In to the water he ffalleth doun
And thanne to fwymme wole not ffayle
Off his o whynghe he makith a ffayle

^a Cajolery,
mockery.

^b Snare.

^c Sunk.

^d Carry.

^e Annoy or in-
jure.
Pſalm cxlii. 3.

^f Pleasant.

^g Ezekiel xxxiii.
31.

^h Job xxxix. 21.

ⁱ Pſ. xxxvii. 29.

^k Water-quail.

^a In the same short period of time.

^b Jonah ii. 8.
Prov. xvii. 4.
John viii. 44.

^c Prov. xxxi. 30.
James v. 2.

^d Beauty.

^e Like.

^f Blinded.

^g Are often sunk before they are aware of it.

^h Luke xviii. 22.

ⁱ Forgiveness.

^k Delay or hesitation.

^l Yet.

^m 1 John iii. 10.

ⁿ Make war against.

^o Tib. A. vii. f. 55.

^p 1 Chron. xxi. 1.

^q Cease.

^r Dominion or subjection.
Eccles. ix. 12.
Hab. i. 15.

^s Tib. A. vii. f. 56, b.

^t Epistles.
1 Pet. v. 8, 9.

Appendix.

Amonge the sturdy wawys alle
To keep hym saffe that he not falle
Til he resume ageyne his myght
Off acustom to take his fflyght
Thus ffoundemel ^a ye may hym se
Som tyme fwymme som tyme flee
In bokys as it is iffounde
But they that haue ffeet ibounde ^b
With herbes and with wedes greene
That they may not aryght sustene
Newther to swymme nor to flee
They be so bounden in the see
Off wordely delectacyoun
In ther inwarde affectyoun
Ffor alle ther hool ffelicheite
Is sette in verrey prosperite
Off the world and in rychesse
Fful off chaunge and dowblenesse
With whyche they be sore bounde
That her soulis yt wole confounde
Ffor they haue power noon nor myght
Newther to swymme nor fseen aryght
So sore the world doth hem constreyne
That it were to hem greet peyne
Her hertes fro the world to unbynde
And som also be makyd blynde
Ther eyen cloos they may not se
Ffor to confidere the vanyte
Off this worldis ffalise veyne glorie ^c
Evere onsure and transitorye
And fful off motabyte
Whyche shewith to hem fful greet bewete ^d
By maner off apparence
But it is ffalise in existence
That is fful ffoul doth schewe ffayre
Lyche ^e afflour that doth apayre
Whanne it is plukked and leyde lowe
Or with som sodeyne wynde iblowe
Whyche bewete as wryte Salomoun
Is but a ffalise deceiptyoun
And ffolkes that beth therewith blente ^f
Or they be war beth offte schente ^g
For lak ther eyen be not clere
Eke som ther fwymis as ze may lere
With hand and armys stretchyd out ^h
Swyche as parte good aboute

To pore ffolkes that haue neede
And swyche unkynde her ffeete in deede
From wordely dilectacyoun
And off devout entencyoun
By councel off her confessoure
And bynde her ffeet by greet laboure
Ffor to goon in ther vyages
Barffote to feke pylgrymages
Off ther synnes to haue pardoun
Fforgevenesse ⁱ and remyssyon
Whanne ther menyng trewley
Is voyde ffrom al ypcryfy
And thus as now without slouth ^k
To the I haue tolde the trouthe
And trewely zit ^l overe alle thyng
I hate trowthe in my working ^m
And off malys bothe day and nyght
Werrey ⁿ trouthe with al my myght

^o By neme called I am Sathan ^p
The whiche as ffer as evere I kan
I worke in myne entencyon
Ffor to cacche in my bandoun
Alle pylgrymes as thow mayest se
That fwymmen in the wawy see
Off this world ful off disseyte
And evere I lye in greet awayte
And no moment I ne ffyne ^q
For to leyne out hook and lyne
My lyne by demonstracyon
Icalld is temptacyoun
And whanne that ffolke in ther entente
Off herte and wille thereto confente
Thanne on myn hook by false awayte
They be icacched with the bayte
And thanne by fful mortal lawe
To my bandoun ^r I hem drawe
I lay out nettes nyght and day
In water and londe to cacche my pray

* * * * *
I am a f foulere eke som whyle
Ffor alle that high or lowe goon
I make nettes ffor everych oon

* * * * *
Ffor as saint Petre lyste endite ^s
And in his pystelys ^t ffor to wryte



XVII



Sétaire ou esbatement mondain XVIII



XIX



Draison

XX

I go and ferche day and nyght
 With all my force with all my myght
 Lyche a ravenous lyoun
 Ffor to devour up and down
 Alle ffolkys zonge^a and oolde
 That lambre^b be of cristis ffoolde

* * * *

And I warne the outerly
 Thow shalt not lyghtely zeve I may^c
 Fro my daunger skape away

The PYLGRYME.

Wher thou be wel or yvel mayd^d
 In the wordes that thou hast sayd
 I haue founden a greet dyffence
 To make ageyne the resistence
 And conceyue it in my thought
 Blowe thyne horne and spare nought
 Ffor thou schalt ffayle zeve that I may
 To make off me schortely the waye
 And to be more strong in vertu^e
 Wit the crois of Crist ihū
 And off his grace most benyngne
 I can me crossen and eke sygne
 Ffor to assyure my passage
 Ageyne his laafs^f so fful of rage
 And by my crossyng I anoon
 Gan to passe hem everichon
 They hadde no power ffor to laste
 Ffor by the vertu they to brafte^g
 And I anoon gan ffaste ffee
 And wolte haue taken anoon the see
 But long or I entre myght
 And as *Sathan* of me hadde a syght
 He gan to crye so stood the cas
 Out and anoon allas allas

* * * *

The PYLGRYME answereth to SATHAN:—

O *Sathan* thi displesaunce
 Was to me fful greet pleasaunce
 Releuynge me off my distresse
 I took ther off greet hardynesse
 Made as tho no lenger lette
 I spared newther hook nor nette

But trustyng in conclusyoun
 Upon my skrippe and my burdoun
 And there upon I byleued me
 Whanne I entryd in to the see
 And in swymmynge to be more stalle
 Methought my skrippe profitable
 To kepe me sure in herte and thought
 In my way that I erred nought^h
 Trewely in this dreffful see
 Is gret myscheef and adversyte
 Many a perel I yow ensure
 And many a straunge aventure
 I ffelte there in my passage
 Off wawys and rokkis rage
 And many a tempeste in certeyne
 Off thundrynge lyghtnynge and off reyn
 And other perells that befelle
 That zeve I schulde hem alle telle
 Or the myscheves alle endyte
 They were too longe to wryte
 But while that I in my passage
 Byhelde the see sterne and sauage
 Methought I sawe besyde me
 That there stood a greene treⁱ
 And I was glad alle thilke while
 Wenynge^k there hadde been an yle
 In hope that I schulde londe
 Hafkely up at some strande

* * * *

¹ And evere round as thoughte me
 This whel^l wente abouthe the tre
 Wheroff I astonyd was.
 Whanne I sawe this fodeyn caas
 Upon whiche tre anoon
 I sawgh nestys fful many oon^m
 And brydes that I koude knowe
 Som hygh and som lowe
 Ther nestis made I toke good hede
 Grete and small it is no drede

* * * *

And there I sawe a lady stonde
 Amonge the wylde wawys trouble
 Upon a whel dyverse and double

* * * *

^a Young.

^b Lambs.

^c If I can help it.

^d Whether thou
meanest good or
evil.

^e Pfal. cxxiv. 7.
James iv. 7.
Hofea iv. 12.

^f Snares.

^g Burst asunder.

^h Micah vii. 19.

ⁱ Luke vi. 43.

^k Supposing.

^l Wheel.
Eccl. xxxiii. 5.

^m Jer. xl ix. 16.
Ezek. xxxi. 6.
Prov. xvii. 16.
Hab. ii. 9.

¹ This is a description of “the wheel of Fortune.” See Woodcut XVII. coloured drawing F.

^a Said with sudden emotion.

^b Then.

^c Roused myself.

^d Expound to.

^e To ask me how I govern myself.

^f Laugh.

^g Countenance.

^h White is here put for "lucky." Thus, "cretā an carbonē notandum" was said, among the Romans, to signify a lucky or unlucky day.

ⁱ Scornful grins.

^k Moon.

^l Waiting in every place.

^m Tib. A. vii. f. 62.

ⁿ Bent.

^o Laugh on.

^p Præstise.
Isaiah lxv. 11,
12.

^q At some time or other.

^r f. lxxviii.

Thanne was I greetly agaste
And my burdoun I heelde ryght ffaste
And dyde also greetly my peyne
To grype it with myne hands tweyne
And seyde off sodeyn moscyoun ^a
Bordoun quod I bordoun bordoun
But thow me helpe in this caas
I may wepe and seyne allas
My peynes ben fo scharpe and kene
And but thow helpe to sustene
Myn nown powere and impotence
That I may stonden at diffence
Upon my ffeet and that anoon
Ffarwel my joye is alle goon
But tho ^b thorough helpe off my bordoun
I roos up as a champyoun
But whanne this lady did espye
That I was up sche gan to hye
Ffor to have putte me doun ageyne
And I trow ryght and certeyn
That but I hadde spoken ffayre
And off my porte be debonayre
I hadde ben ffule ffleble of myght
Upon my ffeet to stonde vp ryght
But I abrayde ^c and bade in deede
That sche scholde taken heede
To thilke party that was ffayre
Off hir and putte me fro dispayre
And schewe lyke hir countenaunce
Som comfforte or som plesaunce
And that sche wolde expowne ^d me
What lady that sche schulde be
Hir name hir power every del
Bothe off hir and off hir whel
And off the tre and off the cropp
And off the nestis in the toppe
And do me some avauntage
To furthre me in my vyage

FFORTUNE.

In me schortely to expresse
Ther is no maner stablenesse

¹ Elle vers larbre sen alar
Et desconforte me laissa
Toufours dessus la roe tournant
Et a son mouuement mouuant

Ffor be hereoff ryght wel certeyn
Alle that I worke is uncerteyn
Lyke my dowble contenaunce
I am so fful off variaunce
Thereffore to axe how I me guye ^e
It is no wysdom but ffolye
I worke nothyng in certeynte
But fful off grete duplycye
I am what evere I do provyde
For I lawe ^f on the ryght syde
And schewe a cher ^g off greet delyte
On the party that I am white ^h
Than men me calle glad *fortune*
But no while I do continue
Ffor longe or ffolke may apperceyve
I kan hem sodeynly disfeyve
And make her joye go to wrak
With ffoward mowhes ⁱ at the bak
Thanne I lykened to the mone ^k
Ffolke wole chaunge my name sone
And ffro my whel whanne they are falle
Inffortune they me calle
To ffolke unworthy and not dygne
I am somewhate moste benyngne
Lyggynge awayte in every cooste ^l
Off ffolkes whom that I cherische most
And who that on me sette his luste
I kan disfeye hym off his truste

* * * * *

Off my staff and off my crook ^m
Wronge ⁿ at the eende as is an hook
And whanne I loke with eyen clere
Lawye on ^o and make hem cheer
Thaune ligge I ratheste in awayte
Ffor to don ^p hem som disfeyte
Lo here is al go fforthe thy way
And truste wel zeve that I may
What wey euere that thow go
Or thi pylgrymage be do
Turne it to soure outhier to sweete
Ones ^q I schal with the mee

¹ FFORTUNE IS WALKYD.

Mais assez tost ie tumbay ius
Car tenir ie my peu plus
Helas dis ie que feras ty
Chetif dolent que diras tu





After *Fortune* has left him, the Pilgrim sustains various encounters with vices—personified as usual—until he meets *Worldly Gladness*, which is typified by a revolving tower and a Syren, which he describes as follows:—

* * * * *

* But as I stood thus in awher ^b
And drowh me toward the rever
1 A towre I sawh wylde and savage ^c
And square abouten off passage
Whiche hadde round ffeneastrallys
Perceyd thorough upon the wallys
At whiche hoolys out off doute
Smoke and flawme passed oute
And yet this toure who loke wel
Turned aboute as a whel ^d
Vpon the floodes envyroun ^e
With the wawys vp and doun
Som whyle as I koude knowe
The hyest party was moste lowe
And also eke I sawe fful ofte
The loweste party sette alofte
And thus by transmutacyoun
It turned alway vp so doun
And in this while euere among
I herde a meledyous song
Off oon as I koude vnderstonde
That bare a phetele ^f in his honde
And thys mynstral soth to seyne

Was departyd evene atweyne
From the myddel up a man
Downward as I reherfe kan
A bryd whynged mervellously
With pawmys streynynge mortally ^g
Now this beeste fful savage
Lyke a man off his vyfage
Spake to me fful curteyfly ^h
And thus he feyde muriely ⁱ

GLADNESSE OFF THE WORLD.

Tel on to me and say not nay
What maner solace or what play
Loveste thou beste tel on lat se ^k
And I shal pleyn to forre the
Ffor I kan lyche to thyne entent
Pley on every instrument
Ffor to make lordys cher
Both at chesse and the cheker
The draughthys ther off fful wel I kan
Ye bet then eny other man
And whanne that ylke play ys do
Ffor sheppardes I kan also
At the merels ^l beste of alle
Whanne so that they lyfte me calle
Pype and tabour in the streeete
With lusty folkes whan they meete
At weddynges to do plesaunce
I kan karole well and wel daunce

Or es tu venu a ta fin
Pourquoy fuz onques pelerin
Mieulx il te vaulfist quavorte
Tu eusses este et mort ne
Qui te pourra iamais aider
Qui conseiller qui visiter
Tu as perdu par ta folie
Grace ta tresloyalle amye
Helas tres douce penitence ^m
Pourquoy fis iamais redoubtance
De ton vile haye passer
Pour mes erreurs mediciner
Tes verges et tes disciplines
Tes pointures et tes espines
Maintenant me fussen tincture
A ma grande mesauventure
Helas armeures pour marmer
Toute ma vie regreter
Je vous deuray se ie vy plus
De vous vne fois fuz vestuz
Et aourme moult cointement
Mais las chetif car longuement
Pas ne fu ains tost vous mis ius

Plusieurs maulx men font aduenuz ⁿ
Et maintenant ou assiez tost
Jen feray liure a la mort
Helas sacremens de legilise
Je ne scay sastez ie vous prife
Jay grant doubte quen vain receuz
Ne vous aye qui suis rencheuz
Maintenant tout evanouy
Et en danger destre pery
Et ne me puis estre tenu
A mon bourdon ne soubstenu
Helas ierusalem cite
Ou daler iestio exite
Comment vers toy mexusferay
Et quel responce te feray
Promis ie tauoye en couraige
Que feroye le pelerinaige
A toy pource que ie te vy
Ou bel mirouer et poly
Or suis du tout cy arreste
Ta soit quafsez ie foye tourne

^l See Woodcut XVIII. coloured drawing G.

^a Tib. A. vii. f.
76, b.

^b Longing or de-
fire.

^c Job iv. 16.
Ezek. xxvi. 9.

^d Wheel.

^e Round about.

^f Violin, or gui-
tar.

^g Hands stretch-
ed out like those
of a human
being.

^h Courteously.

ⁱ Merry-mak-
ings.

^k Let us fee.

^l Merry-mak-
ings.

^m Ecclus. xx. 3.

ⁿ 1 Sam. xxxi. 9.

^a Exod. xxxii. 6.^b Always.^c Job i. 6.^d Tower.^e Loſe.^f Seeth.^g Here.^h Sweet.ⁱ Jer. xv. 17.^k Fiddle.^l Island.^m Confusion.ⁿ In company.^o f. lxxxvii. b.^p Psal. lxxix. 9.
Prov. iii. 5.

In euer play I do excelle
 And it were to longe to telle
 The disportes and the playes^a
 That I vſe on somer dayes
 My joye is al in myrthe and game
 And *Wordely play* that is my name
 Men may me calle off equyte
 A mermayden off the ſee
 That ſyngē off cuſtom ay^b gladdeſte
 To forne a ſtorme and a tempeſte
 So make ek ffolke thiſ my laboure
 To forgoete ther Creatoure
 And folk in my ſubieſtyoun
 I bryngē hem to diſtructyoun

The PYLGRYME.

Though thou bygynne in gladneſſe
 Thow eendeste euere in wrechydneſſe
 Ellys I wolde ffor my pleafaunce
 With the hauen acqueyntaunce
 I praye the putte me out off doute
 Off thiſ toure turnyng aboue
 What maner thyng that it may be
 Fyrſte off alle that wolde I ſe

WORDELY GLADNEſſE.

Fyrſte yiff thou lyſte to ſe
 The greet amyral off the ſee
 Whiche that calyd ys *Satban*^c
 Thiſ tour^d foſthely he began
 Ffor he ffluste off entencyoun
 Made there hiſ habytacyoun
 And other ſchyp ne hath he noon
 Amonge the floodys ffor to goon
 In the whiche by gret diceyte
 He lythe euere in awayte
 With pylgrymes holde ftryff

And to make hem leſe^e her lyff
 He feth^f bothe by hylle and vale
 Thorough thylke hoolys ſmale
 By what weye that they gon
 Amonges whiche thow art on
 And to diſceyve hem in her way
 Her^g he maketh me ſytte and play
 With ſoote^h ſonge and armonye
 Alle pylgrymes to eſpyeⁱ

* * * * *

And thiſ mynſtral than anon
 Made hiſ fyfthele^k ffor to gon
 And ſange with al ful luſtly
 And wyth hys ſyngynge ſodeynly
 To me he gan turne hiſ tayle
 And with hiſ pawmes ſcharpe as a nayle
 By the arme he gan me ſtreyne
 Mawgre my myght and al my peyne
 Horybely he caſte me
 Amyddes off the greet ſee

* * * * *

I gan fwymme with inne a while
 Ageyne vnto that ſame yle^l
 Ffro the which that I kam ffor
 Whanne the *meremayne* was go
 I mene thiſ *worldes fals ſolace*
 That gan ſo fore at me to chace
 But lyſte ſche ſcholde haue taken me
 I ſwam ful ffaſte mydde the ſee
 Ffor drede off hir I was in were^m
 But Youthe and ſche to gydere yfereⁿ
 Ful great joye they gan to make
 And thus hath Youthe me fforsake
 For thanne I loſt hir in certeyne
 That ſche to me kam ner ageyne

* * * * *

¹ And down I fate ffor weryneſſe

¹ Lors ic maſſis a terre ius^o
 Si las que ic nen pouoie plus
 Helas dis ic que feras tu
 Tu es en cefte yſle venu
 Qui perilleſe grandement
 Et venu perileufement
 Y es par ſitim et ſcillam
 Par caribdim et ſirenam
 Et par bithalaffum auſſi
 Et encors affeur yec
 Nes pas et ne ſcais ou aller

Le tu te remeſtz a noer
 Par la mer tu y periras
 Ou ne ſcez a quel port venras
 Helas chetif que feras tu
 Bien ic voy que tu es perdu
 Hors ſuis de fente et de chemin
 Je mattens quonques pelerin
 Ne fut plus foruoye que moy^p
 Beau doubl fire dieu ayde moy
 Tu es le pommeau treſhaultain
 De mon bourdon ie te reclaim

And gan compleyne in greet distresse^a
 Allas quod I myd off^b my wo
 Allas allas what schal I do
 How schal I wretche eskafe away
 Out off this yle weyle^c away
 Ffor by five enchaunteressys
 I am brought in gret distressys
 In greet pereyl dowteles
 Ffor *Scilla* fyrst and eke *Cyrtes*
 Han caufed me to gon amys^d
Syrenes and *Karibdis*
 And *Bythalaſſus* worste off alle
 Ben^e attonyson me ffalle
 And mortally me to beguyle
 They han me brought in to this yle
 Longe in forewe to soiourne
 And kan noon other wey retourne
 To fflynde socoure in this caas
 I may wel forewe and seyne allas
 Out off my way in ouncerteyne
 And kan no mene to kome ageyne
 Was neuere pylgryme in swyche poynyt
 Trewely nor in swyche disioynt
 Now good God off thi greet grace
 Be my socoure in this place
 Ffor thow ffor my salvacoun
 Art the *Pomel* off my *Bordoun*
 To the as ffor my cheff comfiforte
 In this nede I ha resorte
 To bryng me thorogh thy greet myght
 In to the weye I may go ryght
 And ben supported ffer and nere
 With that charboucle bryght and clere
 Whiche that with his bemes bryght
 Giveth on to my bordoun lyht
 Now parte with me off thy clerneſſe
 And bryng me out off my distrefſe
 Out off this deadly mortal rage

Ffor sythe tyme off my tendre age
 My truste and my affyaunce
 My joye and all my suffyaunce
 Alle hooly hath ben in the
 Ageynes alle adverſite
 In euery peyne and eche labour
 To fflynden comfforte and socour
 And now that stonde in so greet drede
 Helpe me in this greet nede
 And while I gan me thus compleyne
 Even amyddes off alle my pene
 I sawgh amyddes off the see
¹ A schippe faylle towrdes me^f
 And evene above upon the maste
 Wherefore I was the laffe agaste
 I sawe a crosse stonde and not flytte
 And there vpon a dowve sytte
 White as any mylke or snewogh
 Where off I hadde joye enowgh
 And in this schippe ageyne alle schoures
 There were castels and eke towres
 Wonder dyverse mansyouns
 And sondry habytacyouns^g
 By reſemblaunce and feemyng
 Lyche the loggyng^h off a kyng
 And as I took good hede ther at
 Alle my forewes I fforgattⁱ
 The Pilgrim is rejoiced beyond measure at
 perceiving *Gracedieu* descend from the vessel ;
 he expresses his gratitude to her for relieving
 him in his great distress ; she inquires where
 he has been, and what has brought him to
 that perilous island which is named Scylla.²
 The Pilgrim assures her he has no pleasure in
 remaining there, and that he will willingly
 quit it to return into the way which by his
 folly he has quitted, and which has brought
 upon him so many evils.

Afin quen toy et par toy voye
 Par la ou ie prendray ma voye
 Saincte escharboucle reluisant
 Dont mon bourdon est fait luyſant
 Esclere moy par ou giray
 Tu es le pommel ou toute ay
 Mon port ma feurte ma fiance
 Et tousiours euz des mon enfance
 A toy me rends a toy mappuy
 Ayde moy ou perdu ie fuy

* * * * *
 Dame dis ie bien est mon gre
 Bien doit le recreu pelerin
 Desirer court et brief chemin
 Recreu ie suis et trauillez
 Le court vueil aller voulentiers
 Et vous mercy treshumblement
 De vostre bon confortement
¹ See Woodcut XIX. coloured drawing H.
² The "valley perilous" of Mandeville.

^a Jer. xv. 17.

^b In the midst of.

^c Woe is me.

^d Astray.

^e Are all at once.

^f Isaiah ix. 9.

^g Deut. xv. 11.

^h Lodging.

ⁱ Psal. cxix. 29.

^a Nurse.
Tib. A. vii. f.
91, b.

^b If thou carest
to learn it.

^c To signify.

^d Rom. xv. 4.

^e In times of yore.

^f Truly.

^g More than one.

^h Dissemble.

ⁱ Lying.

^k Numb. xvi. 26.
Jer. v. 25.

^l Stingy.

Gracedieu tells him, that, if he will enter her ship, she will receive him from the pity she feels for him, and will convey him by a short passage into the safe path; but that he must expect to meet with *Repentance*, the stile, the hedge, and the thorny plants again, just as he had met them before.

He answers, that every weary pilgrim should desire a short voyage, that he is himself weary and way-worn, and he thanks her very much for her comfort; he then promises that if she will take him on board the ship he will amend his faults. Upon which *Gracedieu* reproaches him for having required his armour to be carried, and for not being able to endure the weight of it himself; and she also tells him that his professions are great, but that he does not carry them into practice.

She then leads him to a rock from which water flows, in which he is washed, and afterwards conducts him to the vessel; he inquires its name, and is told it is *Religion*.

They then embark, and steer for the Monastery of Cisteaux. Upon their arrival there they are received by the porter, *Crainte de Dieu*, ("Dread of God;") and upon *Gracedieu* leaving the Pilgrim, he is conducted to

¹ AGYOGRAPHE.

I am quod sche chieff noryce^a
To alle ffolkes that fflen vycce
No cloyster is worthe who looke aboute
On no syde whan I am out
I make cloystris fferme and stable
Worschipe and honourable
And my name zeve thow lyfte se^b
Is calyd *Agyographe*
Whiche is to seyne^c I the ensure
Off holy wrytyng the scripture^d

* * * *

The PYLGRYME.

And off a merour that I ffonde

Whiche that I heelde in myne honde
I preyed hir without schame
To telle me there off the name

AGYOGRAPHE.

Hyt were good to hye and lowe
That alle ffolkes sholde know
And there off hadde a trewe syght
Justly what thys merour hygght
That ffolkes ffor greet lak off lyght
Were not deceyued in her syght
This merour by descripcyon
Is called *Adulacyoun*
This is withouten eny blame
Verily his ryght name
Ffor take good hede that *flatteryng*
Is engendred off *lesyng*
Some callen hir " *Placebo*"^e
Ffor sche han maken an Eccho
Answeare euere ageyn the same
Because that he wole haue no blame
There is no contradicyoun
Ffor bothe off newe and zore^f agon
Ffolkes sothely^g mo than on^g
Han in adulacyoun
Ffinde fful greet decepcyon
Lordes wherffore I seye allas
Han be disseyved in this caas
And by adylacyoun
Brought to ther destrucyon

FLATERYE.

For this custom hath *flatterye*
To feyne^h thus by losengerieⁱ
Whanne hym lykyth to begyle
Ffalsely by his fetel while
To hem that be moste vycous^k
How that they are vertuous
And though they ben to vyces thral
They feyne eke they be liberal
Though they be streyte^l and ravynous
And greet nygardenes in her hous

¹ See coloured drawing I.

² *Placebo*, "I will please," the name given to Flattery, from her endeavouring to curry favour with every

one. The "Echo" is in reference to the "Placebo," which was the name given to the vesper hymn for the dead.—*Du Cange*.

Appendix.

li

They calle ffame and high renoun
Raveyne^a and ffalſe extorcyoun
Though they be ffooles and off no prys
They afferme that they be wys

* * * *

The PYLGRYME.

Madame quod I zow not displeſeſ
Thys myroure ſchal do me noon eefeſ
Wher fo that I leſe or wynne
I wole neuere looke ther inne
But ryht anoon myne happe it was
To loken in another glaſſe
In the whiche withouten wene^b
I ſawe my ſylff ffoule and vnclene
And to byholde ryght hydous
Abbomynabel and vecyous
That merour and that glas
Schewyd to me what I was

Wherfore off rancour and dysdeyn
The ſame merour I caste ageyn
Without a look in her pavere^c
Ffrowarde off look and eke^d off chere
And gan my bak awey to turne
And therefore ſoon I gan to morne

AGYOPRAPHE.

Now I ſe wel by contenaunce
And alſo by thy governaunce
Thow haſte no luſte to loke and ſe
In the merour yt ſemeth me
Callyd the merour off concyence
Whiche ſhewith by trewe experyence
Without echo or flatterye
Or any other lozengerye
Vnto a man what ymage
He bereth aboute or what vyſage
The portrature ryght as it is
And in what thynge he dothe amys^e

Aſter the Pilgrim had held conuerſe with *Obedience*, *Discipline*, *Poverty*, and *Chauſtity*, two meſſengers next appeared to him, one of whom had wings extended, whiſt the other

held in her hand a wimble, which ſhe held up aloft towards the heaven, as if ſhe would pierce the ſky. She ſays ſhe is to reward all people who act uprightly, that ſhe is called *Prayer* (*oraſion*), the good and ſwift meſſenger which has wings to fly and to bear a meſſage to God for all mankind. "Before Him," ſhe ſays, "I appear swiftly and present boldly the commiſſion which has been entrufed to me; and know," ſhe adds, "that if you ſend your requeſt to Him it shall not be refuſed; and if you wiſh to enter the city where you ſee ſo many pilgriſms go, I will be your meſſenger, and will prepare you a house where you may take up your abode—no one shall enter there who has not ſent me before him. You know that it was ſo with the thief who was crucified with the King.^g I believe you will do the ſame, for you have great need of it, and ſo I haſten the more readily to perform your meſſage."

¹ There was another who held a horn which gave a pleaſant ſound, whose name was *Latria*, (worſhip or ſervice)^h and who thus ſpeaks:

Off this place ffolkes alleⁱ
Latrya they me calle
Myne offys is moſte in wakyng
To kepe the gate aboute the kynge
I wacche there on day and nyght
Do my ffōſe and eke my myght
Ffor to lyue aye in awayt
That there be fſouden no dysceyt

* * * *

For bothe at eeve and eke at morew
I kepe the houres off ryſyng
To do worſchipe to the kynge
Alle ffolkes vp I calle
That no ſlomer on hem ffalle
Myne horne is *Invocacyoun*
Off *Deus in adiutorium*
I blowe myn horn toward mydnyght
To reyſe vp ffolkes anoon ryght
I ſuffre hem not off ſleep to deye
Myne^j orgones I tempre ffor to pleye^k

^a Plunder.

^b Doubt.

^c Basket or wallet.

^d Alſo.

^e Job xx. 2.
^f Ecclef. vii. 5, 6.
^g Daniel x. 21.
^h Mark xii. 24.
ⁱ Ephesians v. 6.
^j Col. iii. 22.
^k 1 Thes. ii. 4—6.
^l Pet. iii. 21.

^m 2 Chron. xxx.
ⁿ 27.
^o Mark xi. 24.
^p 1 Peter iii. 7.

^q Luke xxiii. 42.

^r Psal. xcvi. 9.

^s Tib. A. vii. f.
^t 104, b.

^u I manage my musical instrument ſo as to play.

¹ See Woodcut XX.

² The "Virginals" of Bunyan.

^a Sound.

And vpon hem I make a fown^a
 With outen intermyssyon
 And trewely alle my melodye
 Is in songe off persalmodye^b
 And devoutly in myne ententis
 I calle so myne instrumentis
 For thylke kyng that is moiste stronge
 Moiste hym delytth in swiche songe
 To hym it is moiste pertynente
 Whanne it is songe off good entente
 In clernescé and in purete

^b Psalmody.^c Psalm cii. 23.
Heb. ix. 27.

At the last, after *Gracedieu's* return, two old women appeared,¹ at the sight of whom the Pilgrim's heart trembled; one supported herself on crutches, and seemed to have leaden feet—she carried a box on her back, whilst her companion had a couch bound on to her head. These were *Infirmitie* and *Old Age*, who advanced towards him and said:—“*Death*^c sends us to you to announce that she comes without delay; and she has enjoined us not to leave you until we have conquered you.”

The Pilgrim says that he is not acquainted with them, or with their mistress *Death*, and inquires their names. They tell him it is useless to argue with them, for, however strong a person may be, as soon as *Death* comes to him she vanquishes him; for she has complete control over human life, and kings and dukes fear her more than poor people who labour under life's burthens. “*Death*, however,” they continue, “is no respecter of persons—into many places she enters often without having sent us before her; we are her messengers, and will tell you our names.”

Then the one who carried the couch said:—“I am named *Infirmitie*:^d wherever I find *Health* I attack her to make her submit; I recal *Repentance* when she is forgotten. He who created *Nature*, when He perceived that He was disregarded, summoned me, and said thus:—‘ Go quickly to *Death*, and say that I send you to serve her, and to do according

^d Jer. xlvi. 11.
Ecclif. xviii. 21.
Rom. vi. 18, 19
2 Cor. xii. 9.^e Isaiah xl. 30.^f Deut. xxxiii.
25.
Gen. xxv. 8.
Job xii. 12, 13.

to her pleasure. But first you shall go into the world; and, when you are there, whomsoever you find the most hardy, who think to live the longest, and because they have health despise me, and put me out of their thoughts, those correct, chaste, and bind down so strongly on your bed that they cannot rise, nor turn according to their will, nor have any taste for eating and drinking, in order that they may implore my mercy, and by amending their lives have some regard for their own salvation.’ Thus have I been in many places, and have pulled down young and old.^e Prepare yourself, therefore, for I shall attack you and lay you down on your bed.” The other then spoke:—“ I am she whom you never thought to behold:^f I have leaden feet; I walk slowly—nevertheless I come towards you and acquaint you that *Death* is approaching. No messenger can speak more truly; my companion often deceives; for different reasons prevent her from performing her message, but nothing can impede me. I am named *Old Age*, the greatly feared, the skin-dried, and the wrinkled. My head is sometimes grey, and sometimes bald; I am able to give sage counsel, and ought to be much honoured—for I have seen in times past both much good and much evil; I have proved what writings are the most sensible, and what are the best means of acquiring knowledge; for without practice and experience no science can exist.”

The Pilgrim then informs *Old Age* that she is not agreeable to him, and he wishes that she would depart; but she tells him, that, whether he likes her or not, she will remain with him—and before *Death* comes she will make him crooked and feeble by the blows which she will give him; but still, she says, that if he is wise, he will derive great advantage from her—for she will lend him those crutches² which she herself has to lean upon: but yet she does not wish to deprive him of his staff, inasmuch as a spiritual support is useful as well

¹ See Woodcut XXI.² Mr. Ready to Halt's crutches.—Bunyan.

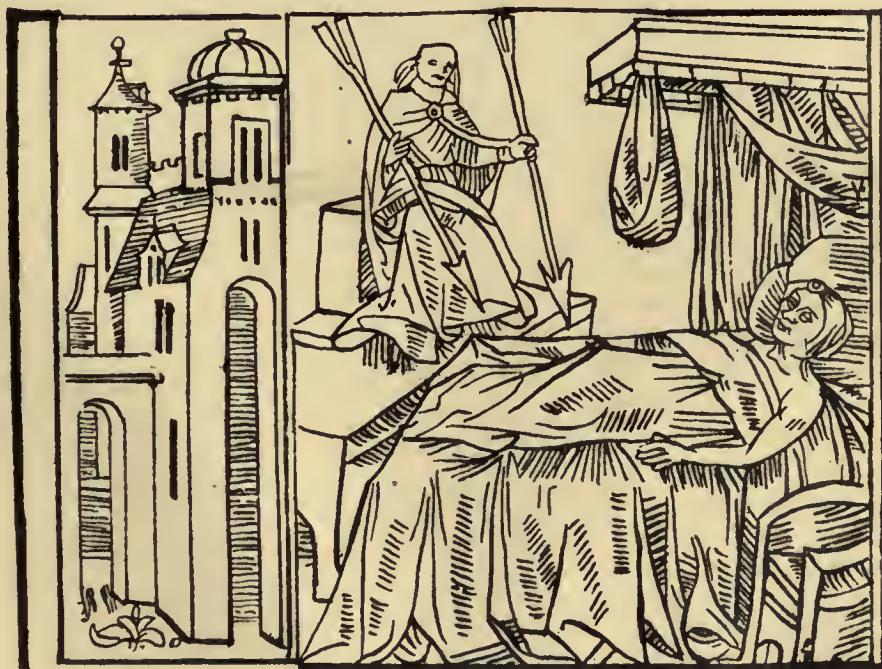


XXI



XXII

Misericorde



XXIII

as a temporal one—for by this means if a man is assaulted on one side he is supported on the other.^a “Take, therefore, my crutches,” she concludes, “for you will find them very useful, since my blows are hard to bear, and that you shall soon know.” Then she said to her companion, “In order that he may not think that we feign, let us at once knock him down, and lay him upon your couch.” *Infirmity* and *Old Age* accordingly lay hold of the Pilgrim, and place him gently upon it, and tell him that *Death* will soon arrive.^b Whilst, however, he is lying there, a lady, of a kindly and pleasing countenance, approaches him:^c she has in her hands a cord, and upon her inviting the Pilgrim to go with her to the Infirmary he joyfully assents, but first begs that she will tell him who she is.

“I am,” she replies, “named *Mercy*, and I should be excessively welcome after a severe sentence is passed in any judgement. The King,^e when He commanded that all the human race should die for their offences, when I came to Him, forbore his hand, and made over to me all that remained; and I induced Him to place in the heavens a bow without a string, as a sign of concord—the string remains with me, as the bow does with Him:^d so that without this cord He cannot use the bow, and for that reason I keep it in my hands; and, inasmuch as I rescue the wretched from misery, and draw the degraded from their woful positions by means of this cord, I am called *Misericorde (Mercy)*.^e The maker of this cord was *Charity*, and it is not possible for any one to ascend to heaven who breaks it.”

After *Mercy* has further explained to the Pilgrim her various offices, such as relieving the sick, the poor, the captives, the humble—and professing her readiness to serve him—he asks her if she cannot rid him of *Death's* messengers, *Infirmity* and *Old Age*. This, she says, she cannot do; but she will, by means of her

cord, convey him secretly to the Infirmary,^f where, although the messengers will not even then leave him entirely, yet he may put off for some little time longer the arrival of *Death*.

Accordingly, she binds her cord to his bed, and, at the same time, *Infirmity* and *Old Age* also approach him so closely that he has no strength remaining.

After he had arrived at the Infirmary, and had lain there for some little time, the porter, called the *fear of God*,^g enters, bringing with him two other messengers—one of whom was the lady^h with the wimble, of whom mention has already been made, whilst the other extended her arms towards heaven as if she would fly. The porter then informed the Pilgrim that he had brought these messengers, of whose aid he could avail himself, if he wished to fend them before him to Jerusalem, for that he could no longer tarry on earth, and if they did not go before him he would not be able to enter the holy city. Their names were *Prayer*,ⁱ and her companion *Almsgiving*,^j (*ausmone s*); the latter has always her hands extended ready to give, and makes wings of them with which to fly—and she is willing to go at once to the King to beg for admission for the pilgrims into the heavenly mansions. The Pilgrim answers, that he would willingly employ her, but he possesses nothing—having renounced all he had when he entered the convent, everything there having been in common. He says that she should be sent before kings, and great and wealthy people—that the rich, being pilgrims as well as himself, must also be admitted by their staff and scarf (i. e. *hope* and *faith*) into the heavenly city—and he therefore trusts that God will provide an humble and poor man like himself with an habitation.^k He then welcomes the other messenger,^l and commissions her to go before him; to which she answers, that she would do so most readily, according to her promise to him in the Church

^a Prov. xxii. 6.

^b Psalm lxxi. 9; xcii. 14.

^c Ecclus. xviii. 13.

^d Gen. ix. 13.

^e Deut. v. 10.

^f Prov. xxii. 9.

^g 2 Chron. xix. 7.

^h Prov. xv. 29.

ⁱ Luke vi. 30; xi. 41.

^k Heb. xii. 22.
^l Cor. v. 6
Heb. xiii. 14.

^l Tobit iii. 1.

¹ See Woodcut XXII.

² The lady with the wimble or auger was *Prayer*;

she was described before as holding it, because “she seemed as though she would have pierced the heavens.”

where he had seen her before : whereupon *Infirmity* interferences, and says it is now too late for the intercession of *Prayer*, that the Pilgrim had plenty of time to employ her during his life, but that now she (*Infirmity*) claims him. *Prayer*, nevertheless, departs on her errand ; and whilst the Pilgrim is fearing that she will be too late, and that he will perish,¹ an old woman mounts on his bed, who alarms him extremely ; she holds a scythe, and also bears a wooden coffin—her name is *Death*. She has already placed one of her feet upon the Pilgrim's body, and he has begged her to spare him a little while longer that he may ask her one or two questions, when *Gracedieu* appears to him and reassures him by saying,² “ I perceive you are now at the narrow entrance which is at the end of your pilgrimage. *Death* is near you, who is the end of all terrible things ; she will mow down your life, and place your body in a coffin for the worms to destroy it. This is the common end of all flesh. Man, in this world, is exposed to *Death* as the grass in the

^a 1 Cor. xv. 3.
Ecclesi. xiv. 12.

^b Job xxi. 26.

^c Isaiah xl. 7.

^d Job xix. 26.

^e Rev. iii. 12;
xxii. 14.

^f John xiv. 6.

^g Heb. ix. 27, 28.

^h Rev. xiv. 13.

¹ See Woodcut XXIII.

² GRACEDIEU.

Je voy bien qua leftright paſſaige
Tu es de ton pelerinaige
Voicy la mort qui de pres test
Qui des chofes terribles eft
La fin et le terminement
Ta vie tantoft faulcher entent
Et la meſtre du tout afin
Et puis ton corps en vng cofin
Elle meſtra pour le bailler
Aux vers puans pour le manger^b
Cefte choſe eft toute commune
A tout chafcun et a chafeune
Homme en ce monde eft expoſe
A la mort comme lherbe au pre
Eſt a la faulx aussi eft ce foin
Qui huy eft verd et fec demain^c
Or as eſte verd vng long temps
Et fi as receu pluyeſ et vens
Mais fault maintenant te faulchier
Et en deux pieces despiecer
Lhuys eft eſtroit lame et la cher
Ne pourroient ensemble paſſer
Lame premiere paſſera
Et puis apres la chair yra
Mais fi toſt ne ſera ce mie
Auant ſera la chair pourrie
Et autre fois regenerée
En la grant commune asſemblée^d
Doneques regarde ſappoinēte

field is to the ſcythe ; ſo he alſo is flouriſhing one day, and is withered the next. You have proſpered a long time ; you muſt now be reaped and ſeparated into two parts—the entrance is narrow, the body and ſoul cannot paſs through together ; the ſoul will enter first, and the body, after having been corruption, will be regenerated and join the great assembly in the city to which you are haſtening. You are now at the wicket-gate, which, when you ſaw it imaged in the mirror, you ſo longed to reach. You will be received within it if you preſent yourſelf there unburdened and naked. Nevertheless, you muſt firſt implore the Father for mercy,³ and preomife to Penance, that if you have not undergone ſufficient ſuffering for your fins, you are willing to expiate them ſtill further in Purgatory.”⁴ Upon this *Death*^a ſeemed to run him through the body with her ſcythe ; and he awoke with a ſtart, ſcarcely knowing whether he were dead or alive, until he was certiſed of the fact of his being alive by the ſound of the conveſt bell and the crowing of

Deuelement tu es et appareille
Sa toy ne tient tantoft verras
La grant cite ou tendu as
Tu es au guichet et a lhuys
Quou mirouer pieca tu vis
Se tu es despoile et nuz^e
Dedans tantoft ſeras receuz
Celle entree tu auoies moult chier
Lors quant tu la vis au premier
Et toutefois tant ie te dy
Qua mon pere tu cryes mercy
En promettant a penitence
Que fe nen as a ſouffrance
Fait voulentiers tu la feras
En purgatoire ou tu yras

³ By the light of Divine Truth the reader muſt perceive that the atoning Sacrifice of the Son of God has been completely ſet aside in the advice here given to the Pilgrim. *Fallen man* muſt come to God as a *Judge*, but cannot come to Him as a *Father*, otherwise than by Christ as Mediator. Jefus faith, “ I am the way, the truth, and the life : no man cometh unto the Father but by me,”^f

⁴ How can this be ? when we read in the Bible, “ and as it is appointed unto all men once to die, but after this the judgement, ſo Chriſt was once offered to bear the fins of many, and unto them that look for him ſhall be appear the ſecond time without fin unto salvation.”^g “ Bleſſed are the dead which die in the Lord from bencforth : (from the moment of their death;) yea, ſaith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours ; and their works do follow them.”^h

the cocks. Hereupon he would have arisen, but lay still in bed musing upon his wondrous dream; concerning which, he informs the reader, that, if there be anything in it which seems to favour of vanity or untruth, it must be taken as the straw and the chaff is with wheat, and the whole so sifted that the good and true may remain and be remembered, whilst the light and worthless is forgotten and dismissed; and, finally, he concludes by recommending his work to all those who, like good winnowers, are skilled in separating reality from error, and truth from falsehood.

In the Pilgrim's Progress, *Christian* and *Hopeful* are described as at once entering into that perfect peace, and rest, and joy which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."^a

"Now, upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them; wherefore, being come up out of the river, they saluted them, saying, 'We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be heirs of salvation.' Thus they went along towards the gate. Now you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; also they had left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They, therefore, went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds. * * * The talk they had with the shining ones was about the glory of the place, who told them that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. 'There,' said they, 'is the Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect.'^b You are going now,' said they, 'to the Paradise of God, wherein you shall see the tree of life, and eat of the never-fading

fruits thereof; and when you come there you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King: even all the days of eternity!^c There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower region upon the earth—to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death—for the former things are passed away.^d You are going now to Abraham, to Isaac, and Jacob, and to the prophets; men that God hath taken away from the evil to come, and that are now resting upon their beds—each one walking in his righteousness."^e The men then asked, 'What must we do in the holy place?' To whom it was answered, 'You must there receive the comfort of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers, and tears, and sufferings for the King by the way.'^f In that place you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and visions of the Holy One—for there you shall see Him as He is.^g There, also, you shall serve Him continually, with praise, with shouting, and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the world, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. There your eyes shall be delighted with seeing, and your ears with hearing, the pleasant voice of the mighty One. There you shall enjoy your friends again, that are got thither before you; and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy place after you.' * * * Now when they were come up to the gate, there was written over it, in letters of gold, 'Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.'^h

"Then I saw in my dream that the shining men bid them call at the gate, the which, when they did, some from above looked over the gate—to wit, Enoch, Moses, and Elijah, &c.—to whom it was said, 'These pilgrims are come from the city of *Destruction*, for the love that they bear to the King of this place.'

^a 1 Cor. ii. 9.

^b Heb. xii. 22—
24.

^c Rev. ii. 7; iii.
4; xxi. 1.

^d Isaiah lxv. 16.

^e Isaiah lvii. 1, 2.

^f Gal. vi. 7.

^g 1 John iii. 2.

^h Rev. xxii. 24.

And then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning ; those, therefore, were carried in to the King, who, when He had read them, said, ‘ Where are the men ? ’ To whom it was answered, ‘ They are standing without the gate.’ The King then commanded to open the gate, ‘ That the righteous nation,’ said He, ‘ that keepeth truth, may enter in.’^a

^a Isaiah xxvi. 2.

“ Now I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate ; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured ; and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There was also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them ; the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy ; and that it was said unto them, ‘ Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.’ I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, ‘ Blessing, honour, glory, and power, be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever.’ ”^b

These lines at the conclusion of Bunyan’s

^b Rev. v. 13, 14.

Dream show how similar are the metaphors employed both by himself and De Guileville in their parting addresses to the reader :—

Now, reader, I have told my dream to thee ;
See if thou canst interpret it to me,
Or to thyself, or neighbour ; but take heed
Of misinterpreting ; for that, instead
Of doing good, will but thyself abuse :
By misinterpreting evil ensues.

Take heed also that thou be not extreme
In playing with the outside of my dream ;
Nor let my figure or similitude
Put thee into a laughter or a feud.

Leave this for boys and fools ; but as for thee,
Do thou the substance of the matter see.

Put by the curtains, look within my veil ;
Turn up my metaphors, and do not fail
There, if thou seekest them, such things to find
As will be helpful to an honest mind.

What of my dross thou findest there be bold
To throw away, but yet preserve the gold.
What if my gold be wrapped up in ore ?

None throws away the apple for the core,
But if thou shalt cast all away as vain,
I know not but ’twill make me dream again.



The following Extracts on the glories of the New Jerusalem are quoted from Hymns written at three different periods:—The first by St. Bernard, (to whom reference is made in De Guileville's poem,) A.D. 1100. The second is taken from a Chap-book¹ in the British Museum, (1078 k 17,) to which no date is prefixed. The third is by a well-known modern Author, who has kindly permitted its insertion.

HYMN.

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care:
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.

O happy retribution,
Short toil, eternal rest !
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest !
That we should look, poor wanderers,
To have our home on high,
That worms should seek their dwellings
Beyond the starry sky.
So now we fight the battle,
And then we wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.
There God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of his grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.
To thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep :
For very love beholding
Thy happy name they weep.
O one, O only mansion !
O paradise of joy !
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy :
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small ;
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall.
With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;

The sardius and topaz
Unite in thee their rays :
Thy ageless walls are bounded
With amethyst unpriced ;
Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the Corner-stone is Christ.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
Thou hast no time, bright day !
Dear fountain of refreshment,
To pilgrims far away !
Upon the Rock of Ages,
They raise thy holy tower,
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.
Jerusalem the golden !
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation,
Sink heart and voice opprest :
I know not, O I know not,
What social joys are there !
What radiancy of glory !
What light beyond compare !
And when I fain would sing thee,
My spirit fails and faints ;
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the saints.
They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And many a martyr throng :
The Prince is ever in them ;
The light is aye serene ;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

¹ See f. 2.

There is the throne of David,
 And there, from toil released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast :
 And they, beneath their Leader,
 Who conquer'd in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.
 Jerusalem the radiant !
 The glory of the elect !
 O dear and future vision,
 That eager hearts expect :
 E'en now by faith I see thee,
 E'en now thy walls discern ;
 For thee my thoughts are kindled,
 And strive, and pant, and burn.
 O land that feest no sorrow !
 O state that fear'st no strife !
 O princely bowers ! O land of flowers !
 O realm and home of life !

ST. BERNARD.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

O MOTHER, dear Jerusalem,
 when shall I come to thee ?
 When shall my sorrows have an end ?
 thy joys when shall I see ?
 O happy harbour of God's saints !
 O sweet and pleasant soil !
 In thee no sorrow may be found,
 no grief, no care, no toil.
 In thee no sickness is at all,
 no grief, no toil, no care ;
 There is no death, nor ugly sight,
 but life for evermore.
 No dimming clouds o'ershadow thee,
 no dim nor darksome night ;
 For every soul shines as the sun,
 for God himself gives light.
 There lust nor lucre cannot dwell—
 there envy bears no sway ;
 There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat,
 but pleasure every way.
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem !
 would God I were in thee !

O that my sorrows had an end,
 thy joys that I might see !
 No pains, no pangs, no bitter griefs,
 no woful night is there ;
 No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard,
 no willaway nor fear.
 Jerusalem the city is
 of God our King alone ;
 The Lamb of God, the light thereof,
 sits there upon the throne.
 Ah ! God, that I Jerusalem
 with speed may go behold ;
 For why ? the pleasures there abound
 with tongue cannot be told.
 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
 with carbuncles doth shine ;
 With jasper, pearls, and crysolite,
 surpassing pure and fine.
 Thy houses are of ivory ;
 thy windows chrystral clear ;
 Thy streets are laid with beaten gold,
 where angels do appear.
 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
 thy bulwarks diamond square ;
 Thy gates are made of orient pearl,—
 O God ! if I were there.
 Within thy gates nothing can come
 that is not passing clear ;
 No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
 no filth may there appear.
 Jehovah, Lord, now come, I pray,
 and end my grief and plaints :
 Take me to thy Jerusalem,
 and place me among the saints :
 Who there are crown'd with glory great,
 and see God face to face.
 They triumph all, and do rejoice,
 most happy is their case.
 But we who are in banishment
 continually do moan ;
 We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we weep,
 perpetually we groan.
 Our sweetnes mixed is with gall,
 our pleasures are but pain ;
 Our joys are not worth looking on,
 our sorrows still remain.

But there they live in such delight,
such pleasure, and such play,
That unto them a thousand years
seem but as yesterday.
O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
thy joys when shall I see ?
Thy King sitting upon his throne,
and thy felicity.
Thy vineyards and thy orchards,
so wonderfully rare,
Are furnish'd with all kinds of fruits,
most beautiful and fair.
Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
continually are green ;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers,
as no where else are seen.
There cinnamon and sugar grows ;
there nard and balm abound ;
No tongue can tell, no heart can think,
what pleasures there are found.
There nector and ambrosia spring,
the musk and civet sweet ;
There many a fine and dainty drug
is trodden under feet.
Quite thro' the street, with pleasant sound,
the blood of life doth flow ;
Upon the bank, on ev'ry side,
the Tree of Life doth grow.
These trees each month do yield their fruit,
for evermore they spring ;
And all the nations in the world
to thee their honours bring.
Jerusalem, God's dwelling place,
full sore I long to see ;
O that my sorrows had an end,
that I might dwell with thee !
There David stands, with harp in hand,
into the heavenly choir,
A thousand times that man was blest
who might this music hear.
There Mary sings Magnificat,
with tunes surpassing sweet ;
And all the virgins bear their part,
sitting around her feet.
Te Deum doth St. Ambrose sing,
St. Austin doth the like ;

Old Simeon and Zachary
have not their songs to seek.
There Magdalén hath left her moan,
and chearfully doth sing,
With all blest saints, whose harmony
through every street doth ring.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem !
thy joys fain would I see ;
Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,
and take me home to thee.
O plant thy name in my forehead,
and take me hence away,
That I may dwell with thee in bleſs, (*sic,*)
and sing thy praises ay !
Jerusalem, the happy throne,
Jehovah's throne on high ;
O sacred city, queen and wife
of Christ eternally !
O comely queen, with glory clad,
with honour and degree,
All fair thou art, excelling bright,
no spot is found in thee !
I long to see Jerusalem,
the comfort of us all ;
For thou art sweet and beautiful,
no ill can thee befal.
In thee, Jerusalem, I say,
no darkness dare appear ;
No night, no shade, no winter foul,
no time doth alter there.
No candles need, no moons to shine,
no glittering stars to light,
For Christ, the Sun of Righteousness,
for ever shineth bright.
A Lamb unspotted, white and pure,
to thee doth stand in lieu
Of light so great ; the glory is,
thy heavenly King to view ;
He is the King of kings, beset
in midst his servants right,
And they his happy household all
do serve him day and night.
There, there the quire of angels bright,
there the supernal sort
Of citizens, who hence are freed
from danger's deep resort.

There be the prudent prophets all,
th' Apostles, six and six,
The glorious martyrs in a row,
and confessors betwixt.
There doth the crew of righteous men
and matrons all consist,
Young men and maidens who here on earth
their pleasures did resist.
The sheep and lambs that hardly 'scapt
the snares of death and hell,
Triumph in joy eternally,
whereof no tongue can tell ;
And though the glory of each one
doth differ in degree,
Yet the joy of all alike,
and common as we see.
There love and charity do reign,
and Christ is all in all,
Whom they most perfectly behold,
in glory spiritual.
They love, they praise, they praise, and love,
they holy, holy, cry ;
They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,
but laud continually.
O happy thousand times were I,
if, after wretched days,
I might with listening ears conceive
these heavenly songs of praise,
Which to th' eternal King are sung,
by heavenly wights above :
By sacred souls and angels sweet,
to praise the God of love !
Oh, passing happy were my state,
might I be worthy found
To wait upon my God and King,
his praises there to sound.
And to enjoy my Christ above,
his favour and his grace,
According to his promise made,
which here I interlace :
“ O Father dear,” said he, “ let them,
whom thou hast given of old
To me, be there where so I am,
my glory to behold,

Which I with thee, before the world
was laid, in perfect ways
Have had, from whence the blessed sun
of glory doth arise !
Again, if any man will serve,
then let him follow me ;
That where I am, be thou right sure,
there shall my servant be.
And still if any man loves me,
him loves my Father dear,
Whom I do love, to him myself
in glory shall appear.”
Lord, take away my miseries,
that there I may be bold,
With thee, in thy Jerusalem,
thy glory to behold ;
And so in Zion see my King,
my love, my Lord, my all—
Whom now as in a glass I see,
then face to face I shall.
O blessed be the pure in heart,
their Sovereign they shall see !
O ye most happy heavenly wights
which of God's household be !
O Lord, with speed dissolve my bonds,
those gins and setters strong ;
For I have dwelt within the tents
of Kedar overlong !
Yet once again I pray thee, Lord,
to guard me from all strife ;
Thus to thy hill I may obtain,
and dwell there all my life.
With cherubin, and seraphin,
and holy souls of men,
To sing thy praise, of Lord of hosts,
for evermore. Amen.

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.¹

ON THE GREAT EXHIBITION, 1851.
Ha ! yon burst of crystal splendour !
Sunlight, starlight, blent in one ;
Starlight set in arctic azure,
Sunlight from the burning zone !

¹ Vide “ Hymns of Faith and Hope,” by Horatius Bonar, D.D.

Gold and silver, gems and marble,
All creation's jewelry.

Earth's uncovered waste of riches—

Treasures of the ancient sea.

Heir of glory,

What is that to thee and me?

* * * *

What to that for which we're waiting,
Is this glittering earthly toy?

Heavenly glory, holy splendour,

Sum of grandeur, sum of joy.

Not the gems that time can tarnish,

Not the hues that dim and die,

Not the glow that cheats the lover,

Shaded with mortality.

Heir of glory,

That shall be for thee and me!

Not the light that leaves us darker,

Not the gleams that come and go,

Not the mirth whose end is madness,

Not the joy whose fruit is woe;

Not the notes that die at sunset,

Not the fashion of a day;

But the everlasting beauty,

And the endless melody.

Heir of glory,

That shall be for thee and me!

City of the pearl-bright portal;

City of the jasper wall;

City of the golden pavement;

Seat of endless festival.

City of Jehovah, Salem,

City of eternity,

To thy bridal-hall of gladness,

From this prison would I flee.

Heir of glory,

That shall be for thee and me!

Ah! with such strange spells around me,

Fairest of what earth calls fair,

How I need thy fairer image,

To undo the syren snare!

Lest the subtle serpent-tempter

Lure me with his radiant lie;

As if sin were sin no longer,
Life were no more vanity.

Heir of glory,

What is that to thee and me?

Yes, I need *thee*, heavenly city,
My low spirit to upbear;

Yes, I need thee—earth's enchantments
So beguile me with their glare.

Let me see thee, then these fetters

Break asunder, I am free;

Then this pomp no longer chains me;
Faith has won the victory.

Heir of glory,

That shall be for thee and me!

Soon where earthly beauty blinds not,

No excess of brilliance palls,

Salem, city of the holy,

We shall be within thy walls!

There, beside yon crystal river,

There, beneath life's wondrous tree,

There, with nought to cloud or sever,—

Ever with the Lamb to be!

Heir of glory,

That shall be for thee and me!

It may be interesting to some of our readers if we quote a letter from a Syrian gentleman who remarked that the translation of the "Pilgrim's Progress" into Arabic had done more good in Syria than any book, except the Bible; the parabolical mode of instruction of our Saviour being the natural form of expression in that country.

"You desire me," he writes, "to relate to you a few facts connected with the Arabic Pilgrim's Progress; I shall try to do so in this note, in the fewest words possible.

"The book was first translated for the 'Church Missionary Society,' by a first-rate Arabic scholar, a native of Mount Lebanon, and printed at their Arabic printing press, at Malta. It was extensively read, wherever the Arabic language was spoken.

"Soon after the breaking up of the mission

at Malta, it became scarce, and another edition was called for.

"The American Missionaries, in Syria, had the book then re-translated, (by another native of Mount Lebanon,) and, by the help of the first translation, made of it a very good *new* edition. They put this new copy into the hands of one of the best Arabic scholars and poets (a native of Mount Lebanon also), who corrected it and saw it 'through the press.'

"The book has now become a classical one. It is read in all the American schools throughout Syria. Copies of it have gone into Arabia, Mesopotamia, India, Egypt, and the Coast of Barbary.

"During my first visit to England, I had the curiosity to go to Blackwall, to see the Niger Expedition, which was then fitting up for the heart of Africa; and on going into the first cabin of one of the steamers, I saw all its shelves filled with Arabic books. On asking the Missionary (Muller), who was then accompanying the expedition, why they took Arabic books with them, he answered me, that the Arabic was the medium of communication with the natives: and that the Arabic characters were used in all the interior of Africa, even when the language spoken by the tribes was not Arabic. Many copies of the Pilgrim's Progress were on the shelves.

"The book being full of figurative language, and allegorical expressions, has had a great hold on the mind of the simple people in the East.

"I was spending, not many years ago, a short time at Hafbaya, a town in Anti-Lebanon, several thousand feet higher than the level of the sea. I took a ride one fine afternoon to the top of the hills that overlook the town and country. As I wandered amongst the vineyards, admiring the beauty of the bold and majestic scenery, the 'Watchman' came down, and asked me to go up and sit with him in his bower; adding, that the view from it was the best in the neighbourhood.

"I must, however, explain to you what a

'watchman' and a 'bower' are. The vineyards in Syria cover many acres of land. The vines either lie on the ground, are supported by poles, or run up, and twine themselves round high trees. The fields being very extensive, and the land quite cheap, there are, of course, no hedges to the vineyards; the bear, the hyæna, the fox, and the dog, are very fond of grapes—and the visit of any of these animals to a vineyard costs the owner a basket of grapes. Although strangers are never molested if they help themselves to the grapes *as they pass by a vineyard*, yet the people of the village are not allowed that privilege. To watch then, over tame and wild predators, town and forest visitors, the owners appoint a 'Watchman,' during the season of the grapes.—See Isaiah v. 1, 2.

"The 'Watchman' selects a large tree, generally an oak, on the top of the highest hill. He then lays poles on the centre of the branches of the tree, and ties them with cords, &c. and placing boards over these poles, and then covering the whole with other branches, he spreads his mat and bed on the boards, and in this bower he eats, drinks, watches, and sleeps, day and night.

"These men have such a good ear, assisted by a clear sky and pure atmosphere, that they can hear the least sound, and with a rifle, they are, indeed, not to be despised. By such a 'watchman' I was invited, and into such a bower I ascended.

"As I sat on the bed, admiring the scenery that was before me, I looked round me and saw some Arabic books, one of which was well used. I took it up; it was the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' 'You may well ask,' said Nicola to me, 'why this book is well used, more so than the others. You know that on becoming a Protestant what persecution I endured—how often I was hunted down, like a wild beast—how my wife deserted me for her father's house—how my two daughters were taken to my brother's home, to prevent their being contaminated by my principles. Well, this book

was a comfort to me during my troubles. The man who wrote it seemed to have had just such a person as me before him. Then, in my solitude, nothing is more cheering than to read it early at morn and late at night. Such a book was never made for *you* men, who live in cities—who are ambitious, rich, and luxurious; but *I* who *live* in this *tree*, for three months in the year—I see the sun rise in majesty in the morning, and go down in power in the evening; I see the moon appear in glory, and set in splendour—with Anti-Lebanon for my habitation—and Lebanon, Hermon, and Iulan round about me: while the Jordan, taking its source at my feet, winds its way into the lakes of Huleih, Tiberias, and Lot, till they all vanish in the distance. I have need of such a book—I can understand it!

“ Poor Nicola asked me, two years after, to go and see him at home. There were his wife, and two daughters. ‘ We live now,’ said he to me, ‘ together, and in peace; but the people often cause us trouble. They are always trying to throw discord amongst us. You know my daughters can now read; and they often read the Pilgrim’s Progrefs.’

“ I called frequently at the cell of an old monk at Beirut, to pass an hour in disputation and friendly talk—and often saw him read the ‘ Pilgrim’s Progrefs.’ ‘ I am still of opinion,’ he would say to me, ‘ that it is better not to marry. See what trouble this man had with his wife and family. I am alone—I have no trouble, because I have neither wife or children—I read this book during the long winter evenings and feel quite delighted to think that your Protestant friends have at *least* one good book to offer us. I really think that our friends, the Roman Catholic Priests, are wrong; for, in forbidding their people in this country to read Protestant books, they should have made an exception of the Pilgrim’s Progrefs.’ I really loved the man because he was sincere in being attached to the doctrines of the orthodox church.

“ Not far from him lived another monk, young, handsome, and intelligent. He is one of the few amongst the Clergy, in Syria, who have liberal and enlightened views; desire to see the old Churches shake off their sloth, and take up the cause of Evangelical religion and general education. I have often seen him read the ‘ Pilgrim’s Progrefs,’ and heard him say, that if he had the influence and the power he would make all the people study it. I have just heard from a mutual friend that this good gentleman has been promoted to the Bishopric of Tarsus. My friend wishes me to write and congratulate him on this promotion.

“ I am quite sure that this new bishop will behave like a true Christian, and will do much good in his new sphere of action. Dear Gerasimus! may you never forget the long conversations we often held together; and may you be like Paul of Tarsus, a blessing to that part of Syria.

“ I have seen another man day and night turn over the leaves of this book. I had given him the first translation when it was first printed. I brought him the new edition as soon as it came out. I saw this old man read it to his old partner in life, during the long winter nights; and when I returned late from some evening party, I found him with the book in his lap, reading, (and smoking at the same time,) waiting for me. ‘ I could sit up,’ he would say, ‘ the whole night reading it. I know the Arabic of the *old* edition is not so good as the *new* one; it has many defects, but I like it as an *old* friend. I like the *new* one for a change. This world is so full of wickedness—we live in sin, and the very breath we draw is so polluted with evil, that it is well we can, at home and alone, commune with the spirits of good men who have departed in peace.’ This man was my own Father.

“ ANTONIUS AMEUNY.”

The following curious passage, extracted from a well-known periodical, shows the quaint form which the “ *allegory* ” sometimes took.

" Of the universal taste for allegory in the middle ages, we are furnished with a curious illustration by M. Jubinal, in his elegant publication of '*Les anciennes tapisseries historiées*,' in the specimen he gives from the tapestry of Nancy, said to have been taken from the tent of Charles le Téméraire in 1477. In the first compartment, three boon companions, *Dinner*, *Supper*, and *Banquet*, meet with a company of *bons vivants*, called *Bonne-Compagnie*, *Accoustumance*, *Passe-temps*, *Gourmandie*, *Friandise*, &c. whom they invite to their *hostels*.

" In the second compartment they are represented at the hotel of *Dinner's*; but at this performance *Supper* and *Dinner* take umbrage, and conspire against the *convives*: in the next compartment, whilst at *Supper's* hall the guests are suddenly attacked by the hired assassins, *Gout*, *Cbolic*, &c. but they make their escape, and are pursued by *Supper*, who bruises many of them with his club. They next repair to the hall of *Banquet*, where, in the midst of their festivities, they are suddenly attacked by a troop of ugly women, armed with sharp knives, named *Apoplexy*, *Paralysis*, *Epilepsy*, *Pleurify*, *Dropfy*, &c. The feasters are now slaughtered without mercy, and only a few escape from the hands of the assassins. These fly for aid to *Lady Experience*, who decides that the two companions, *Supper* and *Banquet*, shall be separated.

" In the remaining portions of the tapestry, *Supper* and *Banquet* are made prisoners, and carried for judgment before *Dame Experience* and her counsellors *Galen*, *Ypocras*, *Avicenna*, and *Averrois*, who pass sentence of death upon *Banquet*, whilst *Supper* is condemned to have her arms bound, and never to approach the dwelling of *Dinner* nearer than three leagues. The last of the compartments represents the execution of the sentence."—*Gent. Mag. Dec. 1842.*

In an American newspaper, entitled "The Christian Advocate and Journal," dated Aug. 9, 1843, the following satire appeared on the modern fashionable facilities of getting to hea-

ven, called "The *Celestial Railroad*," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The writer supposes that in a dream he visits the populous city of *Destruction*, from which the public-spirited inhabitants had recently established a *railroad* to the Celestial City. His curiosity induces him to visit the station-house, and there he had the good fortune to meet with a gentleman of the name of Mr. *Smooth-it-away*, a director of the railroad corporation, and one of its largest stockholders.

The vehicle rattles through the city, and at a short distance passes over a bridge of elegant construction. On both sides are seen a great quagmire. This Mr. *Smooth-it-away* informs him is the famous *Slough of Despond*, and the bridge is that which the engineers have constructed across the bog, by throwing in, for a foundation, books of morality, French philosophy, and German rationalism, works of Plato, Confucius, and Buddha, to make the passage agreeable to pilgrims—" yet, in spite of Mr. *Smooth-it-away's* assurances of its solidity, (says the dreamer,) I should be loth to cross it in a heavy omnibus, if each passenger had as heavy luggage as that gentleman and myself.

" The spacious station-house is erected on the site of the little wicket-gate, which old pilgrims recollect stood across the highway, and by its inconvenient narrowness was a great obstruction to the traveller of liberal mind and expansive stomach. It would have done Bunyan's heart good to see the number of passengers and the favourable change the community had undergone relative to the celestial pilgrimage. No more lonely ragged men, with huge burdens on their backs, hooted after by the whole city; but parties of the first gentry setting out for the Celestial City, as if the pilgrimage were a summer tour. The conversation was full of taste about politics, fashions, and amusements, and though religion was doubtless the main thing at heart, it was tastefully thrown into the background. An infidel would have found nothing to shock his sensibility.

A great convenience of this new method of

pilgrimage was, that our enormous burdens, instead of being carried on our shoulders, as of old, were all snugly deposited in the baggage-waggon! The ancient feuds between Prince Beelzebub and the keeper of the wicket-gate have been appeased, and some of the Prince's subjects are employed about the station carrying baggage, collecting fuel, and feeding the engines.

"Greatheart refused to be *breaksman*, (stoker,) but went to the Celestial City *in a buff*; and so the directors chose a more accommodating man, whom you will probably recognise at once." The locomotive appears; and, to the astonishment of the dreamer, it is *Apollyon himself*, *Christian's* old enemy, still breathing fire and smoke through his nostrils, induced to become the company's chief conductor.

They overtake two old-fashioned pilgrims, trudging it on foot, whom they laugh at, and *Apollyon* envelopes them in an atmosphere of scalding steam.

The *Interpreter's House* is not one of the company's stations; and the passengers were glad to pass so quickly by the cross and sepulchre, where *Christian* lost his burden, for they possessed such a rich collection of favourite habits that they exulted in the safety of their baggage, which they hoped would not be out of fashion in the polite circles of the celestial world!

To facilitate the passage of the Hill *Difficulty*, a spacious tunnel has been constructed through the heart of this rocky mountain, and the materials from the heart of the hill have been employed in filling up the Valley of *Humiliation*!

"A wonderful improvement indeed!" said one of the passengers, "yet I should have been glad to visit the Palace *Beautiful*, and be introduced to those charming young ladies *Prudence*, *Piety*, and *Charity*, and the rest." "Young ladies!" cried Mr. *Smooth-it-away*, as soon as he could speak for laughing, "why, my dear fellow, they are old maids, every one of them—prim, starched, dry, and angular—and not one of them, I will venture to say,

has altered the fashion of her gown since the days of *Christian's* pilgrimage.'" So the traveller consoles himself for the disappointment.

"*Apollyon* was now putting on the steam at a prodigious rate, anxious to get over the ground where he had so disastrously encountered *Christian*. Consulting Mr. Bunyan's road-book I found we were fast approaching the Valley of the *Shadow of Death*, into which doleful region I trembled to plunge at the present accelerated speed, and I told my apprehensions to Mr. *Smooth-it-away*; but he assured me it was as safe as the best railroad in Christendom. At this moment we shot into the dreaded valley, and my palpitations were calmed on finding that the engineers, to dispel the gloom and supply the defect of cheerful sunshine, had collected the inflammable gas into pipes, and thus established a quadruple row of lamps along the whole passage! But this radiance, hurtful to the eyes, glared upon the visages of my fellow passengers; and, as compared with natural day-light, there is the same difference as between truth and falsehood. Here the fear of running off the track, beside which was the bottomless pit, made my heart quake—for the noise of the train reverberated like thunder through the valley, and soon there followed a tremendous shriek, careering along the valley, as if a thousand devils had burst their lungs to utter it: but this proved only to be the whistle of the engine to announce our arrival at a station!

"Rattling onward again, we at length made our escape from the valley and its lurid lights, at the end of which is the cavern where, in John Bunyan's time, dwelt two cruel giants, called *Pope* and *Pagan*. But these old troglodytes are no longer there, and the cave is now occupied by another terrible giant, a German by birth, called the giant *Transcendentalist*; but as to the form or features of this huge miscreant, neither he for himself, nor anybody for him, has ever been able to describe. As we rushed by the cavern's mouth we caught a hasty glimpse of him—he looked much like

a heap of fog and duskiness. He shouted after us, but we could not understand his lingo.

“ Late in the day the train thundered into the ancient city of *Vanity*, where the fair is still at the height of prosperity, and the new railroad brings with it a great influx of strangers.

“ If the Christian reader have had no accounts of the city since Bunyan’s time, he will be surprised to hear that now almost every street has its church, and the reverend clergy are held in high reverence—and well do they merit this high estimation—for their maxims of wisdom and virtue come from as deep a source as those of the sagest philosophers of old. I need only mention the distinguished names of the Rev. Mr. *Shallow-deep*, the Rev. Mr. *Clog-the-spirit*, the Rev. Dr. *Wind-of-Doctrine*, &c. The labours of these eminent divines diffuse an homogeneous erudition. Literature is etherealized; knowledge deposits all its heavier particles and exhales into a sound, which steals into the ever-open ears of their auditors. These ingenious methods constitute a sort of machinery by which thought and study are done to everybody’s hand, whilst another species of machine is employed for the manufacture of individual morality. All these wonderful improvements in ethics, religion, and literature, being made clear to my comprehension by Mr. *Smooth-it-away*, inspired me with a vast admiration of *Vanity Fair*.

“ It is true that, while loitering through the bazaars, some of the purchasers, I thought, made very foolish bargains. Some spent a splendid fortune in the purchase of diseases, and a heavy lot of repentance on a suit of rags. There was a sort of stock or scrip, much in demand, called conscience, which would purchase anything. Indeed, few commodities could be bought without paying a heavy sum in this particular stock, which was the only thing of permanent value! Tracts of land, and golden mansions, situated in the Celestial City were bartered, at very disadvantageous rates—for a few years’ lease of small, dismal, inconvenient tenements in *Vanity Fair*.

“ The place began to seem like home; but I was at length reminded of the idea of pursuing my travels to the Celestial City by the sight of the same pair of simple pilgrims at whom we had laughed so heartily when *Apollyon* puffed smoke and steam into their faces.”

These pilgrims, whose names are Mr. *Stick-to-the-right*, and Mr. *Go-the-old-way*, remonstrated with the railroad traveller, and warned him that the whole concern was a bubble and delusion; that he might travel upon it all his lifetime without ever getting beyond the limits of *Vanity Fair*; that the Lord of the *Celestial City* had refused, and ever would refuse, to grant an act of incorporation for the railroad. Wherefore, every person who buys a ticket must expect to lose his purchase-money—which is the value of his own soul!

“ ‘Pooh! Nonsense!’ said Mr. *Smooth-it-away*, dragging me away; ‘these fellows ought to be indicted for a libel. If the law stood as it once did in *Vanity Fair*, we should see them grinning through the iron bars of the prison window.’

“ This incident made a considerable impression upon my mind, and another strange thing troubled me: amid the occupations or amusements of the Fair, nothing was more common than for a person—whether at a feast, theatre, or church, or trafficking for wealth or honours—suddenly to vanish like a soap-bubble, and be never more seen of his fellows. And so accustomed were they to such accidents, that business went on as if nothing had happened!

“ Finally, however, I resumed my journey with Mr. *Smooth-it-away* by my side. A little beyond the suburbs of *Vanity* we rapidly passed the ancient silver mine of which *Demas* was the first discoverer, and which is now wrought to greater advantage than ever; and a little further onward, the spot where *Lot’s wife* stood as a pillar of salt, but which curious travellers have carried away piecemeal.

“ The next remarkable object was a large edifice, formerly the castle of the redoubtless giant *Despair*, but since his death, Mr. *Flimsy*,

faith has repaired it so flimsily as a house of entertainment that I feared it would some day thunder down on the heads of the occupants. ‘ We shall escape, at all events,’ said Mr. *Smooth-it-away*, ‘ for *Apollyon* is putting on the steam again.’ The road now plunged into a gorge of the *Deleatable Mountains*—but a drowsiness came over the passengers as they passed over the enchanted ground, but they awoke as they arrived at the final station in the pleasant land of *Beulah*; and here *Apollyon* outdid himself in screwing out of the whistle of the steam-engine the most infernal sounds and uproar, that the discord must have reached to the celestial gates. “ This horrid clamour still rang in our ears when a thousand instruments of music seemed to announce, in an exulting strain, the approach of some illustrious hero who had fought a good fight and won a glorious victory. This, we found, was to welcome the two poor pilgrims we had insulted, on our way, and at *Vanity Fair*, with taunts and gibes! ‘ I wish we were as secure of a good reception,’ said I; but my friend answered, ‘ Never fear, never fear! Come, make haste—the ferry-boat will be off directly, and in three minutes you will be on the other side of the river: no doubt you will find coaches to the city-gates!’ A steam ferry-boat, the last improvement on this important route, lay at the river-side, puffing and snorting, ready to start. I hurried on board with the other passengers, some bawling for their baggage, some exclaiming the boat would explode or sink, some tearing their hair as they looked on the ugly aspect of the steersman, &c. Mr. *Smooth-it-away* stays behind, and laughs at all this, like an impudent fiend, with a wreath of smoke issuing from his nostrils, and a twinkle of livid flame darting from each eye, proving that his heart was all in a red blaze! I rushed to the side of the boat to fling myself on shore, but the paddle-wheels, beginning to turn, threw a dash of spray over me, so cold—so deadly cold—with the chill that will never leave those waters until death bedrowns

in his own river—that, with a shiver and a heartquake, I awoke. Thank Heaven, it was a dream!!!”

With regard to John Bunyan’s “ dream,” perhaps no opinion so generally prevails as that of his having written his *Pilgrim’s Progress* during his imprisonment in Bedford jail, which he is said to call a “ den.”

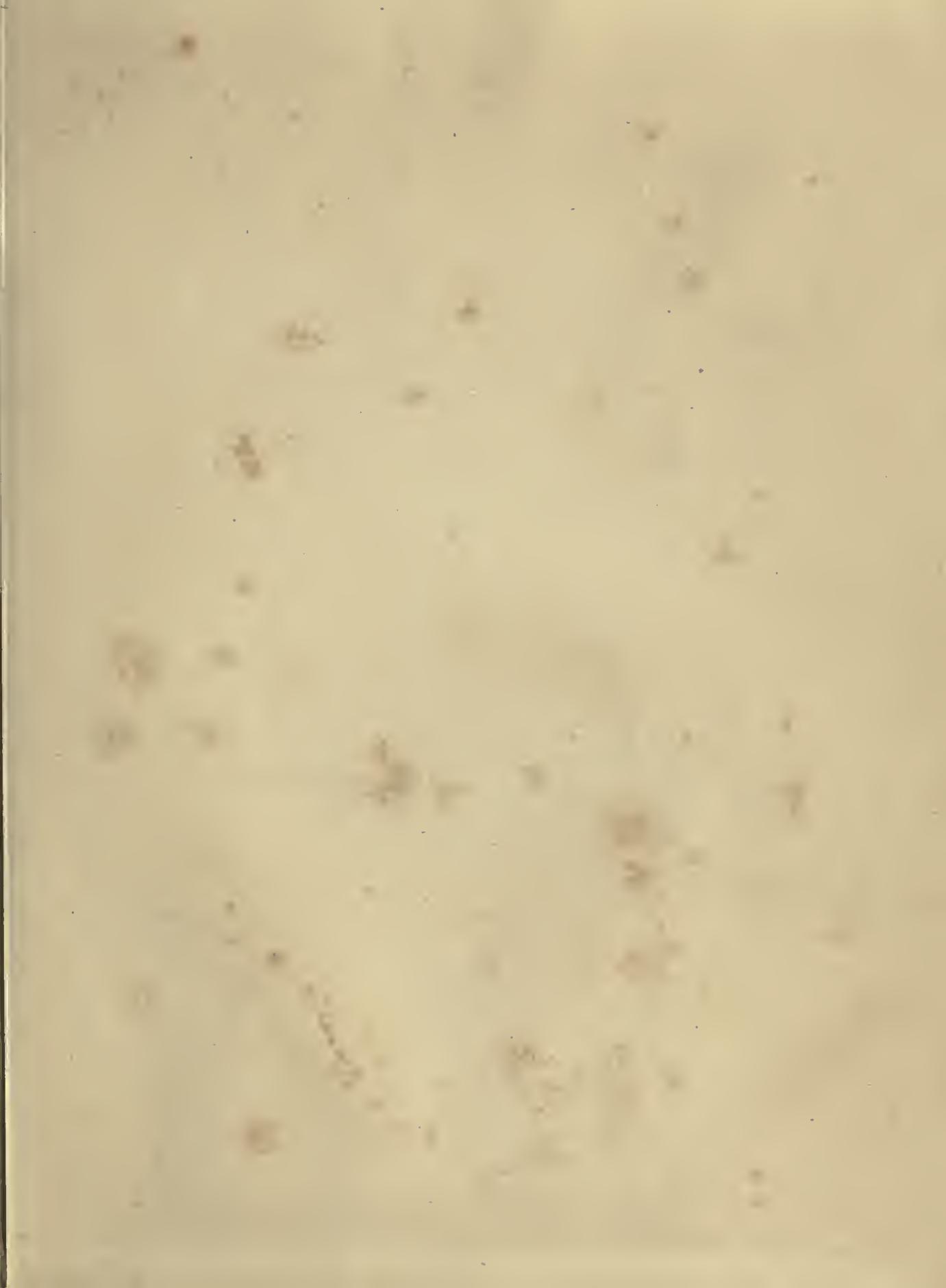
The circumstance which has mainly contributed to this popular impression, if not the very foundation of it, is the insertion of the word *Geoal*, or *Jail*, opposite to the word *Den* in most of the editions subsequent to those he corrected himself. Whoever may have been the author of this interpolation, certainly it was not Bunyan. Nothing of the kind appears before the seventh edition. Thus it is evident he did not intend to make his readers believe he wrote his dream in prison, and it becomes necessary to look for the origin of the expression elsewhere. It is a Saxon word derived from the time when the country was only partially settled. Such of the land as was cultivated soon received appellations expressive of habitation, as *wick*, village—*ham*, homestead, (the original of our word home,)—*ton* or *town*, a collection of houses, &c. While the uncultivated border was named, according to the different localities, *wood*, *dele*, *den* or *dale*, “ a wooded valley;” *holte*, “ a wood;” *burft*, “ a thicket;” &c. There are many places whose names prove this—as *Tenterden*, *Bethersden*, *Horsmonden*, *Hawkhurst*, *Ticehurst*, *Penshurst*, &c. To settle the conflicting claims of parties who had right of common within the *Dens*, a separate jurisdiction called the Court of *Dens*, was established, which continued in full vigour down to the time of *Charles II*.

Mr. John Mitchell Kemble, in his *Saxons in England*, says:—“ I will lay this down as a rule, that the ancient *mark*, *march* or *meare*, is to be recognized by following the names of places ending in *den*, which always denoted *cubile ferarum*, or pasture, usually for swine.”

Edinb. Rev. Jan. 1849, p. 168.

Hence, therefore, it may be assumed that Bunyan by no means intends to convey to his readers the idea that he dreamed the dream of the “Pilgrim’s Progres” in prison, but rather that it appeared to him in some wooded and sequestered spot in the country; and the similarity of his work to that of De Guileville, and the various ancient writers who have been quoted, is sufficiently shown no less by this circumstance, than by the several other examples which have been adduced throughout the volume.







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Hill, Nathaniel
The ancient poem of
Guillaume de Guileville

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